

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN MILTON:



EDITED,
WITH A MEMOIR, INTRODUCTIONS, NOTES, AND
AN ESSAY ON MILTON'S ENGLISH
AND VERSIFICATION,

BY

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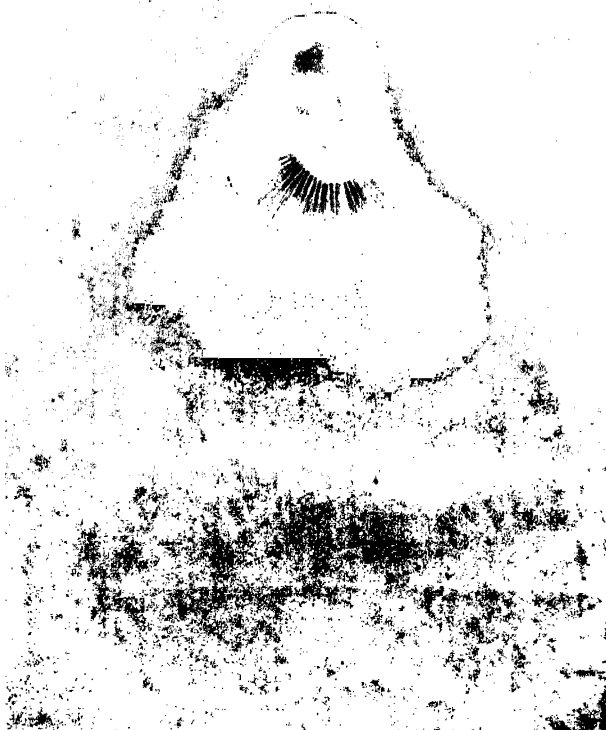
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VOL. II.

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INTRODUCTION TO PARADISE LOST.

I. EARLIEST EDITIONS OF THE POEM.

It was possibly just before the Great Fire of London in September 1666, and it certainly cannot have been very long after that event, when Milton, then residing in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, sent the manuscript of his *Paradise Lost* to receive the official licence necessary for its publication. The duty of licensing such books was then vested by law in the Archbishop of Canterbury, who performed it through his chaplains. The Archbishop of Canterbury at that time (1663-1667) was Dr. Gilbert Sheldon; and the chaplain to whom it fell to examine the manuscript of *Paradise Lost* was the Rev. Thomas Tomkyns, M.A. of Oxford, then incumbent of St. Mary Aldermary, London, and afterwards Rector of Lambeth and D.D. He was the Archbishop's domestic chaplain, and a very great favourite of his, quite a young man, but already the author of one or two books or pamphlets. The nature of his opinions may be guessed from the fact that his first publication, printed in the year of the Restoration, had been entitled "The Rebel's Cause Examined; or, Mr. Baxter's Judgment concerning the late War." A subsequent publication of his, penned not long after he had examined *Paradise Lost*, was entitled "The Inconveniencies of Toleration"; and, when he died in 1675, still young, he was described on his tombstone as having been "*Ecclesia Anglicana contra Schismatice*." A manuscript by a man of Milton's political antecedents could hardly, even when it came into the hands of a censor,

It is, accordingly, stated that Tomkyns hesitated giving the licence, and took exception to some passage in the poem,—particularly to that (Book I. vv. 594-599) in which it is said of Satan, in his diminished brightness after his fall, that he still appeared

“as when the Sun, new-risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.”

At length, however, Mr. Tomkyns was satisfied. The MS. still exists the first book of the actual manuscript which had been submitted to him.¹ It is a fairly written MS. in a light, not inelegant, but rather characterless hand of the period,—of course, not that of Milton himself, who had been for fourteen years totally blind. It consists of eight leaves of small quarto, stitched together; and on the verso of the first leaf, or cover, is the following official licence printed in Tomkyns's hand:—

Imprimatur: Hic Tomkyns, Rector in Christo Patri ac Dno. Gilberto, Archiepiscopo Cantuariensi, a domesticis.

The other books of the manuscript having received a similar certificate, or this certificate on the MS. of the book sufficing for all, the copy was ready for publication. Any printer or bookseller to whom Milton might consult. Having already had many dealings with London printers and booksellers, Milton may have had several to whom he could go; but the one whom he favoured in this case was a certain Samuel Simmons, who lived in Aldersgate Street. The next day to the Golden Lion in Aldersgate Street, the date of the publication, between Sir John Milton and Samuel Simmons, an agreement was signed which had the following effect:—M

The manuscript is described, and a facsimile of a portion of it is given in S. Long's *Sketches of Milton*, 1801, pp. 106-107. It was then in the possession of William Baskin, Esq., of Bedfordbury, Manchester-square, to whom it was lent by other Milton relics from the famous publisher, the Tomkyns, connected with the printing of the poem.

"in consideration of Five Pounds to him now paid," gives, grants, and assigns to Simmons "all that Book, Copy, or Manuscript of a Poem intituled *Paradise Lost*, or by whatsoever other title or name the same is or shall be called or distinguished, now lately licensed to be printed"; on the understanding, however, that, at the end of the first impression of the Book—"which impression shall be accounted to be ended when thirteen hundred books of the said whole copy or manuscript imprinted shall be sold or retailed off to particular reading customers"—Simmons shall pay to Milton or his representatives a second sum of Five Pounds; and further that he shall pay a third sum of Five Pounds at the end of a second impression of the same number of copies, and a fourth sum of Five Pounds at the end of a third impression similarly measured. To allow a margin for presentation copies, we suppose, it is provided that, while in the account between Milton and Simmons each of the three first impressions is to be reckoned at 1300 copies, in the actual printing of each Simmons may go as high as 1500 copies. At any reasonable request of Milton or his representatives, Simmons, or his executors and assigns, shall be bound to make oath before a Master in Chancery "concerning his or their knowledge and belief of, or concerning the truth of, the disposing and selling the said books by retail as aforesaid whereby the said Mr. Milton is to be entitled to his said money from time to time," or, in default of said oath, to pay the Five Pounds pending on the current impression as if the same were due.¹

It has been inferred from the wording of this document that Milton, before his bargain with Simmons, may have begun the printing of the poem at his own expense. There seems no real ground, however, for thinking so, or that what was handed over to Simmons was anything else than the fairly copied manuscript which had received the *imprimatur* of Mr. Tomkyns. With that *imprimatur* Simmons might proceed safely in printing the book and bringing

¹ The original of this document,—or rather that one of the two originals which Simmons kept,—is now in the British Museum. The original signature "John Milton" (which, however, is written by another hand) is annexed his seal, bearing the family crest, the three-headed eagle; and the witnesses are "John [illegible] Esquire, servt. to Mr. Milton."

it into the market. Accordingly, on the 20th of August 1667, or four months after the foregoing agreement, we find this entry in the books of Stationers' Hall :—

August 20, 1667 : Mr. Sam. Symons entered for his copie, under the hands of Mr. Thomas Tomkyns and Mr. Warden Royston, a booke or copie intituled "Paradise Lost, a Poem in Tenne bookes by J. M."

The date of the above entry in the Stationers' registers fixes the time about which printed copies of the Poem were ready for sale in London. There are few books, however, respecting the circumstances of whose first publication there is room for a greater variety of curious questions. This arises from the fact that, among the numerous existing copies of the First Edition, no two are in all particulars exactly alike. They differ in their title-pages, in their dates, and in minute points throughout the text. There is involved in this, indeed, a fact of general interest to English bibliographers. In the old days of leisurely printing, it was quite common for the printer or the author of a book to make additional corrections while the printing was in progress,—of which corrections only part of the total impression would have been made. Then, as in the binding of the copies, all the sheets, having or not having the corrections so made, were jammed together, there was no end to the combinations of different states of sheets that might arise in copies all really belonging to one edition; besides which, if any change in the proprietorship, or in the author's or publisher's notions of the proper title, arose before all the copies had been bound, it was easy to cancel the first title-page and provide a new one, with a new date if necessary, for the remaining copies. The probability is that these considerations will be found to affect all our early printed books. But in the present case, to a more than usual degree, so far as the First Edition is concerned, we have a conspectus of the various states of the title-page and other accompaniments which have been recognised among the copies. We arrange them, as far as possible, in the order in which they were

printed, and are to be sold by Peter Parker under Creed Church near Aldgate; And by Robert Boulter at the Turks Head in Bishopsgate-street; And Matthias Walker under St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-street. 1667." 4to, pp. 342.

Second title-page.—Same as above, except that the author's name "John Milton" is in larger type. 1667. 4to, pp. 342.

Third title-page.—"Paradise lost. A Poem in Ten Books. The Author J. M. [initials only]. Licensed and Entred according to Order. London Printed &c. [as before, or nearly so]. 1668. 4to, pp. 342.

Fourth title-page.—Same as the preceding, but the type in the body of the title larger. 1668. 4to, pp. 342.

Fifth title-page.—"Paradise lost. A Poem in Ten Books. The Author John Milton. London, Printed by S. Simmons, and to be sold by S. Thomson at the Bishops-Head in Duck-Lane, H. Murtlock at the White Hart in Westminster Hall, M. Walker under St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-street, and R. Boulter at the Turks-Head in Bishopsgate-street, 1668." 4to, pp. 356. The most notable peculiarity in this issue as compared with its predecessors is the increase of the bulk of the volume by fourteen pages or seven leaves. This is accounted for as follows:—In the preceding issues there had been no Prose Argument, Preface, or other preliminary matter to the text of the poem; but in this there are fourteen pages of new matter interpolated between the title-leaf and the poem. First of all there is this *three-line* advertisement: "The Printer to the Reader. Courteous Reader, There was no Argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, is procured. S. Simmons." Then, accordingly, there follow the prose Arguments to the several Books, doubtless by Milton himself, all printed together in eleven pages; after which, in two pages of large open type, comes Milton's preface, entitled "The Verse," explaining his reasons for abandoning Rime,—succeeded on the fourteenth page by a list of "Errata." But this is not all. Simmons's three-line Address to the Reader, as given above, is, it will be observed, not grammatically correct; and, whether because Milton had found out this or not, there are some copies with this fifth title-page in which the ungrammatical three-line address is corrected into a *five-line* address thus—"The Printer to the Reader. Courteous Reader, There was no Argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, I have procur'd it, and withall a reason of that which stumbled many others, why the Poem Rimes not. S. Simmons."

Sixth title-page.—Same as the preceding, except that instead of four lines of stars under the author's name there is a fleur-de-lis ornament. 1668. 4to, pp. 356. Here we have the same preliminary matter as in the preceding. There seem to be some copies, however, with the incorrect *three-line* Address, and others with the correct *five-line* Address, the Printer.

Seventh title-page.—"Paradise lost. A Poem in Ten Books. The Author John Milton. London, Printed by S. Simmons, and to be

sold by T. Helder, at the Angel, in Little-Brittain, 1669." 4to, p1
Some copies with this title-page still retain Simmons's incorrect
line Address to the Reader, while others have the *five-line* Ad
Rest of preliminary matter as before.

Eighth and Ninth title-pages.—Same as last, except some insignificant changes of capital letters and of pointing in the words of the
1669. 4to, pp. 356.

Here are at least nine distinct forms in which, as respects the title-page, complete copies were issued by the bin from the first publication of the work about August 1666 to 1669 inclusively; besides which there are the variations among individual copies arising from the two forms of Printer's Advertisement, and the variations in the text of the poem arising from the indiscriminate binding together of sheets in the different states of correctness in which they were printed off. The variations of this last class are of absolutely no moment,—a comma in some copies where others have it not, an error in the numbering of the lines or of a *with* for an *in* in some copies rectified in others. On the whole, the *text* of any existing copy of the First Edition is as perfect as that of any other, though there is an advantage in having a copy with the small list of Errata and the other preliminary matter. But the variations in the title-page are of greater interest. Why is the author's name given in full in the title-pages of 1667, then contracted to "J. M." in two of those of 1668, and again given in full in two of those of the same year, and in all those of 1669? And why, though Simmons had acquired the copyright in April 1667, and had entered the copyright as his in the Stationers' Books in August 1667, is his name kept out of sight in all the title-pages prior to that one of 1668 which is given as the Fifth in the foregoing list, and which is the first with the preliminary matter,—the preceding title-page showing no printer's name, but only the names of the booksellers at whose shops copies might be had? Finally, why, after Simmons does think it right to appear on the title-page, are there changes in the names of the booksellers—two of the former booksellers first disappearing and giving way to other two, and then the three of 1668 giving way to 1669 to the single bookseller, Helder of Little Britain? Very probably in some of these changes nothing more was involved than convenience to Simmons in his circumstances.

at the time. Not impossibly, however, more was involved than this in so much tossing-about of the book within so short a period. May not Simmons have been a little timid about his venture in publishing a book by the notorious Milton, whose attacks on the Church and defences of the execution of Charles I. were still fresh in the memory of all, and some of whose pamphlets had been publicly burnt by the hangman after the Restoration? May not his entering the book at Stationers' Hall simply as "a Poem in Ten Books by J. M." have been a caution on his part; and, though in the first issues he had ventured on the name "John Milton" in full, may he not have found or thought it advisable, for a subsequent circulation in some quarters, to have copies with only the milder "J. M." upon them?

In any case, the first edition of *Paradise Lost* was a most creditably printed book. It is, as has been mentioned, a small quarto,—of 342 pages in such copies as are without the "Argument" and other preliminary matter, and of 356 pages in the copies that have this addition. But the pages are not numbered,—only the lines by tens along the margin in each Book. In one or two places there is an error in the numbering of the lines, arising from miscounting. The text in each page is enclosed within lines,—single lines at the inner margin and bottom, but double lines at the top for the running title and the number of the Book, and along the outer margin columnwise for the numbering of the lines. Very great care must have been bestowed on the reading of the proofs, either by Milton himself, or by some competent person who had undertaken to see the book through the press for him. It seems likely that Milton himself caused page after page to be read over slowly to him, and occasionally even the words to be spelt out. There are, at all events, certain systematic peculiarities of spelling and punctuation which it seems most reasonable to attribute to Milton's own instructions. Altogether, for a book printed in such circumstances, it is wonderfully accurate; and, in all the particulars of type, paper, and general getting-up, the first appearance of *Paradise Lost* must have been rather attractive than otherwise to book-buyers of that day.

The selling-price of the volume was three shillings,—which is perhaps as if a similar book now were published at about 10s. 6d. From the retail-sale of 1300 copies, therefore, the

sum that would come in to Simmons, if we make an allowance for trade-deductions at about the modern rate, was something under £140. Out of this had to be paid expenses of printing, etc., and the sum agreed upon with author; and the balance would be Simmons's profit. (Whole, though he cannot have made anything extraordinary by the transaction, it must have been sufficiently remunerative. For, by the 26th of April 1669, or after the poem had been published a little over eighteen months, the stipulated impression of 1300 copies had been exhausted. The poem exists in the shape of Milton's receipt (signed for his own hand) for the additional Five Pounds due to him on that contingency:—

April 26,

Received then of Samuel Simmons five pounds, being the Second pounds to be paid mentioned in the Covenant. I say recd. by me
JOHN MILTON

Witness, Edmund Upton.

Thus, by the month of April 1669, Milton had received all Ten Pounds for his *Paradise Lost*. This was all that was to receive for it in his life. For, contrary to what might have been expected after a sale of the first edition in eighteen months, there was no second edition for five years more till 1674. Either the book was out of print for those years, or what demand for it there continued to be was supplied out of the surplus of 200 copies which, for some reason or other, Simmons had been authorised to print beyond 1300. But in 1674—the last year of Milton's life—a new edition did appear, with the following title:—

“Paradise Lost. A Poem in Twelve Books. The Author John Milton. The Second Edition Revised and Augmented by the same Author. London, Printed by S. Simmons next door to the Golden Lion in Aldersgate-street, 1674.”

This edition is in small octavo, with the pages numbered but with no marginal numbering of the lines,—the pages of the text as numbered being 333. There are prefixed to each book sets of commendatory verses,—one in Latin signed “J. B. M.D.,” and written by a certain Samuel Barrow, a physician and a private friend of Milton; the other in English, signed “A. M.,” and written by Andrew Marvell. But the important difference between this and the previous edition

that, whereas the poem had been arranged in Ten Books in the first, it is here arranged in Twelve. This is accomplished by dividing what had formerly been the two longest Books of the poem—Books VII. and X.—into two Books each. There is a corresponding division in the “Arguments” of these Books; and the “Arguments,” instead of being given in a body at the beginning, are prefixed to the Books to which they severally apply. To smooth over the breaks made by the division of the two Books, the three new lines were added which now form the beginning of Book VIII. and the five that begin Book XII.; and there are one or two other slight additions or alterations, also dictated by Milton, in the course of the text, besides a few verbal variations, such as would arise in reprinting. On the whole, the Second Edition, though very correct, is not nearly so nice-looking a book as the First.

Four years sufficed to exhaust the Second Edition; and in 1678 (*i.e.* four years after Milton's death) a Third Edition appeared with this title: “*Paradise Lost. A Poem in Twelve Books. The Author John Milton. The Third Edition. Revised and Augmented by the same Author. London, Printed by S. Simmons, next door to the Golden Lion in Aldersgate Street, 1678.*” This Edition is in small octavo, and in other respects the same as its predecessor, save that there are a few verbal variations in the printing. It is of no independent value,—the Second Edition being the last that could have been supervised by Milton himself. From the appearance of a third edition in 1678, however, it is to be inferred that by that time the second of those impressions of 1300 copies which had to be accounted for to the author was sold off (implying perhaps a total circulation up to that time of 3000 copies), and that, consequently, had the author been alive, he would have been then entitled to his third sum of Five Pounds, as by the agreement. Milton being dead, the sum was due to his widow. Whether, however, on account of disputes which existed between the widow and Milton's three daughters by his first wife as to the inheritance of his property (disputes which were the subject of a lawsuit in 1674-5), or for other reasons, Simmons was in no hurry to pay the third Five Pounds. It was not till the end of 1680 that he settled with the widow, and then in a manner of which the following receipt given by her is a record:—

I do hereby acknowledge to have received of Samuel Symonds, Citizen |

and Stationer of London, the Sum of Eight pounds : which is in fullment for all my right, Title, or Interest, which I have or ever had Coppy of a Poem Intitled *Paradise Lost* in Twelve Bookes in 8vo John Milton, Gent., my late husband. Witness my hand this 21 of December, 1680.

ELIZABETH MILT

Witness, William Yapp.
Ann Yapp.

That is to say, Simmons, owing the widow Five Pounds due since 1678, and in prospect of soon owing her other Pounds on the current impression of the Poem, preferred consented, to compound for the Ten by a payment of Eight December 1680. The total sum which he could in any have been called upon to pay for *Paradise Lost* by his original agreement was £20 (for the agreement did not look like three impressions of 1300 copies each); and the total which he did pay was £18. If he thus got off £2, it is probably to oblige the widow, who may have been anxious to realise all she could of her late husband's property at once before leaving town. There is, indeed, a subsequent agreement from which it would appear as if Simmons feared further trouble from the widow. It is a document, dated 29, 1681, by which she formally releases Samuel Simmons, his heirs, executors, and administrators for ever, from "all manner of action and actions, cause and causes of actions, suits, bills, bonds, writings obligatory, debts, dues, damages, accounts, sum and sums of moneys, judgments, execution extents, quarrels either in law or equity, controversies, demands, and all and every other matter, cause, and whatsoever, which against the said Samuel Simmons' ever had, or which she, her heirs, executors, or administrators should or might have, "by reason or means of matter, cause, or thing whatsoever, from the beginning of the world unto the day of these presents." About the most comprehensive release possible!

From 1680, accordingly, neither Milton's widow, nor daughters, had any share or interest whatever in the *Paradise Lost*. The sole property in it was vested in the printer Simmons. Nor did he keep it long. Shortly after his last agreement with the widow he transferred his entire interest in the poem to another bookseller, Brabazon Aylmer, for twenty-five pounds. But on the 17th of August 1683 Aylmer sold half of his right at a considerably advanced price to

famous bookseller, Jacob Tonson, who had begun business in 1677, and was already introducing a new era in the book-trade by his dealings with Dryden and others; and in March 1690 Tonson bought the other half of the copyright. What are called the fourth, fifth, and sixth editions, accordingly, were all issued by Tonson. The fourth was issued in 1688, in folio, with a portrait by White, and other illustrations, and a list of more than 500 subscribers, including the most eminent persons of the day,—some copies including *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*, and having the general title of Milton's Poetical Works. The fifth appeared in 1692, also in folio, and with *Paradise Regained* appended. The sixth was published in 1695, also in large folio and with illustrations, both separately, and also bound up with all the rest of the poems under the general title of "The Poetical Works of Mr. John Milton." This edition was accompanied by what is in reality the first commentary on the poem, and one of the best. It consists of no fewer than 321 folio pages of Annotations, under this title, "Annotations on Milton's *Paradise Lost*: wherein the texts of Sacred Writ relating to the Poem are quoted; the parallel places and imitations of the most excellent Homer and Virgil cited and compared; all the obscure parts rendered in phrases more familiar; the old and obsolete words, with their originals, explain'd and made easy to the English reader. By P. H., φιλοποιήτης." The "P. H." who thus led the way, so largely, carefully, and laboriously, in the work of commenting Milton, was Patrick Hume, a Scotsman, of whom nothing more has been ascertained than that he was then settled as a schoolmaster somewhere near London.

A common statement is that it was Addison's celebrated series of criticisms on *Paradise Lost* in the *Spectator*, during the years 1711 and 1712, that first awoke people to Milton's greatness as a poet, and that till then he had been neglected. The statement will not bear investigation. Not only had six editions of the *Paradise Lost* been published before the close of the seventeenth century,—three of them splendid folio editions, and one of them with a commentary which was in itself a tribute to the extraordinary renown of the poem; and not only, before or shortly after Milton's death,

had there been such public expressions of admiration for the poem by Dryden and others as were equivalent recognition as one of the sublimest works of English genius ; but since the year 1688 these emphatic, if not discriminating, lines of Dryden, printed by way of under Milton's portrait in Tonson's edition of that year, have been a familiar quotation in all men's mouths :—

“Three Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed ;
The next in majesty ; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no farther go ;
To make a third she joined the former two.”

Even before these lines were written the habit of comparing Milton with Homer and Virgil, and of wondering whether the highest greatness might not be claimed for the Englishman, had been fully formed. Addison's criticisms, though they were only a contribution to a reputation already by tradition established. Three new editions of the *Paradise Lost* itself or otherwise, had been published by Tonson before the appearance of those criticisms,—to wit, in 1705, and 1711 ; after which Addison's criticisms may have given an impulse to the sale, visible in the rapid multiplication of subsequent editions. It is observable, however, that the next edition after those mentioned, *i.e.* the tenth edition of the poem, did not appear till 1719.

The Tonson family had an undisturbed monopoly of the *Paradise Lost*, and indeed of all Milton's poetry, till as late as the year 1750. Every one of the numerous editions of different sizes and forms, published in Great Britain up to that year, bears the name of the Tonson firm on the title-page. This was owing to the state of opinion respecting copyright in books. In Great Britain the understanding of the book-trade was that a publisher who had once acquired a book had a perpetual property in it. The understanding did not extend to Ireland ; and, accordingly, there had been three Dublin editions of *Paradise Lost*,—in 1724, and 1748, respectively. But about 1750 the understanding broke down in Great Britain as well,—having been inconsistent with the Copyright Act of Queen Anne, passed in 1709 ; and, accordingly, from 1750 onwards we

London and Edinburgh publishers venturing to put forth editions of Milton to compete with those of the Tonsons. Not, however, till the death, in 1767, of Jacob Tonson *tertius*, the grand-nephew of the original Tonson, and the last of the famous firm, was the long connection of the name of Tonson with Milton's poetry broken, and the traffic in Milton's poems really thrown open. From that date to the present the number of editions of *Paradise Lost*, and of Milton's other poems, by different publishers, and in different fashions, is all but past reckoning.

II. ORIGIN OF THE POEM AND HISTORY OF ITS COMPOSITION.

A great deal has been written concerning "the origin" of *Paradise Lost*.

Voltaire, in 1727, suggested that Milton had, while in Italy in 1638-9, seen performed there a Scriptural drama, entitled *Adamo*, written by a certain Giovanni Battista Andreini, and that, "piercing through the absurdity of the performance to the hidden majesty of the subject," he "took from that ridiculous trifle the first hint of the noblest work which the human imagination has ever attempted." The Andreini thus recalled to notice was the son of an Italian actress, and was known in Italy and also in France as a writer of comedies and religious poems, and also of some defences of the drama. He was born in 1578, and, as he did not die till 1652, he may have been of some reputation in Italy as a living author at the time of Milton's visit. His *Adamo*, of which special mention is made, was published at Milan in 1613, again at Milan in 1617; and there was a third edition of it at Perugia in 1641. It is a drama in Italian verse, in five Acts, representing the Fall of Man. Among the characters, besides Adam and Eve, are God the Father, the Archangel Michael, Lucifer, Satan, Beelzebub, the Serpent, and various allegoric personages, such as the Seven Mortal Sins, the World, the Flesh, Famine, Despair, Death; and there are also choruses of Seraphim, Cherubim, Angels, Phantoms, and Infernal Spirits. From specimens which have been given, it appears that the play, though absurd enough on the whole to justify the way in which Voltaire speaks of it, is not destitute of vigour and

other merits, and that, if Milton did read it, or see it formed, he may have retained a pretty strong recollection of it.

The hint that Milton might have been indebted for the idea of his poem to Andreini opened up one of those literary questions in which ferrets among old books and critics more ingenuity than judgment delight to lose themselves. Various quarters hypotheses were started as to particular authors to whom, in addition to Andreini, Milton might have been indebted for this or that in his *Paradise Lost*. The notorious William Lauder gave an impulse to the question of his publications, from 1746 to 1755, openly accusing Milton of plagiarism; and, though the controversy in the form which Lauder had raised it ended with the exposure of forgeries, the so-called "Inquiry into the Origin of *Paradise Lost*" has continued to occupy to this day critics of a very different stamp from Lauder, and writing in a very different spirit. The result has been that some thirty authors have been cited, as entitled, along with Andreini or apart from him, to the credit of having probably or possibly contributed something to the conception, the plan, or the execution of Milton's great poem. Quite recently, for example, a claim has been advanced for the Dutch poet, Joost van den Vondel (1587-1679), one of whose productions—a tragedy called "*Lucifer*," acted at Amsterdam, and published in 1654—describes the rebellion of the Angels, and otherwise goes over much of the ground of *Paradise Lost*. Milton, it is argued, must have heard of this tragedy before he began his own Epic, and may have known Dutch sufficiently to read it. Then there was the somewhat older Dutch poet, Jacob Clenaut (1577-1660), one of whose poems, describing Adam and Eve in Paradise, might have been known to Milton, even if he could not read Dutch, as it had been translated into Latin by Caspar Barlaam, and published at Dordrecht in 1643. Next, if Vondel and Clenaut remained unknown, Milton was at least possible that he should not be familiar with *Alkibiades*, a Latin tragedy by the famous Hugo Grotius, and much admired Dutchman of his age, and whom Milton himself had met at Paris. This poem of Grotius, the work of his youth, had been before the world since 1601. But not only Dutch sources only is Milton supposed to have derived his hints from. May he not have seen the following Latin works?

German authors,—the *Bellum Angelicum* of Frederic Taubmann, of which two books and a fragment appeared in 1604; the *Dæmonomachia* of Odoric Valmarana, published in Vienna in 1627; and the *Sarcotis* of the Jesuit Jacobus Masenius, three books of which were published at Cologne in 1644? Among possible Italian sources of help, better known or less known than Andreini's *Adamo*, there have been picked out the following:—Antonio Cornozano, *Discorso in Versi della Creazione del Mondo sino alla Venuta di Gesù Cristo*, 1472; Antonio Alfani, *La Battaglia Celeste tra Michele e Lucifero*, 1568; Erasmo di Valvasone, *Anglada*, 1590; Giovanni Soranzo, *Dell' Adamo*, 1604; Amico Anguifilo, *Il Caso di Lucifero*; Tasso, *Le Sette Giornate del Mondo Creato*, 1607; Gasparo Murtola, *Della Creazione del Mondo: Poema Sacro*, 1608; Felice Passero, *Epanerone; ovvero, L'Opere de sei Giorni*, 1609; Marini, *Strage degli Innocenti*, 1633, and also his *Gerusalemme Distrutta*; Troilo Lancetta, *La Scena Tragica d'Adamo ed Eva*, 1644; Serafino della Salandra, *Adamo Caduto: Trag. Sacra*, 1647. A Spanish poet has been procured for the list in Alonzo de Azevedo, the author of a *Creacion del Mundo*, published in 1615; and a similar poem of the Portuguese Camoens, published in the same year, has also been referred to. Finally, reference has been made to the *Locustæ* of the Englishman Phineas Fletcher, a poem in Latin Hexameters published at Cambridge in 1627; and to certain *Pœmata Sacra* of the Scottish Latinist, Andrew Ramsay, published at Edinburgh in 1633; as well as, more in detail, to Joshua Sylvester's English translation of the *Dixine Weeks and Works* of Du Bartas, originally published in 1605, and thenceforward for nearly half a century one of the most popular books in England, and to the *Scriptural Paraphrases* of the old Anglo-Saxon poet Caedmon, first edited and made accessible in 1655.

What is to be said of all this? For the most part it is laborious nonsense. That Milton knew some of the books mentioned, and, indeed, many more of the same sort, is extremely likely; that Sylvester's Du Bartas had been familiar to him from his childhood is quite certain; that recollections of this book and some of the others are to be traced in the *Paradise Lost* seems distinctly to have been proved; but that in any of the books, or in all of them together, there is to be found "the origin of *Paradise Lost*," is an intelligible

sense of the phrase, is utterly preposterous. Indeed, some of the books have been cited less from any knowledge of their contents than from confidence in their titles as casually seen in book-catalogues.

One conclusion, pertinent to the subject, which might have been suggested by the mere titles of so many books appears to have been missed. The subject of *Paradise Lost* it would seem, if only on the bibliographical evidence so collected, was one of those which already possessed in a marked degree that quality of hereditary and widely diffused interest which fits subjects for the purposes of great poets. Milton it may be said, inherited it as a subject with which the imagination of Christendom had long been fascinated, and which had been nibbled at again and again by poets in and out of England, though by none managed to its complete capabilities. There are traces in his juvenile poems,—as for example, in his Latin poem *In Quintum Novembris*,—of his very early familiarity, in particular, with some of those conceptions of the personality and agency of Satan, and the physical connexion between Hell and Man's World, which may be said to motive his great epic. Nothing is more certain, however, than that, though thus signalled in the direction of his great subject by early presentiments and experiments, he came to the actual choice of it at last through considerable deliberation.

✓ It was in 1639, after his return from his Italian tour, in his thirty-first year, that Milton first bethought himself seriously of some great literary work, on a scale commensurate with his powers, and which posterity should not willingly let die. He had resolved that it should be an English poem; he had resolved that it should be an epic; he had almost, but resolved,—as is proved by his Latin poem *De Magnifico et Terribili Rege Demoniis*,—that his subject should be drawn from the legendary history of Britain, and should embrace the romance of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Suddenly, however, this decision was shaken, and he hesitated whether the dramatic form might not be more fitting than the epic, and, letting go the subject of Arthur, he turned to look for other subjects. The exact date of this change is uncertain, but it is Milton's own statement that he made it in 1640-1, or certainly not later than 1642, and pre-

erved among the Milton MSS. in Trinity College, Cambridge, —of about one hundred subjects, many of them Scriptural, and the rest from British History, which he had jotted down, with the intention, apparently, of estimating their relative degrees of capability, and at last fixing on the one, or the one or two, that should appear best. Now, at the head of this long list of subjects is PARADISE LOST. There are no fewer than four separate drafts of this subject as then meditated by Milton for dramatic treatment. The first draft consists merely of a list of *dramatis personæ*, as follows :—

"*The Persons* :—Michael ; Heavenly Love ; Chorus of Angels ; Lucifer ; Adam, Eve, with the Serpent ; Conscience ; Death ; Labour, Sickness, Discontent, Ignorance, with others, Mutes ; Faith ; Hope ; Charity."

This Draft having been cancelled, another is written parallel with it, as follows :—

"*The Persons* :—Moses [originally written 'Michael or Moses,' but the words 'Michael or' deleted, so as to leave 'Moses' as preferable for the drama] ; Justice, Mercy, Wisdom ; Heavenly Love ; the Evening star, Hesperus ; Lucifer ; Adam ; Eve ; Conscience ; Labour, Sickness, Discontent, Ignorance, Fear, Death, [and] Mutes ; Faith ; Hope ; Charity."

This having also been scored out, there follows a third draft, more complete, as follows :—

"PARADISE LOST :—*The Persons* : Moses *προλογίζεσθαι*, recounting how he assumed his true body ; that it corrupts not, because of his [being] with God in the mount ; declares the like of Enoch and Elijah, besides the purity of the place—that certain pure winds, dews, and clouds preserve it from corruption ; whence exhorts to the sight of God ; tells them they cannot see Adam in the state of innocence by reason of their sin.—[Act I.] : Justice, Mercy, Wisdom, debating what should become of Man he fall. Chorus of Angels sing a hymn of the Creation.—Act II. : Heavenly Love ; Evening Star. Chorus sing the marriage song and describe Paradise.—Act III. : Lucifer contriving Adam's ruin. Chorus sings for Adam and relates Lucifer's rebellion and fall.—Act IV. : Adam, Eve, fallen ; Conscience cites them to God's examination. Chorus bewails, and tells the good Adam hath lost.—Act V. : Adam and Eve, driven out of Paradise, presented by an Angel with Labour, Grief, Hatred, Envy, Fear, Famine, Pestilence, Sickness, Discontent, Ignorance, Fear, [and] Shame—to whom he gives their names—[likewise Winter, Heat, Tempest, and Darkness entered into the world ; Faith, Hope, Charity, comfort and grace him. Chorus briefly concludes."

This is left standing; but in another part of the I if written at some interval of time, is a fourth D follows:—

"ADAM UNPARADIZED":—The Angel Gabriel, either descending—showing, since the globe is created, his frequency as Earth as in Heaven—describes Paradise. Next the Chorus, who reason of his coming—to keep his watch after Lucifer's rebellion; command of God—and withal expressing his desire to see and know concerning this excellent and new creature, Man. The Angel as by his name signifying a Prince of Power, passes by the static Chorus, and, desired by them, relates what he knew of Man's creation of Eve, with their love and marriage.—After this, appears, after his overthrow; bemoans himself; seeks revenge upon The Chorus prepares resistance at his first approach. At last discourse of enmity on either side, he departs; whereat the Chorus of the battle and victory in Heaven against him and his accomplices before, after the first Act, was sung a hymn of the Creation.—again may appear Lucifer, relating and consulting on what he has to the destruction of man. Man next and Eve, having been by him seduced by the Serpent, appear confusedly, covered with leaves for science, in a shape, accuses him; Justice cites him to the place Jehovah called for him. In the meantime the Chorus enters the stage and is informed by some Angel of the manner of the Fall. The Chorus bewails Adam's fall.—Adam and Eve return and one another; but especially Adam lays the blame to his wife—is silent in his offence. Justice appears, reasons with him, convinces him. Chorus admonishes Adam, and bids him beware Lucifer's example in impenitence.—The Angel is sent to banish them out of Paradise before, causes to pass before his eyes, in shapes, a masque of all the of this life and world. He is humbled, relents, despairs. At last Mercy, comforts him, promises him the Messiah; then calls in Hope, Charity; instructs him. He repents, gives God the glory, to his penalty. The Chorus briefly concludes.—Compare this the former Draft."

The substance of a possible drama on the subject of the Fall of Man, as set by Milton as early as he began to write, is given in the thirty-first and his thirty-second chapters of the Paradise Lost. Over a hundred subjects are mentioned in the first of his readings at that time, and the subject of the great English Poem which he wrote, is the story of the Fall of Man. The piece and the position of the subject in the history of the world, it is apparent, the subject of the drama, and the subject of the poem, are strongly them and the subject of the poem, if his

of an epic on Arthur was then given up, a drama on Paradise Lost had occurred to him as the most likely substitute. It is also more probable than not that he then knew of previous dramas that had been written on the subject, and that, in writing out his own schemes, he had the schemes of some of those dramas in his mind. Vondel's play was not then in existence; but Andreini's was. Farther, there is evidence in Milton's prose-pamphlets published about this time that, when he did ultimately fix on the subject he had so particularly been meditating, he was likely enough to make himself acquainted with any previous efforts on the same subject, and to turn them to account for whatever they might be worth. Thus, in his *Reason of Church Government* (1641), taking the public into his confidence in various matters relating to himself, and informing them particularly how his mind had been recently occupied with thoughts of a great English poem—whether an epic or a drama he had not, he hints, quite determined), and with what reluctance he felt himself drawn away from that design to engage in the political controversies of the time, he thus pledges himself that the design, though necessarily postponed, shall not be abandoned:—"Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader that in some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapours of idleness, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher-fury of a riming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her barren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send forth his Seraphim with the hallowed dew of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added *industrious and select reading*, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs,—till which in some measure be compassed, at mine own peril and cost I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon the best edges that I can give them."

There is evidence that, about the time when Milton thus announced to the public his design of some great English poem, to be accomplished at leisure, and when he was privately considering with himself whether a tragedy on the

subject of *Paradise Lost* might not best fulfil the condition of such a design, he had actually gone so far as to write only the foregoing drafts of the tragedy, but even some by way of opening. Speaking of *Paradise Lost*, and of author's original intention that it should be a tragedy, Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, tells us, in his memoir of his uncle (1694): "In the Fourth Book of the Poem there are [ten?] verses, which, several years before the Poem began, were shown to me, and some others, as designed the very beginning of the said tragedy." The verses referred to by Phillips are those (P. L. IV. 32-41) that now form part of Satan's speech on first standing on the Earth, beholding, among the glories of the newly-created World, the Sun in his full splendour in the Heavens:—

"O thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new World,—at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads! to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King!"

Phillips's words "several years before the Poem was begun" would not, by themselves, fix the date at which he had seen these lines. But in Aubrey's earlier Memoir of Milton (1680), containing information which Aubrey had derived from Phillips, this passage occurs, "In the 4th book of *Paradise Lost* there are about 6 verses of Satan's exclamation to the Sun which Mr. E. Phi. remembers, about 15 or 16 years before his poem was thought of; which verses were intended for the beginning of a magoedie, which he had designed, but was afterwards changed into a tragedy." Here we have a statement that he had read the verses which we now see as part of Satan's speech, and lived in his house in Little St. Martin's Lane.

Alas! it was not long after that Milton died, as Milton thought, and so it was that the poem was not written. It was then published in 1667.

longer time than he had expected England remained in a condition in which he did not think it right, even had it been possible, that men like him should be writing poems. Only towards the end of Cromwell's Protectorate, when Milton had reached his fiftieth year, and had been for five or six years totally blind, does he seem to have been in circumstances to resume effectually the design to which he had pledged himself seventeen years before. By that time, however, there was no longer any doubt as to the theme he would choose. All the other themes once entertained had faded more or less into the background of memory, and PARADISE LOST stood out, bold, clear, and without competitor. Nay more, the dramatic form, for which, when the subject first occurred to him, Milton had felt a preference, had been now abandoned, and it had been resolved that the poem should be an epic. He began this epic in earnest almost certainly before Cromwell was dead,—“about 2 yeares before the K[ing] came in,” says Aubrey on Phillipe's authority; that is in 1658, when, notwithstanding his blindness, he was still in official attendance on Cromwell at Whitehall as his Latin Secretary, and writing occasional letters, in Cromwell's name, to foreign states and princes.

The uncertain state of affairs after Cromwell's death, or, at all events, after the resignation of his son Richard, may have interfered with the progress of the poem; and, when the Restoration came, there was danger for a time that not only the poem but the author's life might be cut short. That danger over, he was at liberty, “on evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,” to prosecute his labour in obscurity and comparative peace. He had finished it, according to Aubrey, “about 3 years after the K.'s restauration,” *i.e.* about 1663. If so, he had been five or six years in all engaged on the poem, and the places in which he had successively pursued the task of meditating and dictating it had been mainly these,—first, Petty France (now York Street), Westminster, till within a few weeks of the Restoration; next, some friend's house in Bartholomew Close, West Smithfield, where he lay concealed for a while after the Restoration; then, a house in Holborn, near Red Lion Fields, whither he removed as soon as it was safe for him to do so; and, finally, from 1661 onwards, in Jewin Street, close to that part of Aldersgate Street where he had had his house some

eighteen or nineteen years before, when *Paradise Lost* occurred to his thoughts. During the five or six occupied in the composition of the poem in these years Milton's condition had been that of a widower,—his wife having died in 1652 or 1653, in the house in France, leaving him three daughters; the second, whom he had married in Nov. 1656, while residing in the house, having survived the marriage little more than a year, and his marriage with his third wife, Elizabeth Mins, not having taken place till February 1662-63, when Aubrey's account is correct, the poem was finished nearly so. It is most probable, however, that, though Milton may have had the poem well advanced in Jewin Street before his third marriage, there may have still been a good deal of it left to be done in the house in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, to which he and his wife removed shortly after their marriage (in 1663 or 1664), and which was the last of Milton's many London residences, and in which he died. We have an interesting glimpse of the manuscript, at any rate, as in Milton's possession, in a satisfactory state, during the summer of 1665. As the Great Plague was then raging in London, Milton removed from his house in Artillery Walk to a cottage at Chalfont-St.-Giles, in Buckinghamshire, which had been taken for him, at his request, by Thomas Ellwood, a young Quaker, whose acquaintance with him had begun a year or two before in Jewin Street. Visiting Milton here as circumstances would permit, Ellwood was received in a manner of which he has left an account in his Autobiography. "After some common discourses," he says, "had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his; which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me and read it at my leisure, and, when I had so done, return it to him with my judgements thereupon. When I came home, and had leisure to read it, I found it to be an excellent poem, which he called *Paradise Lost*." This anecdote proves the existence of at least one, and probably of more than one, complete copy in August or September 1665,—which may, accordingly, be taken as the date when the poem was completed, ready for the press. The delay of publication till 1674, however, after that date is unaccounted for. It was not, says Johnson, till 1674 that Shaker-

was over, and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again," that Milton returned to his house in Artillery Walk; then, still farther paralysing business of all sorts, came the Great Fire of Sept. 1666; and there were difficulties, as we have seen, about the licensing of a poem by a person of Milton's political antecedents and principles.

Whether the time spent by Milton in the composition of *Paradise Lost* was five years (1658—1663), or seven or eight years (1658—1665), it is certain that he bestowed on the work all that care and labour which, on his first contemplation of such a work in his earlier manhood, he had declared would be necessary. The "industrious and select reading," which he had then spoken of as one of the many requisites, had not been omitted. Whatever else *Paradise Lost* may be, it is certainly one of the most learned poems in the world. In thinking of it in this character we are to remember, first of all, that, ere his blindness had befallen him (1652), Milton's mind was stored with an amount of various and exact learning such as few other men of his age possessed; so that, had he ceased then to acquire more, he would have still carried in his memory an enormous resource of material out of which to build up the body of his poem. But he did not, after his blindness, cease to add to his knowledge by reading. At the very time when he was engaged on his *Paradise Lost*, he had, as his nephew Phillips informs us, several other great undertakings in progress of a different character, for which daily reading and research were necessary, even if they could have been dispensed with for the poem,—to wit, the construction of a *Body of Divinity* from the Scriptures, the completion of a *History of England*, and the collection of materials for a *Thesaurus, or Dictionary*, of the Latin tongue. Laboriously every day, with a due division of his time from early morning, he pursued those tasks by a systematic use of assistants whom he kept about him. As at the time when the composition of *Paradise Lost* was begun the eldest daughter, Anne, was but twelve years of age, the second, Mary, but ten, and the youngest, Deborah, but six, and as when the poem was certainly finished their ages were about eighteen, sixteen, and twelve respectively, ~~their~~ ^{their} services as readers during its composition can have been but partial. But, whether with them as his readers,

or with young men and grown-up friends performing part for hire or for love, he was able to avail himself of a poem, as well as for the drier works on which he was simultaneously engaged, of any help which books could give him. He may, accordingly, at this time, if not before, have been acquainted with some of those poems and works, Italian and Latin, in which his subject, or some portion of it, had been previously treated. He was likely to do so, and to take any hint he could get.

It would not be difficult to prove, at any rate, among the "select readings" engaged in specially for purposes of *Paradise Lost* while it was in progress have been readings in certain books of geography Eastern travel, and in certain Rabbinical, early Christian and mediæval commentators on the subjects of Paradise Angels, and the Fall. Nothing is more striking in poem, nothing more touching, than the frequency, and the whole, wonderful accuracy, of its references to man, and, whatever wealth of geographical information Milton may have carried with him into his blindness, there evidences, I think, that he must have refreshed his recollections of this kind by the eyes of others, and perhaps their guidance of his finger, after his sight was gone. short, for the *Paradise Lost*, as well as for the prose labors carried on along with it, there must have been abundant reading; and, remembering to what a stock of prior learning possessed before his blindness, all such increments were added, we need have no wonder at the appearance presented by the poem. To say merely that it is a learned poem,—the poem of a mind full of miscellaneous lore wherewith its grand imagination might work,—is enough. Original as it is, original in its entire conception and in every member and passage, the poem is yet full of other people's thoughts—full of flakes from ancient or modern literature, observed, and woven into the fabric of the poem, or taken from other poets, and used to illustrate the poet's own ideas.

Bible by heart ; and, besides that some passages of his poem, where he is keeping close to the Bible as his authority, are avowedly coagulations of Scriptural texts, it is possible again and again, throughout the rest, to detect the flash, through his noblest language, of some suggestion from the Psalms, the Prophets, the Gospels, or the Apocalypse. So, though in a less degree, with Homer, the Greek tragedians (Euripides was a special favourite of his), Plato, Demosthenes, and the Greek classics generally, and with Lucretius, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, Persius, and the other Latins. So with the Italian writers whom he knew so well,—Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, and others now less remembered. So with modern Latinists of various European countries still less recoverable. Finally, so with the whole series of preceding English poets, particularly Spenser, Shakespeare, and some of the minor Spenserians of the reigns of James and Charles I., not forgetting that uncouth popular favourite of his boyhood, Sylvester's *Du Bartas*. In connection with all which, or with any particularly striking instance of the use by Milton of a thought or a phrase from previous authors, let the reader remember his own definition of Plagiarism, given in his *Εἰκονοκλαστής*. "Such kind of borrowing as this," he there says, "*if it be not bettered by the borrower*, among good authors is accounted plagiary." And again of quotations from the Bible,—"*It is not hard for any man who hath a Bible in his hands to borrow good words and holy sayings in abundance ; but to make them his own is a work of grace only from above.*"

How was the poem, as it grew in Milton's mind, committed to paper ? It was dictated by parcels of ten, twenty, thirty, or more lines at a time. Even before his blindness, Milton had made use of amanuenses ; but, after his blindness, he scarcely wrote at all with his own hand. It would be difficult to produce more than one genuine autograph of his of later date than 1652. On this matter Phillips is again our most precise authority. "There is another very remarkable passage," he says, "in the composition of this poem, which I have a particular occasion to remark upon, whereas I had the perusal of it from the very first ; for some years as I went from time to time to visit him, he would give me a parcel of ten, twenty, or thirty verses at a time, and I would

being written by whatever hand came next, might sibly want correction as to the orthography and pointing having, as the summer came on, not been showed any a considerable while, and desiring the reason thereof, answered, that his verse never happily flowed but f the Autumnal Equinoctial to the Vernal [*i.e.* from the of September to the end of March], and that whatever attempted [at other times] was never to his satisfact though he exerted his fancy never so much; so that, all the years he was about this poem, he may be to have spent but half his time therein." The reought to correct by this extract, taken in connection v information already given as to Milton's domestic circstances, the impressions he may have received from flum pictures representing the blind poet in a rapt attitude tating *Paradise Lost* to his attentive and revering daught His eldest daughter, Anne, could not write; and, though other two could write, and may occasionally, when the po was in progress, have acted as his amanuenses, their a exclude the idea of their having been his chief assistants this capacity,—while we also know that the poor mother girls had grown up in circumstances to make them regard services they were required to perform for their father less a duty than a trouble. On the whole Phillips's wo suggest what is probably the right notion,—that Mil dictated his poem in small portions at a time, chiefly wit doors, and more in winter than in summer, to any one t chanced to be about him. Sometimes it may have be one of his daughters; sometimes, latterly, when the po was nearly complete, it may have been his third wi frequently it may have been one of the friends or you who stately read to him. From Phillips's statement it also clear that he assisted Milton in revising the gather scraps of MS. from time to time. Finally, when all was co pleted, a clean copy, or clean copies, must have been ma by some practised scribe. One such clean copy was ti sent to the licenser, a portion of which, as has been mentione still exists. The hand in that manuscript has not be identified.

III. SCHEME AND MEANING OF THE POEM.

Paradise Lost is an Epic. But it is not, like the *Iliad*

the *Æneid*, a national Epic ; nor is it an epic after any other of the known types. It is an epic of the whole human species, an epic of our entire planet, or indeed of the entire astronomical universe. The title of the poem, though perhaps the best that could have been chosen, hardly indicates beforehand the full nature or extent of the theme ; nor are the opening lines, by themselves, sufficiently descriptive of what is to follow. According to them, the song is to be

"Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden."

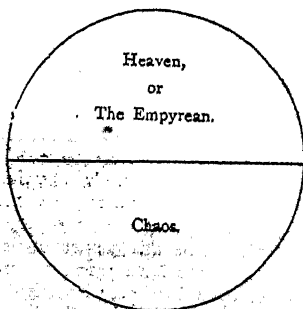
This is a true enough description, because the whole story bears on this point. But it is the vast comprehension of the story, both in space and in time, as leading to this point, that makes it unique among epics, and entitles Milton to speak of it as involving

* "Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

It is, in short, a poetical representation, on the authority of hints from the book of Genesis, of the historical connection between Human Time and Aboriginal or Eternal Infinity, or between our created world and the immeasurable and inconceivable Universe of Pre-human Existence. So far as our World is concerned, the poem starts from that moment when our newly-created Earth, with all the newly-created starry depths about it, had as yet but two human beings upon it ; and these consequently are, on this side of the presupposed Infinite Eternity, the main persons of the epic. But we are carried back *into* this presupposed Infinite Eternity, and the grand purpose of the poem is to connect, by a stupendous imagination, certain events or courses of the inconceivable history that had been unfolding itself there with the first fortunes of that new azure World which is familiar to us, and more particularly with the first fortunes of that favoured ball at the centre whereon those two human creatures walked. Now, the person of the epic through the narration of whose acts this connection is established is Satan. He, as all critics have perceived, and in a wider sense than most of them have perceived, is the real hero of the poem. He and his actions are the link between that new World of Man the infancy of which we behold in the

poem and that boundless antecedent Universe of Pre-human Existence which the poem assumes. For he was a native of that Pre-human Universe, one of its greatest and most conspicuous natives; and what we follow in the poem when its story is taken chronologically, is the life of that great being, from the time of his yet unimpaired prior or archangelship among the Celestials, on to that time when in pursuit of a scheme of revenge, he flings himself into a new experimental World, tries the strength of the new World at its fountain-head, and, by success in his attempt, vitiates Man's portion of space to his own nature, and wins possession of it for a season. The attention of the reader is particularly requested to the following remarks and diagrams. The diagrams are not mere illustrations of what Milton has conceived in his scheme of his poem. They are what he *did* conceive and most tenaciously keep before his mind from first to last; and, unless they are thoroughly grasped, the poem will not be understood as a whole, and many portions of it will be misinterpreted.

Aboriginally, or in primeval Eternity, before the creation of our Earth or the Starry Universe to which it belongs, universal space is to be considered, according to the requisites of the poem, not as containing stars or starry systems at all, but as, so to say, a sphere of infinite radius, divided equatorially into two hemispheres, thus:—



The upper of these two hemispheres of Primeval Infinity

AVEN, or THE EMPYREAN,—a boundless, unimaginable
 on of Light, Freedom, Happiness, and Glory; in the
 st whereof Deity, though omnipresent, has His immediate
 visible dwelling, and where He is surrounded by a vast
 ulation of beings, called “the Angels,” or “Sons of
 l,” who draw near to His throne in worship, derive
 ice their nurture and their delight, and yet live dispersed
 ough all the ranges and recesses of the region, leading
 rally their mighty lives and performing the behests of
 ty, but organised into companies, orders, and hierarchies.
 ton is careful to explain that all that he says of Heaven
 aid symbolically, and in order to make conceivable by
 human imagination what in its own nature is inconceiv-
 e; but, this explained, he is bold enough in his use of
 estrial analogies. Round the immediate throne of Deity,
 eed, there is kept a blazing mist of vagueness, which
 ds are hardly permitted to pierce, though the Angels are
 resented as from time to time assembling within it, be-
 ding the Divine Presence and hearing the Divine Voice.
 : Heaven at large, or portions of it, are figured as tracts
 a celestial Earth, with plain, hill, and valley, wherein
 myriads of the Sons of God expatiate, in their two
 ers of Seraphim and Cherubim, and in their descending
 ks as Archangels or Chiefs, Princes of various degrees,
 l individual Powers and Intelligences. Certain differences,
 wever, are implied as distinguishing these Celestials from
 : subsequent race of Mankind. As they are of infinitely
 ater prowess, immortal, and of more purely spiritual
 ure, so their ways even of physical existence and action
 nscend all that is within human experience. Their forms
 : dilatable or contractible at pleasure; they move with
 redible swiftness; and, as they are not subject to any law
 gravitation, their motion, though ordinarily represented as
 rizontal over the heavenly ground, may as well be ver-
 al or in any other direction, and their aggregations need
 t, like those of men, be in squares, oblongs, or other plane
 ures, but may be in cubes, or other rectangular or oblique
 lids, or in spherical masses. These and various other
 rticulars are to be kept in mind concerning Heaven and
 pristine inhabitants.—As respects the other half or hemi- 2
 here of the Primeval Infinity, though it too is inconceivable
 its nature, and has to be described by words which are at

best symbolical, less needs be said. For it is CHAOS, Uninhabited,—a huge, limitless ocean, abyss, or quagmire of universal darkness and lifelessness, wherein are joined in blustering confusion the elements of all matter, or the crude embryos of all the elements, ere as yet they are distinguishable. There is no light there, nor properly Water, Air, or Fire, but only a vast pulp or welter of unformed matter, in which all these lie tempestuously intermingled. Though the presence of Deity is there potentially to all, still, as it were, actually retracted thence, as from a source unorganised and left to Night and Anarchy; nor could any of the Angels wing down into its repulsive obscurities. A crystal floor or wall of Heaven divides them from it; beneath which, and unvisited of light, save what may gleam through upon its nearer strata, it howls and rages and rages eternally.

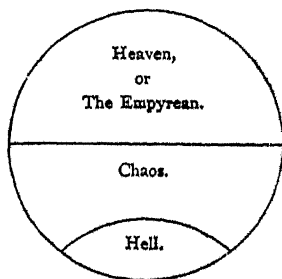
Such is and has been the constitution of the Uninhabited Infinitude from ages immemorial in the Angelic reckoning. But lo! at last a day in the annals of Heaven when the monotony of existence hitherto is disturbed and broken by a day,—“such day as Heaven’s great year brings” (v. 582, 583),—all the Emyrean host of Angels, called by especial summons from all the ends of Heaven, assembled innumerable before the throne of the Almighty; beside which, imbosomed in bliss, sat the Divine Son. They had come to hear this divine decree:—

“Hear, all ye Angels, Progeny of Light,
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand!
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand. Your Head I him appoint;
And by myself have sworn to him shall bow
All knees in Heaven, and shall confess him Lord.”

With joy and obedience is this decree received through all the hierarchies, save in one quarter. One of the first Archangels in Heaven, if not the very first,—the chief of Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael, if not their superior, the Archangel known afterwards (for his first name in Heaven is lost) as Satan or Lucifer. In him the effect of the fall, of change, envy, pride, the resolution to rebel. He con-

with his next subordinate, known afterwards as Beelzebub; and there is formed by them that faction in Heaven which includes at length one third of the entire Heavenly host. Then ensue the wars in Heaven,—Michael and the loyal Angels warring against Satan and the rebel Angels, so that for two days the Empyrean is in uproar. But on the third day the Messiah himself rides forth in his chariot of power, and armed with ten thousand thunders. Right on he drives, at his sole might, through the rebel ranks, till they areampled and huddled, in one indiscriminate flock, incapable of resistance, before him and his fires. But his purpose is not utterly to destroy them,—only to expel them from Heaven. Underneath their feet, accordingly, the crystal wall or floor of Heaven opens wide, rolling inwards, and disclosing a spacious gap into the dark Abyss or Chaos. Horrorstruck they start back; but worse urges them behind. Headlong they fling themselves down, eternal wrath burning after them, and driving them still down, down, through Chaos, to the place prepared for them.

The place prepared for them! Yes, for now there is a modification in the map of Universal Space to suit the changed conditions of the Universe. At the bottom of what was hitherto been Chaos there is now marked out a kind of antarctic region, distinct from the body of Chaos proper. This is HELL,—a vast region of fire, sulphurous lake, plain



and mountain, and of all forms of fiery and icy torment. It is into this nethermost and dungeon-like portion of space, separated from Heaven by a huge belt of intervening Chaos,

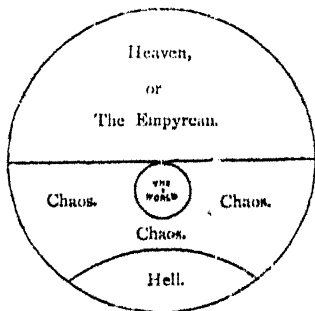
that the fallen Angels are thrust. For nine days and nights they have been falling through Chaos, or rather driven down through Chaos by the Messiah's pursuing thunders, before they reach this new home (VI. 871). When they do reach the roof closes over them and shuts them in. Meanwhile the Messiah has returned in triumph into highest Heaven, and there is rejoicing over the expulsion of the damned.

For the moment, therefore, there are three divisions of Universal Space,—HEAVEN, CHAOS, and HELL. Almost immediately, however, there is a fourth. Not only have the expelled Angels been nine days and nights in falling through Chaos to reach Hell; but, after they have reached Hell and it has closed over them, they lie for another period of nine days and nights (I. 50—53) stupefied and bewildered in the fiery gulf. It is during this second nine days that there takes place a great event, which farther modifies the map of Infinitude. Long had there been talk in Heaven of a new race of beings to be created at some time by the Almighty, inferior in some respects to the Angels, but in the history of whom and of God's dealings with them there was to be a display of the divine power and love which even the Angels might contemplate with wonder. The time for the creation of this new race of beings has now arrived. Scarcely had the Rebel Angels been enclosed in Hell, and Chaos had recovered from the turmoil of the descent of such a race through its depths, when the Paternal Deity, addressing the Son, tells him that, in order to repair the loss caused in Heaven, the predetermined creation of Man and of the World of Man shall now take effect. It is for the Son to execute the will of the Father. Straightway he goes forth on his creating errand. The everlasting gates of Heaven open wide to let him pass forth; and, clothed with majesty, and accompanied with thousands of Seraphim and Cherubim, anxious to behold the great work to be done, he does pass forth, far into that very Chaos through which the Rebel Angels have so recently fallen, and which now intervenes between Heaven and Hell. At length he stays his fervid wheels, and taking the golden compasses in his hands, centres one point of them where he stands and turns the other through the obscure profundity around (VII. 224—231). Thus are marked out, or cut out, through the body of Chaos, the limits of the new Universe of Man,—that Starry Universe which to

seems measureless and the same as Infinity itself, but which is really only a beautiful azure sphere or drop, insulated in Chaos, and hung at its topmost point or zenith from the Empyrean. But, though the limits of the new experimental Creation are thus at once marked out, the completion of the Creation is a work of Six Days (VII. 242, 50). On the last of these, to crown the work, the happy Earth received its first human pair, the appointed lords of the entire new Creation. And so, resting from his labours, and beholding all that he had made, that it was good, the Messiah returned to his Father, reascending through the golden gates, which were now just over the zenith of the new World, and were its point of suspension from the Empyrean Heaven; and the Seventh Day or Sabbath was spent in songs of praise by all the Heavenly hosts over the finished work, and in contemplation of it as it hung beneath them,

“another Heaven
From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline.”

and now, accordingly, this was the diagram of the Universal infinitude :—



There are the three regions of HEAVEN, CHAOS, and HELL, before; but there is also now a fourth region, hung drop-like into Chaos by an attachment to Heaven at the north pole or zenith. This is the NEW WORLD, or the STARRY UNIVERSE,—all that Universe of orbs and galaxies which

man's vision can reach by utmost power of telescope which even to his imagination is illimitable. And the proportions of this World to the total map Milt to be exact. The distance from its nadir or lower to the upper boss of Hell is exactly equal to its own or, in other words, the distance of Hell-gate from gate is exactly three semidiameters of the Human or Universe (I. 73, 74).

Meanwhile, just as this final and stupendous modification of the map of Infinitude has been accomplished, Satan his rebel adherents in Hell begin to recover from their —Satan the first, and the others at his call. Their Satan's first speech to them, their first surveys of the domain, their building of their palace of Pandemonium their deliberations there in full council as to their policy. Between Moloch's advice for a renewal of order with Heaven, and Belial's and Mammon's counsels recommend acquiescence in their new circumstances patient effort to make the best of them, Beelzebub in the proposal which is really Satan's, and which is ultimately carried. It is that there should be an excursion from back through Chaos, to ascertain whether that new Universe with a new race of beings in it, of which there had been much talk in Heaven, and which there was reason to think might come into existence about this time, *had* con- existence. If it had, might not means be found to this new Universe and the favourite race that was to inhabit it, and to drag them down to the level of Hell itself? Not such a ruining of the Almighty's new experiment butset be a revenge that would touch him deeply? Is it not easier than open war? And on the stepping of such a success might they not raise themselves to victory, or at least to an improvement of their present position, and an extent of empire that should include more Hell?

Don
Satan's counsel having been adopted, it is Satan himself that adventures the perilous expedition up through Chaos in quest of the New Universe. He is detained for a while at Hell-gate by the ghastly shapes of Sin and Death who there to guard it; but, the gates being at length opened to him, never to shut again, he emerges into the hideous light overhead. His journey up through it is arduous. C

ng, swimming, wading, flying, through the boggy consistency, —now falling plumb-down thousands of fathoms, again arried upwards by a gust or explosion,—he reaches at length, bout midway in his journey, the central throne and pavilion where Chaos personified and Night have their government. Here he receives definite intelligence that the new World he in search of has actually been created. Thus encouraged, and directed on his way, again he springs upward, “like a yramid of fire,” through what of Chaos remains; and, after uch farther flying, tacking, and steering, he at last reaches he upper confines of Chaos, where its substance seems inner, so that he can wing about more easily, and where a immering dawn of the light from above begins also to ppear. For a while in this calmer space he weighs his ings to behold at leisure (II. 1046) the sight that is break- g upon him. And what a sight!

“Far off the Empyrean Heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermined square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorned
Of living sapphire, once his native seat,
And, fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent World, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.”

ure must be taken not to misinterpret this passage. Even Addison misinterpreted it most woefully. He speaks of an’s distant discovery “of the Earth that hung close by the Moon” as one of the most “wonderfully beautiful and etical” passages of the poem. But it is more wonderfully autiful and poetical than Addison thought. For, as even correct reading of the passage by itself would have shown, the “pendent World” which Satan here sees is not the Earth all, but the entire Starry Universe, or Mundane Sphere, ng drop-like by a golden touch from the Empyrean above.

In proportion to this Empyrean, at the distance whence an gazes, even the Starry Universe pendent from it is but a star of smallest magnitude seen on the edge of the full crescent moon.

At length (III. 418-422) Satan alights on the opaque side, or convex shell, of the new Universe. As he had roached it, what seemed at first but as a star had taken dimensions of a globe; and, when he had alighted, and

begun to walk on it, this globe had become, as it seemed, a boundless continent of firm land, exposed, dark and silent to the stormy Chaos blustering round like an inclement sky. Only on the upper convex of the shell, in its angles to the zenith, some reflection of light was gained from the floor of Heaven. Apparently it was on this upper convex surface, outside of the New World, and not at its nadir, or the nearest Hell, that Satan first alighted and walked (see *II. 1034-1053, III. 418-430, X. 312-349*). At all events, he had to reach the zenith before he could begin the business of his errand. For only at this point, only at this point of attachment or suspension of the new Universe to the Empyrean, was there an opening into the interior of the Universe. All the outer shell, save at that point, was compact, and not even transpicuous to the light within, as a spherical glass round a lamp is, but totally opaque, only glistening faintly on its upper side with the reflected light from Heaven. Accordingly, after wandering on this dark floor of the Universe long enough to allow Milton that extraordinary digression (*III. 440-497*) in which he finds one of the most magnificently grotesque uses for the outside of the Universe that it could have entered into the imagination of any poet to conceive, the Fiend is attracted in the direction to the opening at the zenith. What attracts him thither is a gleam of light from the mysterious structural staircase (*III. 501 et seq.*) which there serves the Angels in their descents from Heaven's gate into the Human Universe, and again in their ascents from the Universe to Heaven's gate. Sometimes these stairs are drawn up to Heaven, and are invisible; but at the moment when Satan reached them they were let down, so that, standing on the lower stairs and gazing down through the opening right underneath, he suddenly beheld the entire interior of the Starry Universe once. He can behold it in all directions,—both in the direction of latitude, or depth from the pole where he is, to the opposite pole or nadir, and also longitudinally,

"from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda, far off Atlantic seas
Beyond the horizon."

At this point, and before following the Fiend in his

own into the interior of our Astronomical Universe, it is necessary to describe the system or constitution of that interior as it is conceived by Milton and assumed throughout the poem. Let us attend, therefore, more particularly now to that small central circle of our last diagram, hanging drop-like from the Empyrean, which we have as yet described no other than by saying that, small as it is, it represents our first Starry Universe in Milton's total scheme of Infinitude. Although a great part of the action of the poem takes place in the Empyrean in Chaos, and in Hell, much of it also takes place within the bounds of this Starry Universe; so that, if there is any peculiarity in Milton's conception of the interior arrangements of this Universe, that peculiarity must be understood before many parts of the poem are intelligible. Such a peculiarity there is.

Milton's Astronomy, or, at least, the astronomical system which he thought proper to employ in his *Paradise Lost*, is not our present Copernican system,—which, in his time, was not generally or popularly accepted. It is the older Astronomical System, now usually called “the Ptolemaic,” because it had been set forth in its main features by the astronomer Ptolemy of Alexandria, who lived in the second century. According to this “Ptolemaic system,” the Earth was the fixed centre of the Mundane Universe, and the apparent motions of the other celestial bodies were caused by the real revolutions of successive Heavens, or Spheres of Space, enclosing the central Earth at different distances. First, and nearest to the Earth, were the Spheres or Orbs of the Seven Planets then known, in this order,—the Moon (treated as a planet), Mercury, Venus, the Sun (treated as a planet—the glorious planet Sol” Shakespeare calls him, *Troil. and Andr.* Act I. Scene 3), Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. Beyond these, as an Eighth Sphere or Orb, was the Firmament or Heaven of all the fixed stars. These eight Spheres or Heavens had sufficed till Aristotle's time, and beyond it, for the purposes of astronomical explanation. The outermost Eighth Sphere was supposed to wheel diurnally, or in twenty-four hours, from East to West, carrying in it all the fixed stars, and carrying with it also all the seven interior Heavens or Spheres,—which Spheres, however, had also separate and slower motions of their own, giving rise to those

apparent motions of the moon (months), Mercury, V the Sun (years), Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, which could be accounted for by the revolution of the Starry Sphere. But, later observations having discovered irregularities in phenomena of the heavens which the supposed motions even the Eight Spheres could not account for, two Spheres had been added. To account for the very change called "the precession of the equinoxes," the discovery of which was prepared by Hipparchus in the second century B.C., it had been necessary to imagine a Ninth Sphere, called "the Crystalline Sphere," beyond that of the Fixed Stars; and, finally, for further reasons, it had been necessary to suppose all enclosed in a Tenth Sphere, called "the Primum Mobile," or "first moved." These two most spheres, or at least the Tenth Sphere, had been added in the Middle Ages; and, indeed, the Ptolemaic system completed up to the final number of Ten Spheres, may be called rather the "Alphonsine System," as having been adopted and taught by the famous King and astronomer Alphonso X. of Castille (1252-1284). It need only be added that the Spheres were not necessarily supposed to be actual spheres of solid matter. It was enough if they were conceived as spheres of invisible or transpicuous matter. Perhaps only the outermost Sphere, or Primum Mobile, closing the whole universe from absolute Infinity or Nothingness, had to be thought of as in any sense a materially impenetrable shell.

The utter strangeness of this Ptolemaic system to our present habits of thought causes us to forget how long it lasted. Although it was in 1543 that Copernicus had propounded another system, and although the views of Copernicus struggled gradually into the belief of subsequent astronomers, and although further demonstration given them by Galileo (1610-16) had shown the Ptolemaic or Alphonsine system, with its ten Spheres enclosing the stationary Earth, at different distances, wheeling round it in a complex combination of their separate motions, retained its prevalence in the popular mind in Europe, and even in the scientific world, till the end of the seventeenth century. Hence all the literature of England and of other countries, down to that date, is latently cast in the imaginative mould of that system, and is full of metaphysics and of suggestions from it. When Shakespear

peaks of the "stars starting from their spheres," he means from the Ptolemaic Spheres; and, similarly, the word "sphere" in our old poetry has generally this meaning. Indeed, it retains this meaning in some of our still current expressions, as "This is not my sphere," "You are out of our sphere," etc. A full examination of our old literature in the light of the principle of criticism here suggested,—*i.e.* with the recollection that it was according to the Ptolemaic conception of the Universe, and not according to the Copernican, that our old poets thought of things and expressed their thoughts,—might lead to curious results. We are concerned at present, however, with Milton only.

In Milton's case we are presented with the interesting phenomenon of a mind apparently uncertain to the last which of the two systems, the Ptolemaic or the Copernican, was the true one, or perhaps beginning to be persuaded of the higher probability of the Copernican, but yet retaining the Ptolemaic for poetical purposes. For Milton's life (1608-1674) coincides with the period of the struggle between the two systems. In his boyhood and youth he had inherited the general or Ptolemaic belief,—that in which Shakespeare died. Here, for example, is what everybody was reading during Milton's youth in that favourite book, Sylvester's Translation of Du Bartas :—

"As the ague-sick upon his shivering pallet
 Delays his health oft to delight his palate,
 When wilfully his tasteless taste delights
 In things unsavoury to sound appetites,
 Even so some brain-sicks live there now-a-days
 That lose themselves still in contrary ways,—
 Preposterous wits that cannot row at ease
 On the smooth channel of our common seas;
 And such are those, in my conceit at least,
 Those clerks that think—think how absurd a jest!—
 That neither heavens nor stars do turn at all
 Nor dance about this great round Earthly Ball,
 But the Earth itself, this massy globe of ours,
 Turns round about once every twice-twelve hours."

Du Bartas had been a French Protestant, and his English translator, Sylvester, was a Puritan. It was not, therefore, only to the Roman Inquisition or to Roman Catholics that Galileo must have seemed a "brain-sick" and "a prepos-

terous wit" when he advocated the Copernican theory. 1638 Milton had himself conversed with Galileo, then and blind, near Florence. "There it was," he wrote in (*Areopag.*), "that I found and visited the famous Galileo grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought." And yet, despite this passage, and passages showing how strongly the character and history of Galileo had fascinated him, it may be doubted whether Milton even then felt himself entitled to reject the system which Galileo had impugned. His friends and literary associates, the *Smectymnuans*, at all events, in their answer to Bishop Hall's "Humble Remonstrance" (1641), had taken the Copernican doctrine as an unquestionable instance of supreme absurdity. "There is no more truth in this assertion," they say of one of Bishop Hall's statements, "than he had said, with Anaxagoras, 'Snow is black,' or with Copernicus, 'The Earth moves, and the Heavens stand still.'" There cannot be a more distinct proof than this incidental passage affords of the utter repulsiveness of the Copernican theory to even the educated English intellect late as the middle of the seventeenth century. Milton probably even then, if we may judge from the above-quoted reference to Galileo, in advance of his contemporaries on this question; and in the interval between that time and the completion of his *Paradise Lost* his Copernicanism may have become decided. There are, at any rate, two passages in *Paradise Lost* where he shows his perfect acquaintance with the Copernican theory, and with the arguments in its behalf. The one (IV. 592-597) is an incidental passage; in the other and much longer passage (VIII. 15-178) he makes the question a subject of express conversation between Raphael and Adam. In this last passage Adam is represented as arriving by intuition at the Copernican theory, or at least perceiving its superior simplicity over the Ptolemaic; although the doubt of the Angel's reply is that the question is an abstruse one, and that it is of no great consequence for man's real duty in the world which system is the true one, yet the balance of the Angel's remarks is also Copernican. There is no doubt that these two passages were inserted by Milton to relieve his own mind on the subject, and by way of cautioning the reader that the scheme of the Physical Universe adopted

the construction of the poem is not to be taken as more than a hypothesis for the imagination.

That scheme is, undoubtedly, the Ptolemaic or Alphonsine. Accordingly, the little central circle, hung drop-like from the Empyrean in our last diagram, and there representing the dimensions of the total Creation of the six days, or, in other words, of our Starry Universe, may be exhibited now on a magnified scale, by simply reproducing one of the diagrams of the Heavens which were given in all the old books of Astronomy. The following is a copy (a little neater than the original, but otherwise exact) from a woodcut which we find in



an edition, in 1610, of the *Sphæra* of the celebrated æval astrologer, Joannes a Sacrobosco, or John Holyw. This treatise, originally written in the thirteenth century, amended or added to by subsequent writers, was the favourite manual of astronomy throughout Europe down to Milton's time. He himself used it as a text-book, as we learn from his nephew Phillips. The cut, the reader ought to understand, represents the interior of the Mundane System, equatorial section as looked *down* into from the pole of the ecliptic. It is, in short, a view *down* from the opening of the pole in the preceding cut.

This, literally this, so far as mere diagram can represent is the Cosmos or Mundane Universe, as Milton keeps in his mind's eye throughout the poem. It is an enormous round of space, scooped or carved out of Chaos, and communicating aloft with the Empyrean, but consisting *within* it of ten Orbs or hollow Spheres in succession, wheeling within the other, down to the stationary nest of our earth at the centre, with the elements of water, air, and fire that are immediately around it. It is according to this scheme that Milton virtually describes the process of creation in the first, the second, and the fourth of the six days of Genesis (VII. 232-275 and 330-386),—the only deviation being that the word "Firmament" is not there applied specifically to the eighth or Starry Sphere, but is used of the whole continuous depth of all the heavens as far as the Primum Mobile. As if to prevent any mistake, however, there is one passage in which the Ten Spheres are actually enumerated. It is that (III. 481-483) where the attempt of ambitious souls from Earth to the Empyrean by their own effort is described. In order to reach the opening into the Empyrean at the World's zenith, what are the successive stages of their flight?

They pass the Planets Seven, and pass the Fixed,
And that Crystalline Sphere whose balace weighs
The reputation talked, and that Firm Moved."

Here we have the *Astronomical* heavens in their order, and with their exact names. But all through the poem the language assumes the same astronomical system. Where the words Orb and Sphere occur, for example, they almost invariably,—not quite invariably,—mean Orb or Sphere

e Ptolemaic sense. Yet, to make all safe, Milton, as we have seen, inserts two passages at least in which the Copernican theory of the heavens is distinctly suggested as a possible or probable alternative; and, moreover, even while using the language of the other theory, he so arranges that need not be supposed he does so for any other reason than *artificial* preference.

In one respect the diagram must fail to convey Milton's complete notion of the Cosmos or Mundane Universe at that moment where he supposes the Fiend first gazing down on it from the glorious opening at the zenith, and then plunging precipitate through its azure depths (III. 561-565) in quest of that particular spot in it where Man had his abode. That small Earth which is so conspicuous in the diagram, as being at the centre, either was not visible even to angelic eyes from such an amazing distance as the opening at the zenith of the primum mobile, or was not yet marked. The luminary that attracts Satan first, from its all-surpassing splendour, is the Sun. Though the tenant only of the fourth of the spheres, this luminary so far surpasses all others in majesty that it seems like the king not only of the seven planetary orbs, but of all the ten. It seems the very centre of the whole New Universe, shooting its radiance even through the beds of the stars, as far as the primum mobile itself (III. 571-587). It is thither, accordingly, that Satan directs his flight; it is on this of all the bodies in the New Universe that he first alights; and it is only after the Angel Gabriel, whom he there encounters, and who does not recognise him in his disguise, has pointed out to him the Earth shining at a distance in the sunlight (III. 722-724) that he knows the exact scene of his further labours. Thus informed, he wings off again from the Sun's body, and, feeling his steep flight towards the Earth, alights at length at the top of Niphates, near Eden.

There is no need to follow the action of the poem farther than this Introduction. All that takes place after the arrival of Satan on the Earth, all that portion of the story that is enacted within the bounds of Eden or of Paradise, the reader can without difficulty make out for himself; or any incidental elucidation as may be requisite may be left to the Notes. It is necessary only to take account here of

certain final modifications in Milton's imaginary physical structure of the Universe, which take place after the Tempter has succeeded in his enterprise and Man has fallen:—the first place, there is then established, what did not exist before, a permanent communication between Hell and the New Universe. When Satan had come up through Chaos from Hell-gate, he had done so with toil and difficulty, one exploring his way; but no sooner had he succeeded in his mission than Sin and Death, whom he had left at Hell-gate, felt themselves instinctively aware of his success, of the necessity there would thenceforward be for a direct road between Hell and the New World, by which all Infernals might go and come. Accordingly (x. 282-3) they construct such a road, a wonderful causeway or bridge from Hell-gate, right through or over Chaos, to that extremity of the outside of the New Universe where Satan first alighted,—i.e., not to its nadir, but to some point near its zenith, where there is the break or orifice in the Primeval Mobile towards the Empyrean. And what is the consequence of this vast alteration in the physical structure of the Universe? The consequence is that the Infernals are no longer confined to Hell, but possess also the New Universe, like an additional island or pleasure-domain, in Chaos, and on the very confines of their former home in the Empyrean. Preferring this conquest to their previous empire in Hell, they are thenceforward perhaps more frequently in our World than in Hell, winging through various spheres, but chiefly inhabiting the air round the central Earth. But this causeway from Hell to the World constructed by Sin and Death, is not the only modification of the physical Universe consequent on the Fall. The interior of the Human World as it hangs from the Empyrean receives some alterations for the worse by the decree of the Almighty Himself. The elements immediately round the Earth become harsher and more malignant; the planets and starry spheres are so influenced that thenceforward the planets and stars look inward upon the central Earth with aspects of malignance; nay, perhaps it was now first that either by a heaving asunder of the Earth from its former position, or by a change in the Sun's path, the ecliptic became oblique to the equator (x. 651-661). All these changes in the actual body of the Earth, inclu-

g the obliteration of the site of the desecrated Paradise,
d the outbreak of virulence among all things animate.

From the foregoing sketch, it will be seen that, while the poem is properly enough, as the name *Paradise Lost* indicates, the tragical story of the temptation and fall of the human race in its first parents, yet this story is included in a more comprehensive epic, of which the rebel Archangel is the hero, and the theatre of which is nothing less than Universal Infinitude. While the consummation, as regards Man, is the loss of innocence and Eden, and the liability to death, the consummation as regards Satan is more in the nature of a triumph. He has succeeded in *his* enterprise. He has vitiated the New World at its beginning, and he has made it as a conquest to the Hell which had been assigned him and his for their only proper realm. True, in the very hour of his triumph a curse has been pronounced upon him; he and his host experience a further abasement of their being by transmutation into the image of the Serpent; and he and they are left with the expectation of a time when their supposed conquest shall be snatched from them, and they shall be driven in ignominy back to whence they came. Still, for the present, and until that "greater Man" arise who is to restore the human race, and be the final and universal victor, they are left in successful possession. Whatever the sequel is to be (and it is foreshadowed in vision in the two last books), the epic has here reached its natural close. Its purpose was to furnish the imagination with such a story of transcendent construction as should connect the mysteries of the inconceivable and immeasurable universe anterior to time and to Man with the traditions and experience of our particular planet. This is accomplished by presenting the imagination on one great being, supposed to belong to the thronging multitudes of the angelic race that peopled the Empyrean before our World was created; by following this being in his actions as a rebel in Heaven and then as an exile into Hell; and by leaving him at last so far from possession of the New Universe of Man that thenceforward his part as an Archangel is well-nigh forgotten, and he is content with his new and degraded function as the Devil of these terrestrial regions. Thenceforward he and his are to dwell more in these terrestrial regions, and particularly in

the air, than in Hell, mingling themselves devilish human affairs, and even, by a splendid stroke of dis policy, enjoying the worship of men while securing ruin, by passing themselves off as gods and demigods of kinds of mongrel mythologies. That this is the main end and purport of the Epic will be perceived all the more clearly if the reader will note how much of the action though it all bears ultimately on the fate of Earth, is placed away from the Earth altogether, and at a rate different from that of earthly causation,—in the Empyrean, Hell, in Chaos, or among the orbs and starry interspace the entire Cosmos. The portions of the poem which occupied with descriptions of Eden and Paradise and relation of events there are attractive from their peculiar beauty, but they amount to but a fragment of the whole.

One result which ought to follow from a right understanding of the scheme of the poem, as it has been here exhibited is a truer idea of the place which Milton's Epic holds among the great poems of the world, and also of its relations to total mind and life. What is that in any man which is highest, deepest, and most essential in him, which governs all, reveals all, gives the key to all that he thinks or feels? What but his way of thinking or feeling, whatever it may be, respecting the relation or non-relation of the whole visible or physical world to that which is boundless, invisible, unfeatured, metaphysical? What he thinks or feels on this subject is essentially his philosophy; if he abstains from thinking on it at all, then that very abstinence is equally philosophy. And what greater character can there be in a poem, or in any other work of art, than that it truly conveys the author's highest mind or mood on this subject,—whether theory, if he has one, or his antipathy to any theory, should that be the case? It may be doubted whether the world ever has taken a poem to its larger heart, or placed it in the list of the poems spoken of as great, except from a perception, more or less conscious, that it possessed, in a notable degree, this characteristic,—that it was the expression, in some form or other, under whatever nominal theme, and with whatever intermixture of special matter, of the intimate personal philosophy of a great living mind. To suppose, therefore, that Milton could have put forth any poem

ze extent uninformed by his deepest and most serious
 losophy of life and of the world, is to know nothing
 atever about him. The ingenious construction of a fiction
 t should anyhow entertain the world, and which the
 hor might behold floating away, detached from himself,
 a beautifully-blown bubble,—this was not *his* notion of
 sy. Into whatever he wrote he was sure to put as much
himself as possible; and into that work which he intended
 be his greatest it would have been safe to predict that he
 uld studiously put the very most of himself. It would
 e been safe to predict that he would make it not only a
 antasy or tale of majestic proportions, with which the
 nan race might regale its leisure, but also a bequest of his
 n thoughts and speculations on the greatest subjects in-
 esting to man, a kind of testament to posterity that it was
 s and thus that he, Milton, veteran and blind, had learnt
 think on such subjects, and dared advise the world for
 r to think also. True, from the nature of the case, a
 et must express himself on such subjects not so much in
 ect propositions addressed to the reason as in figurative
 ceptions, phantasmagories, or allegories, imagined indi-
 lually and connectedly in accordance with his intellectual
 ention. In as far, therefore, as *Paradise Lost* is an ex-
 ssion of Milton's habitual mode of thought respecting Man
 f History in relation to an eternal and unknown Infinity, it
 so by way of what the Germans call *Vorstellung* (popular
 age or representation) and not by way of *Begriff* (pure or
 ilosophic notion). Whether on such subjects it is possible
 address the human mind at all except through visual or
 ier sensuous images, and whether the most abstract language
 philosophers consists of anything else than such images re-
 ced to dust and made colourless, needs not here be inquired.
 Whatever might have been Milton's abstract theory on any
 ch subject, it was in the nature of his genius to express it
 a *Vorstellung*. He had faith in this method as that by
 ich the collective soul of man had been impressed and
 ed in all ages, and would be impressed and ruled to the
 d of time. He more than once inserts in the poem pas-
 es cautioning the reader that his descriptions and narratives
 supra-mundane scenes and events are not to be taken literally,
 ily, but only symbolically. Thus, when the Angel
 phael, yielding to Adam's request, begins, *When I began*,

his narration of the events that had taken place in the Erean Heaven before the creation of Man and his Cosmos is made (v. 563-576) to preface the narration with words:—

“ High matter thou enjoin’st me, O prime of Men,—
 Sad task and hard ; for how shall I relate
 To human sense the invisible exploits
 Of warring Spirits ? how, without remorse,
 The ruin of so many, glorious once
 And perfect while they stood ? how last unfold
 The secrets of another world, perhaps
 Not lawful to reveal ? Yet for thy good
 This is dispensed ; and what surmounts the reach
 Of human sense I shall delineate so,
 * By likening spiritual to corporal forms,
 As may express them best,—though what if Earth
 Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
 Each to other like more than on Earth is thought ? ”

Let *Paradise Lost*, then, be called a *Vorstellung*. What a *Vorstellung* it is ! That World of Man, the world of all our stars and starry transparencies, hung but dropped after all from the Empyrean ; the great Empyrean its “ undetermined square or round,” so that, though we diagram it for form’s sake, it is beyond all power of diagram. Hell, far beneath but still measurably far, with its out-infernal Powers tending disastrously upwards or tugging downwards ; finally, between the Empyrean and Hell, the blustering blackness of an unimaginable Chaos, roaring around the Mundane Sphere, and assaulting everlastingly its outermost bosses, but unable to break through, or to disturb the serenity of the golden poise that steadies it from the zenith. What phantasmagory more truly all-significant than this the imagination of poet ever conceived ? What expanse of space comparable to this for vastness has any other poem presumed to occupy with a coherent story ? The physical universe of Dante’s great poem would go into a nutshell compared with that to which the imagination must stretch it out in *Paradise Lost*. In this respect,—in respect of the extent of physical immensity through which the poem ranges, and which it orbs forth with soul-dilating clearness and divides with never-to-be-obliterated accuracy before the eye,—no possible poem can ever overpass it. And then the story itself ! What

mightier, or more full of meaning, can there ever be that of the Archangel rebelling in Heaven, degraded Heaven into Hell, reascending from Hell to the Human verse, winging through the starry spaces of that Universe, and at last possessing himself of our central Earth, and regnating its incipient history with the Spirit of Evil? ness of scene and power of story together, little wonder the poem should have so impressed the world. Little wonder that it should now be Milton's Satan, and Milton's creative of the Creation in its various transcendental conceptions, that are in possession of the British imagination, more than the strict Biblical accounts whence Milton so abundantly derived the hints to which he gave such marvellous expansion.

Will the power of the poem be permanent? Grand as it is, was it not a conception framed too much congruity with special beliefs and modes of thinking of man's own age to retain its efficiency for ever? If the elements it symbolised are matters which the human imagination and the reason of man in its most exalted mood, must strive to symbolise in some form or other, may not the definiteness, the blazing visual exactness, of Milton's poetic phantasy jar on modern modes of thought? Do we desire, in our days also, to be left to our own liberty of symbolising in these matters, and may it not be well to prefer, for the main, symbolisms the least fixed, the least sensuous, the most fluent and cloud-like, the most tremulous to every suggestion of new idea or new feeling? To this objection, — an objection, however, which would apply to all great Poetry and Art whatever, and would affect the paintings of Michael Angelo, for example, as much as the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, something must be conceded. Changes in human ideas, — the poem was written *have* thrown the poem, or parts of it, farther out of keeping with the demands of the modern imagination than it can have been with the requirements of man's contemporaries. Not to speak of the direct traces of a peculiar theology in the form of speeches and arguments, — in which kind, however, there is less that need really excite solite than some theological critics have asserted, — the materialism of Milton's astronomical scheme would alone, the poem somewhat in conflict with the advanced modern conceptions of Nature. No longer now is the

Mundane Universe thought of as a definite succession of Orbs round the globe of Earth. No longer now the fancy of man be stayed at any distance, however limited, by an imaginary primum mobile or outermost shell, which all is Chaos. The primum mobile has been burst; and into the Chaos supposed to be beyond imagination has voyaged out and still out, finding no end and no sign of shore or boundary, but only the same oceanic space, with firmaments for its scattered islands and such islands still rising to view on every farthest horizon. Thus accustomed to the idea of Nature as boundless, the mind in one of its moods, may *refuse* to conceive it as bounded and may regard the attempt to do so as a treason against truth. All this must be conceded, though the effects of the concession will not stop at *Paradise Lost*. But the other moods of the mind, moral and spiritual moods, to which poesy is bound to serve; and, just as Milton, in the *Paradise Lost*, of these, knowingly and almost avowedly repudiates the obligation of consistency with physical science as known to himself, and set up a great symbolic phantasy, so in *Paradise Lost* the phantasy which he did set up has, for those of a way like-minded to him, lost none of its sublime significance. For all such is not that Physical Universe, which we have learnt not to bound, still, in its inconceivable totality, as a drop hung from the Empyrean; is not darkness above it; is not Hell beneath it? And what though a man is not such? Is it not the highest function of a poet to perpetuate like-mindedness to its author after he is dead and may not *Paradise Lost* be doing this? Nay, and though the relevancy of the poem to the present state of the world should have been more impaired by the lapse of time and the change of ideas than we have admitted to be, and much of the interest of it, as of all the other poems of the world, should now be *historical*? Even what interest it possesses! What a portrait, what a ~~of a great English mind of the seventeenth century it is before us!~~ "I wonder not so much at the poem though worthy of all wonder," says Bentley in the preface to his edition of the poem, "as that the author could extract his thoughts from his own troubles as to be a ~~man~~ make it,—that, confined in a ~~small~~ chamber and to him a chamber, surrounded with cares and fears, he could exp

range through the compass of the whole Universe, and through all Heaven beyond it, and could survey all periods of time from before the creation to the consummation of all things. This theory, no doubt, was a great solace to him in his affliction, but it shows in him a greater strength of spirit, that made him capable of such a solace. And it would almost seem to me to be peculiar to him, had not experience by others taught me that there is that power in the human mind, supported with innocence and conscience, that can make it shake off all outward uneasiness and involve itself secure and pleased in its own integrity and contentment." It is refreshing to be able to quote from a great scholar and critic words showing so deep an appreciation of the real significance of the poem which, as an artist, he mangled. Whatever *Paradise Lost* is, it is, as Dryden here points out, a monument of almost unexampled personal magnanimity.

It is not improbable that Milton's blindness, which we are so apt to think of as a disqualification for poetry, as for other things, may, in the case of *Paradise Lost*, have been a posthumous qualification.

We can imagine many effects of blindness on the mind of a poet. Milton himself, as if with a presentiment of what one day to be his own fate, had more than once, in his other poems, touched on this very theme. One remembers those lines in *Paradise Lost* itself (III. 33-36) where he tells us of the secret pleasure he had in associating himself with his famous blind predecessors of the ancient world:—

"Those other two, equalled with me in fate
(So were I equalled with them in renown),—
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides;
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old."

But those old poets and prophets blindness had given "the underinsight," might it not be so also in his case? For at least he prays:—

"So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and dispel, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

But not only in this semi-mystic sense, so dear to Milton so natural to his mode of thought, might it be contended in his great poem his blindness was even a qualification; yet need it be meant merely, in a more prosaic consideration, that his blindness, by shutting in his mind from external objects, concentrated it on his daring theme and left him more liberty to pursue it. Nor, again, need we have recourse only to that influence which would be exerted over his imagination and especially over the structure and music of his verse; but the fact that his blindness prevented him from composition on paper, and compelled him to compose mentally, and other influences of blindness may have all had their share. But the influence of which we now speak is something peculiar and specific.

The one sensation, as we may fancy, ever directly presented to a blind man, who had once enjoyed sight, would be that of infinitely extended surrounding darkness or blackness. In Milton's case, we learn from himself, it was not quite so at first. In the first years of his blindness, though it may have gradually become so afterwards. Writing in Latin, on the 10th of September 1654, to his Greek friend Philaras, in answer to a letter which Philaras had sent him, giving him information that his blindness might not be incurable, and requesting a statement of the symptoms of his case, which Philaras intended to submit to the celebrated surgeon and oculist, Thevet, in Paris, Milton gives various particulars as to the manner in which his blindness had come on, and his sensations when it had become total. It had been gradually coming on for ten years; the left eye had failed first; then the right eye, the vision of which had begun to be sensibly affected several years before the time of his then writing. Before this had quite failed, *i.e.* before his blindness could be said to be total, there had seemed to come from his shut eyes, especially lying down at night, copious bursts or suffusions of glimmering light; but, as from day to day his vision faded to extinction, these flashes of light had been exchanged for similar bursts of fainter colours, shot as with audible noise from the eyes. "*Now, however,*" he adds, "*as if light were extinct, it is a mere blackness, or a blackness dark and, as it were, inwoven with an ashy colour, that is to pour itself forth; yet the darkness which is perpetual before me, by night as well as by day, seems always*"

whitish than to a blackish, and such that, when the
olls itself, there is admitted, as through a small chink,
tain little trifle of light." As this was written when
n had been blind not more than somewhere about
ears at the utmost, may we not suppose that the process
rkening which he describes had continued, and that,
e time he had begun his *Paradise Lost*, even that
chink of which he speaks had been barred, so that
edium in which he found himself, night and day, had
less of the whitish or ash-grey in it, and more of the
f absolute black? Such a supposition would accord
his own words in the poem (III. 41-49) :—

"Not to me returns

Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works."

more decidedly, we seem to see the same suggested in
ords of Samson respecting *his* blindness (*Sam. Agon.*
1) :—

"O, dark, dark, dark ! amid the blaze of noon
Irrecoverably dark ; total eclipse !"

whether the medium in which a man moved who had
is sight were such a total opaque of infinitely extended
ness, or only a paler surrounding darkness of ashy
t, in what would his imaginations of things physical
t? Would they not consist in carving this medium
ones, divisions, and shapes, in painting phantasmagories
it or in it, in summoning up within it or projecting
combinations of such recollections of the once visible
as remained strongest and dearest in the memory?
re there not certain classes of images, certain kinds of
recollection, that would be easier in such a state of
less than others? While the recollections of minute
different objects became dimmer and dimmer,—while
ht be difficult for a man long blind to recall with
less the appearance, for example, of such a flower as

the violet, or the aspect of a lichen-veined seat at of a tree,—might not there be a compensation in the vividness with which certain other sensations of sight in particular all luminous effects, all contrasts of light and darkness, were remembered? If a blind man, that once enjoyed sight, retained a more vivid recollection of some objects than of others, and a keener faculty in bringing up their images, might they not be such objects as the mouth of a furnace, the sun, the moon, a ball of iron, the ground covered with snow, the nocturnal sky studded with stars? Might not one that had become blind even excel a person not so afflicted in all that his physical description which consists in contrasts of light and darkness, blaze and blackness, or can be effected possible through the metaphor of luminousness?

Apply this to *Paradise Lost*. In the first place, the physical scheme and conception of the poem as a whole is a kind of revenge against blindness. It is a compulsion to the very conditions of blindness to aid in the formation of a visual phantasmagory of transcendent vastness and yet exactness. That roof of a boundless Empyrean above beaming with indwelling light; that Chaos underneath of immeasurable opaque blackness; hung into this blackness by a touch from the Empyrean, our created Universe received as a sphere of soft blue ether brilliant with luminousness separated thence by an intervening belt of Chaos marked as a kind of antarctic zone of universal space lurid or dull-red Hell: in all this what else have we than the poet making districts in the infinitude of darkness in which he himself moved, and, while suffering some blindness, made districts to remain in their native opaque, rescuing the various contrasts of light? But not only in the conception or diagram of the poem may this influence of blindness be traced. In the filling-up, in the imagination of what goes on within any one of the districts into space is so marked out, or by way of the intercourse of districts with each other, we may trace the same influence. Much of the action and incident consists of the congregation of angelic beings in bands beyond our universe, or in motions singly towards our universe, decrying it from afar or in their wingings to each, so within our universe luminary to luminary. Now, in all these portions of

1, the mere contrast of darkness with light, the mere ery of lucency, of light in masses, streaks, gleams, cles, or discs, goes very far. When Satan, already half-through Chaos in his quest of the New Universe, ceases emporary halt at the pavilion of Night, and, having ved direction there, rises with fresh alacrity for his er ascent, how is the recommencement of his motion ated? He (II. 1013-14)

"Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
Into the wild expanse."

, when, having attained to the New Universe and found opening into it, he flings himself down and alights first he Sun, how is his alighting on the body of the Sun ribed (III. 588-590)?

"There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the Sun's lucent orb
Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw."

even if we follow Milton into the passages of purely strial description in his *Paradise Lost*, his descriptions of n and what went on there, we shall trace, if I am not aken, some subtle action of the same influence from his Iness. These portions of the poem amount to about a or sixth of the whole, and they are surpassingly beauti-

The poet revels there in a wealth of verdure and riant detail, reminding us of the rich pastoral poems of youth, when he delighted in landscape and vegetation. e, as a minute specimen, the description of the nuptial er of Eve (IV. 692-703):—

"The roof

Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich array
Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
Of costliest emblem."

But, though such passages abound, showing how, after of blindness, the poet could still walk in imagination the variegated earth and recall its delights of form and colour for his use, it will be found that even in these passages, and much more in others, there is here and there a subtle cunning peculiar to blindness. What I mean is that descriptive effects are attained with an unusual degree of frequency through the use of the metaphor of luminosity or radiance. When, for example, Ithuriel and Zephon searching through Paradise at night, discover Satan like a toad at the ear of the sleeping Eve, and when Ithuriel touches him with his spear, how is the effect described (IV. 814-820)?

"As, when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun some magazine to store
Against a rumoured war, the smutty grain,
With sudden blaze diffused inflames the air;
So started up in his own shape the Fiend."

In the sequel, Ithuriel and Zephon, leading Satan as a prisoner, bring him to the western end of the Garden, where the two subdivisions of guardian angels that have been guarding their rounds have just met and formed company under Gabriel's command. There Gabriel upbraids the captive Fiend, who in his turn defies Gabriel, and waxes insolent. One of his speeches is so insolent that the whole band of Gabriel's angels instinctively begin to close round him to attack him. And how is this described (IV. 977-979)?

"While thus he spake, the Angelic squadron bright
Turned fiery-red, sharpening in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round."

i.e. the appearance of the angelic band, advancing in darkness to encircle Satan, was like that of the crescent moon. Throughout the poem many similar instances will be found in which the metaphor of luminousness is made to accomplish effects that we should hardly have expected from it. We see the fond familiarity of the blind poet with the elements of light in contrast with darkness, and an endless inventiveness of mode, degree, and circumstance in his fancies of

ment. In *Paradise Lost*, brilliance is, to a considerable extent, Milton's favourite synonym for beauty.¹

To prevent mistake, I may state that I have already, in various places, and sometimes anonymously, expressed some of the speculations in the text as to the influence of Milton's blindness on his later work.

PARADISE LOST:

A POEM IN TWELVE BOOKS.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

COMMENDATORY VERSES,

PREFIXED TO THE SECOND EDITION.

PARADISUM AMISSAM SUMMI POETÆ JOHANNIS MILTONI.

QUI legis *Amissam Paradisum*, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?
Hæc cunctas, et cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, et fines, continet iste liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia Mundi,
Scribitur et toto quicquid in Orbe latet;
Terræque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum,
Sulphureumque Erebi flammivomumque specus;
Quæque colunt terras, pontumque, et Tartara caeca,
Quæque colunt summi lucida regna poli;
Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam;
Et sine fine Chaos, et sine fine Deus;
Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,
In Christo erga homines conciliatus amor.
Hæc qui speraret quis crederet esse futurum?
Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britannia legit.
Quantos in bella duces, quæ protulit arma!
Quæ canit, et quantâ prælia dira tubâ!
Cœlestes acies, atque in certamine Cœlum!
Et quæ cœlestes pugna deceret agros!
Quantus in ætheriis tollit se Lucifer armis,
Atque ipso graditur vix Michael minor!

Quantis et quam funestis concurratur iris,
 Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit !
 Dum vulsos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent
 Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt,
 Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,
 Et metuit pugnae non superesse suae.
 At simul in coelis Messiae insignia fulgent,
 Et currus animæ, armaque digna Deo,
 Horrendumque rotæ strident, et sæva rotarum
 Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
 Et flammæ vibrant, et vera tonitrua rauco
 Admistis flammis insonuere polo,
 Excidit attonitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis
 Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt ;
 Ad pœnas fugiunt, et, ceu foret Orcus asylum,
 Infernis certant condere se tenebris.
 Cedite, Romani Scriptores ; cedite, Graii ;
 Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus :
 Hæc quicunque leget tantum cecinisse putabit
 Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

S. B., M

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ON PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
 In slender book his vast design unfold—
 Messiah crowned, God's reconciled decree,
 Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,
 Heaven, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All—the argumen
 Held me a while misdoubting his intent,
 That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
 The sacred truths to fable and old song
 (So Samson groped the temple's posts in spite),
 The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight.

Yet, as I read, soon growing less severe,
liked his project, the success did fear—
through that wide field how he his way should find
'er which lame Faith leads Understanding blind ;
lest he perplexed the things he would explain,
and what was easy he should render vain.

Or, if a work so infinite he spanned,
jealous I was that some less skilful hand
such as disquiet always what is well,
and by ill-imitating would excel,)
might hence presume the whole Creation's day
to change in scenes, and show it in a play.

Pardon me, mighty Poet ; nor despise
my causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinced, and none will dare
within thy labours to pretend a share.
Thou hast not missed one thought that could be fit,
and all that was improper dost omit ;
so that no room is here for writers left,
but to detect their ignorance or theft.

The majesty which through thy work doth reign
draws the devout, deterring the profane.
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
as them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
It once delight and horror on us seize ;
thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,
and above human flight dost soar aloft
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
The bird named from the Paradise you sing
do never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where could'st thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expense of mind ?
O Heaven, thee like Tiresias to requite,
rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rime, of thy own sense secure ;

While the Town-Bayes writes all the while and s
And, like a pack-horse, tires without his bells.
Their fancies like our bushy points appear;
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.
I too, transported by the mode, offend,
And, while I meant to *praise* thee, must *comm*
Thy verse, created, like thy theme sublime,
In number, weight, and measure, needs not ri

A. M

1780

THE VERSE.

measure is English heroic verse without rime, as that
mer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin,—rime being no
ary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse,
ger works especially, but the invention of a barbarous
o set off wretched matter and lame metre; graced
t since by the use of some famous modern poets,
l away by custom, but much to their own vexation,
nce, and constraint to express many things otherwise,
or the most part worse, than else they would have
sed them. Not without cause therefore some both
a and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rime
n longer and shorter works, as have also long since our
English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious
trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists
n apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense
sly drawn out from one verse into another, not in the
ig sound of like endings,—a fault avoided by the learned
its both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect
of rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it
seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to
seemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient
r recovered to heroic poem from the troublesome and
n bondage of riming.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject—Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed ; touches the prime cause of his fall—the Serpent, or rather Satan the Serpent ; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many of Angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with his crew, into the great Deep. Which action passed over, the Poet astens into the midst of things ; presenting Satan, with his Angels, fallen into Hell—described here not in the Centre (for Heaven and Earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in the place of utter darkness, fittest called Chaos. Here Satan, with his crew, lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a short space recovers, as from confusion ; calls up him who, next in order of dignity, lay by him : they confer of their miserable fall. Satan shows all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. He describes the loss of Paradise : their numbers ; array of battle ; their chief leaders named, comparing them to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech ; comforts them with the prospect of regaining Heaven ; but tells them, lastly, of a new world and a new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, foretold in Heaven—for that Angels were long before this visible world was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the city of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the Deep : the infernal assembly here sit in council.

MAN'S first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that, on the secret top

Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
 That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
 In the beginning how the heavens and earth
 Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
 Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
 And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
 Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread, 2
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
 And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
 That, to the highth of this great argument,
 I may assert Eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first—for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
 Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first what cause
 Moved our grand Parents, in that happy state,
 Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off 3
 From their Creator, and transgress his will
 For one restraint, lords of the World besides.
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?

The infernal Serpent; he it was whose guile,
 Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride
 Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
 Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers,
 He trusted to have equalled the Most High, 4
 If he opposed, and, with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God,

and impious war in Heaven and battle proud,
 vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
 had headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
 hideous ruin and combustion, down
 bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 in adamant chains and penal fire,
 that durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
 Ten times the space that measures day and night 50
 to mortal men, he, with his horrid crew,
 vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
 confounded, though immortal. But his doom
 reserved him to more wrath ; for now the thought
 of lost happiness and lasting pain
 tortures him : round he throws his baleful eyes,
 that witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
 and with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
 As far as Angel's ken, he views
 this dismal situation waste and wild. 60
 A region horrible, on all sides round,
 one great furnace flamed ; yet from those flames
 no light ; but rather darkness visible
 served only to discover sights of woe,
 regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 and rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 but comes to all, but torture without end
 urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 with ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
 This place Eternal Justice had prepared 70
 for those rebellious ; here their prison ordained
 utter darkness, and their portion set,
 far removed from God and light of Heaven
 from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
 How unlike the place from whence they fell !
 See the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
 in floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 soon discerns ; and, weltering by his side,

One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in Palestine, and named
 BEËLZEBUB. To whom the Arch-Enemy,
 And thence in Heaven called SATAN, with bold
 Breaking the horrid silence, thus began :—

“ If thou beest he—but Oh how fallen! how ch
 From him!—who, in the happy realms of light
 Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst out
 Myriads, though bright—if he whom mutual le
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
 Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
 In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest
 From what highth fallen: so much the stronger p
 He with his thunder: and till then who knew
 The force of those dire arms? Yet not for thos
 Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
 Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
 Though ~~changed~~ changed in outward lustre, that fixed mi
 And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
 That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
 And to the fierce contention brought along
 Innumerable force of Spirits armed,
 That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed
 In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
 And shook his throne. What though the field be
 All is not lost—the unconquerable will,
 And ~~study of~~ study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield;
 And what is else not to be overcome?
 That glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power
 Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
 Doubted his empire—that were low indeed;

: were an ignominy and shame beneath
 downfall ; since, by fate, the strength of Gods,
 this empyreal substance, cannot fail ;
 e, through experience of this great event,
 rms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
 may with more successful hope resolve 120
 vage by force or guile eternal war,
 oncilable to our grand Foe,
 now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
 reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven."
 o spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,
 ating aloud, but racked with deep despair ;
 him thus answered soon his bold compeer :—
 O Prince, O Chief of many thronèd Powers
 : led the embattled Seraphim to war
 er thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds 130
 less, endangered Heaven's perpetual King,
 put to proof his high supremacy,
 ther upheld by strength, or chance, or fate !
 well I see and rue the dire event
 ; with sad overthrow and foul defeat,
 i lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host
 orrible destruction laid thus low,
 ar as Gods and Heavenly Essences
 perish : for the mind and spirit remains
 acible, and vigour soon returns, 140
 igh all our glory extinct, and happy state
 e swallowed up in endless misery.
 what if He our Conqueror (whom I now
 orce believe almighty, since no less
 i such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)
 e left us this our spirit and strength entire,
 ngly to suffer and support our pains,
 : we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
 o him mightier service as his thralls
 ight of war, whate'er his business be, 150

Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep?
What can it then avail though yet we feel
Strength undiminished, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?"

Whereto with speedy words the Arch-Fiend
replied:—

"Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure—
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to His high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oftentimes may succeed so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry Victor hath recalled
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of Heaven: the sulphurous host
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge that from the precipice
Of Heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there;

, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
 sult how we may henceforth most offend
 enemy, our own loss how repair,
 , overcome this dire calamity,
 at reinforcement we may gain from hope, 190
 ot what resolution from despair."
 hus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
 a head uplift above the wave, and eyes
 t sparkling blazed ; his other parts besides
 ie on the flood, extended long and large,
 floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
 whom the fables name of monstrous size,
 nian or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,
 reos or Typhon, whom the den
 ncient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast 200
 athan, which God of all his works
 ted hugest that swim the ocean-stream.
 , haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
 pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,
 ning some island, oft, as seamen tell,
 a fixèd anchor in his scaly rind,
 rs by his side under the lee, while night
 sts the sea, and wishèd morn delays.
 tretched out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay,
 ned on the burning lake ; nor ever thence 210
 risen, or heaved his head, but that the will
 high permission of all-ruling Heaven
 him at large to his own dark designs,
 t with reiterated crimes he might
 p on himself damnation, while he sought
 to others, and enraged might see
 all his malice served but to bring forth
 ite goodness, grace, and mercy, shewn
 Man by him seduced, but on himself
 le confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured. 220
 orthwith upright he rears from off the pool

His mighty stature ; on each hand the flames
 Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and, rolled
 In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
 That felt unusual weight ; till on dry land
 He lights—if it were land that ever burned
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,
 And such appeared in hue as when the force 230
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
 Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
 And fuelled entrails, thence conceiving fire,
 Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
 And leave a singèd bottom all involved
 With stench and smoke. Such resting found the sole
 Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate ;
 Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian flood
 As gods, and by their own recovered strength, 240
 Not by the sufferance of supernal power.

“ Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,”
 Said then the lost Archangel, “ this the seat
 That we must change for Heaven?—this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since He
 Who now is sovran can dispose and bid
 What shall be right : farthest from Him is best,
 Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
 Where joy for ever dwells ! Hail, horrors ! hail, 250
 Infernal World ! and thou, profoundest Hell,
 Receive thy new possessor—one who brings
 A mind not to be changed by place or time.
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than he

om thunder hath made greater? Here at least
 shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
 for his envy, will not drive us hence: 260
 we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
 reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
 er to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.
 wherefore let us then our faithful friends,
 associates and co-partners of our loss,
 thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
 call them not to share with us their part
 his unhappy mansion, or once more
 rallied arms to try what may be yet
 gained in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?" 270
 Satan spake; and him Beëlzebub
 answered:—"Leader of those armies bright
 ch, but the Omnipotent, none could have foiled!
 ce they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
 ope in fears and dangers—heard so oft
 worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
 battle, when it raged, in all assaults
 ir surest signal—they will soon resume
 courage and revive, though now they lie
 velling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280
 ve erewhile, astounded and amazed;
 wonder, fallen such a pernicious highth!"
 le scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend
 moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,
 ereal temper, massy, large, and round,
 ind him cast. The broad circumference
 ig on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
 ough optic glass the Tuscan artist views
 evening, from the top of Fesolè,
 n Valdarno, to descry new lands, 290
 rs, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
 spear—to equal which the tallest pine
 m on Norwegian hills, to be the mast

Of some great ammiral, were but a wand—
 He walked with, to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marle, not like those steps
 On Heaven's azure ; and the torrid clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
 Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
 Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and called
 His legions—Angel Forms, who lay entranced
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brook:
 In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
 High over-arched embower ; or scattered sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
 Hath vexed the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'er
 Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses
 And broken chariot-wheels. So thick bestrown
 Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
 Under amazement of their hideous change.
 He called so loud that all the hollow deep
 Of Hell resounded :—"Princes, Potentates,
 Warriors, the Flower of Heaven—once yours ;
 lost,

If such astonishment as this can seize
 Eternal Spirits ! Or have ye chosen this place
 After the toil of battle to repose
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
 To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven ?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds
 Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
 With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
 His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern
 The advantage, and, descending, tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts

insfix us to the bottom of this gulf?—
Wake, arise, or be for ever fallen !” 330
They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung
on the wing, as when men wont to watch,
duty sleeping found by whom they dread,
rise and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
which they were, or the fierce pains not feel ;
Yet to their General’s voice they soon obeyed
numerable. As when the potent rod
Amram’s son, in Egypt’s evil day,
waved round the coast, up-called a pitchy cloud 340
of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
o’er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
the Night, and darkened all the land of Nile ;
numberless were those bad Angels seen
flitting on wing under the cope of Hell,
mixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires ;
And as a signal given, the uplifted spear
their great Sultan waving to direct
their course, in even balance down they light
the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain : 350
multitude like which the populous North
had never from her frozen loins to pass
beneath the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
came like a deluge on the South, and spread
their tents from Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
Hark ! hark ! from every squadron and each band,
the heads and leaders thither haste where stood
their great Commander—godlike Shapes, and Forms
resembling human ; princely Dignities ;
and Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones, 360
though of their names in Heavenly records now
no memorial, blotted out and ras’d
their rebellion from the Books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve

Got them new names, till, wandering o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of Him that made them to transform 370
Oft to the image of a brute, adorned
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities :
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.

Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who
last,
Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,
At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof. 380

The chief were those who, from the pit of Hell
Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst fix
Their seats, long after, next the seat of God,
Their altars by His altar, gods adored
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the Cherubim ; yea, often placed
Within His sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations ; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned, 390
And with their darkness durst affront His light.
First *Moloch*, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears ;
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard that passed through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipped in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such

Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna called, the type of Hell.
Next *Chemos*, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroar to Nebo and the wild
Of southmost Abarim ; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines, 410
And Elealè to the Asphaltic pool :
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate,
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
With these came they who, from the bordering flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth*—those male,
These feminine. For Spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both ; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure,
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh ; but, in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aery purposes, 430
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their Living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods ; for which their heads as low

Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came *Astoreth*, whom the Phœnicians called
Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns ;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon 4
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs ;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock 45
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded : the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark
Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopt off,
In his own temple, on the grunsel-edge, 46
Where he fell flat and shamed his worshipers :
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish ; yet had his temple high
Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him followed *Rimmon*, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold : 47
A leper once he lost, and gained a king —

az, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
 d's altar to disparage and displace
 r one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
 s odious offerings, and adore the gods
 hom he had vanquished. After these appeared
 crew who, under names of old renown—
iris, Isis, Orus, and their train—
 ith monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
 natic Egypt and her priests to seek 480
 eir wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
 ther than human. Nor did Israel scape
 e infection, when their borrowed gold composed
 e calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
 ubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
 xening his Maker to the grazèd ox—
 ovah, who, in one night, when he passed
 om Egypt marching, equalled with one stroke
 th her first-born and all her bleating gods.
lial came last; than whom a Spirit more lewd 490
 ll not from Heaven, or more gross to love
 e for itself. To him no temple stood
 altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
 temples and at altars, when the priest
 rns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled
 th lust and violence the house of God?
 courts and palaces he also reigns,
 d in luxurious cities, where the noise
 riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
 d injury and outrage; and, when night 500
 rkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
 Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
 tness the streets of Sodom, and that night
 Gibeah, when the hospitable door
 posed a matron, to avoid worse rape.
 These were the prime in order and in might:
 e rest were long to tell; though far renowned

The Ionian gods—of Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confessed later than Heaven and Earth
Their boasted parents;—*Titan*, Heaven's first-born
With his enormous brood, and birthright seized
By younger *Saturn*: he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So *Jove* usurping reigned. These, first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost Isles.

All these and more came flocking; but with low
Downcast and damp; yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found their C
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears:
Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
His mighty standard. That proud honour claime
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

n a moment through the gloom were seen
 thousand banners rise into the air,
 1 orient colours waving : with them rose
 rest huge of spears ; and thronging helms
 eared, and serried shields in thick array
 epth immeasurable. Anon they move
 erfect phalanx to the Dorian mood 550
 utes and soft recorders—such as raised
 ighth of noblest temper heroes old
 ing to battle, and instead of rage
 berate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved
 1 dread of death to flight or foul retreat ;
 wanting power to mitigate and swage
 a solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
 uish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
 n mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
 uthing united force, with fixed thought, 560
 ed on in silence to soft pipes that charmed
 ir painful steps o'er the burnt soil. And now
 anced in view they stand—a horrid front
 readful length and dazzling arms, in guise
 warriors old, with ordered spear and shield,
 iting what command their mighty Chief
 l to impose. He through the armèd files
 ts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
 whole battalion views—their order due,
 ir visages and stature as of gods ; 570
 ir number last he sums. And now his heart
 ends with pride, and, hardening in his strength,
 ies : for never, since created Man,
 such embodied force as, named with these,
 ld merit more than that small infantry
 red on by cranes—though all the giant brood
 Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
 t fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
 ed with auxiliar gods ; and what resounds

In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights ;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread Commander. He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured : as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the Archangel : but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain—
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt—yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory withered ; as, when Heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared

speak ; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
 m wing to wing, and half enclose him round
 h all his peers : attention held them mute.
 ice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
 rs, such as Angels weep, burst forth : at last 620
 rds interwove with sighs found out their way :—

O myriads of immortal Spirits ! O Powers
 chless, but with the Almighty !—and that strife
 s not inglorious, though the event was dire,
 this place testifies, and this dire change
 eful to utter. But what power of mind,
 eseeing or presaging, from the depth
 knowledge past or present, could have feared
 w such united force of gods, how such
 stood like these, could ever know repulse ? 630
 who can yet believe, though after loss,
 at all these puissant legions, whose exile
 th emptied Heaven, shall fail to re-ascend,
 fraised, and re-possess their native seat ?
 me, be witness all the host of Heaven,
 ounsels different, or dangers shunned
 me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
 march in Heaven till then as one secure
 : on his throne, upheld by old repute,
 nsent or custom, and his regal state 640
 t forth at full, but still his strength concealed ;
 igh tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
 nceforth his might we know, and know our own,
 as not either to provoke, or dread
 w war provoked : our better part remains
 work in close design, by fraud or guile,
 hat force effected not ; that he no less
 length from us may find, Who overcomes
 force hath overcome but half his foe.
 ace may produce new Worlds ; whereof so rife 650
 ere went a fame in Heaven that He ere long

Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven.
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption—thither, or elsewhere ;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature. Peace is despaired ;
For who can think submission ? War, then, war
Open or understood, must be resolved.”

He spake ; and, to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim ; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belched fire and rolling smoke ; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf—undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed
A numerous brigad hastened : as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on—
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From Heaven ; for even in Heaven his looks :
thoughts

Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific. By him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransacked the Centre, and with impious hands

ed the bowels of their mother earth
 treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
 ened into the hill a spacious wound,
 d digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire 690
 at riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
 serve the precious bane. And here let those
 o boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
 Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
 urn how their greatest monuments of fame,
 d strength, and art, are easily outdone
 Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
 at in an age they, with incessant toil
 d hands innumerable, scarce perform.
 gh on the plain, in many cells prepared, 700
 at underneath had veins of liquid fire
 iced from the lake, a second multitude
 ith wondrous art founded the massy ore,
 vering each kind, and scummed the bullion-dross.
 third as soon had formed within the ground
 various mould, and from the boiling cells
 strange conveyance filled each hollow nook;
 in an organ, from one blast of wind,
 many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
 ion out of the earth a fabric huge 710
 ose like an exhalation, with the sound
 dulcet symphonies and voices sweet—
 ilt like a temple, where pilasters round
 ere set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 ith golden architrave; nor did there want
 ornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven:
 he roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon
 or great Alcairo such magnificence
 qualled in all their glories, to enshrine
 elus or Serapis their gods, or seat 720
 heir kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
 wealth and luxury. The ascending pile

Stood fixed her stately highth ; and straight the doors,
 Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
 Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth
 And level pavement : from the archèd roof,
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude 730
 Admiring entered ; and the work some praise,
 And some the architect. His hand was known
 In Heaven by many a towered structure high,
 Where sceptred Angels held their residence,
 And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
 Each in his hierarchy, the Orders bright.
 Nor was his name unheard or unadored
 In ancient Greece ; and in Ausonian land
 Men called him Mulciber ; and how he fell 740
 From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements : from morn
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
 A summer's day, and with the setting sun
 Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
 On Lemnos, the Ægæan isle. Thus they relate,
 Erring ; for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before ; nor aught availed him now
 To have built in Heaven high towers ; nor did he
 scape

By all his engines, but was headlong sent, 750
 With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.

Meanwhile the wingèd Haralds, by command
 Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
 And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
 A solemn council forthwith to be held
 At Pandemonium, the high capital
 Of Satan and his peers. Their summons called

m every band and squared regiment
 place or choice the worthiest : they anon
 h hundreds and with thousands trooping came 760
 ended. All access was thronged ; the gates
 l porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
 ough like a covered field, where champions bold
 nt ride in armed, and at the Soldan's chair
 ied the best of Panim chivalry
 mortal combat, or career with lance),
 ck swarmed, both on the ground and in the air,
 shed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
 spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
 ar forth their populous youth about the hive 770
 clusters ; they among fresh dews and flowers
 to and fro, or on the smoothèd plank,
 e suburb of their straw-built citadel,
 w rubbed with balm, expatiate, and confer
 eir state-affairs : so thick the aery crowd
 armed and were straitened ; till, the signal given,
 hold a wonder ! They but now who seemed
 bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
 w less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
 rong numberless—like that pygmean race 780
 yond the Indian mount ; or faery elves,
 nose midnight revels, by a forest-side
 fountain, some belated peasant sees,
 dreams he sees, while overhead the Moon
 s arbitress, and nearer to the Earth
 heels her pale course : they, on their mirth and
 dance
 tent, with jocund music charm his ear ;
 once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
 us incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
 duced their shapes immense, and were at large, 790
 ough without number still, amidst the hall
 that infernal court. But far within,

And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan—to search the books of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, but at this time to be created. Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan, their chief, undertakes alone the voyage; is encouraged and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake themselves to several ways and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell; finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them; by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven. With what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.

IGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Main war with Heaven; and, by success untaught,
His proud imaginations thus displayed:— 10
“Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heaven!—
Or, since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppressed and fallen,
Give not Heaven for lost: from this descent

Celestial Virtues rising will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate !—
Me though just right, and the fixed laws of Heaven
Did first create your leader—next, free choice,
With what besides in council or in fight
Hath been achieved of merit—yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Established in a safe, unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior ; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain ? Where there is, then, no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction : for none sure will claim in Hell
Precedence ; none whose portion is so small
Of present pain that with ambitious mind
Will covet more ! With this advantage, then,
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us ; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate. Who can advise may speak."

He ceased ; and next him Moloch, sceptred king
Stood up—the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair.
His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all ; with that care lost
Went all his fear : of God, or Hell, or worse,
He recked not, and these words thereafter spake :—

My sentence is for open war. Of wiles,
 ye unexpert, I boast not : them let those
 strive who need, or when they need ; not now.
 , while they sit contriving, shall the rest—
 lions that stand in arms, and longing wait
 : signal to ascend—sit lingering here,
 even's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
 : apt this dark opprobrious den of shame,
 : prison of His tyranny who reigns
 our delay? No! let us rather choose, 60
 ned with Hell-flames and fury, all at once
 r Heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
 ning our tortures into horrid arms
 ainst the Torturer ; when, to meet the noise
 his almighty engine, he shall hear
 ernal thunder, and, for lightning, see
 ck fire and horror shot with equal rage
 ong his Angels, and his throne itself
 xed with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
 s own invented torments. But perhaps 70
 e way seems difficult, and steep to scale
 th upright wing against a higher foe !
 t such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 that forgetful lake benumb not still,
 at in our proper motion we ascend
 o to our native seat ; descent and fall
 us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
 hen the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
 sulting, and pursued us through the Deep,
 ith what compulsion and laborious flight 80
 e sunk thus low? The ascent is easy, then ;
 e event is feared ! Should we again provoke
 r stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 o our destruction, if there be in Hell
 ear to be worse destroyed ! What can be worse
 an to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned

In this abhorrèd deep to utter woe ;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus,
We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the highth enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential—happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being!—
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.”

He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane.
A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seemed
For dignity composed, and high exploit.
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low—
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful. Yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began:—

“I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged
Main reason to persuade immediate war
Did not dissuade me most and seem to cast

nous conjecture on the whole success ;
 en he who most excels in fact of arms,
 what he counsels and in what excels
 trustful, grounds his courage on despair
 utter dissolution, as the scope
 all his aim, after some dire revenge.
 t, what revenge? The towers of Heaven are filled
 h armèd watch, that render all access 130
 regnable: oft on the bordering Deep
 amp their legions, or with obscure wing
 at far and wide into the realm of Night,
 ming surprise. Or, could we break our way
 force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
 h blackest insurrection to confound
 ven's purest light, yet our great Enemy,
 incorruptible, would on his throne
 unpolluted, and the ethereal mould,
 apable of stain, would soon expel 140
 mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
 orious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
 lat despair: we must exasperate
 : Almighty Victor to spend all his rage ;
 l that must end us ; that must be our cure—
 be no more. Sad cure ! for who would lose,
 ough full of pain, this intellectual being,
 ose thoughts that wander through eternity,
 perish rather, swallowed up and lost
 the wide womb of uncreated Night, 150
 void of sense and motion? And who knows,
 this be good, whether our angry Foe
 give it, or will ever? How he can
 doubtful ; that he never will is sure.
 l He, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
 like through impotence or unaware,
 give his enemies their wish, and end
 em in his anger whom his anger saves

To punish endless? 'Wherefore cease we, then?'
Say they who counsel war; 'we are decreed, 160
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?' Is this, then, worst—
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, pursued and strook
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The Deep to shelter us? This Hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? That sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires, 170
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames; or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impending horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled, 180
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War, therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With Him, or who deceive His mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from Heaven's highth
All these our motions vain sees and derides, 191
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we, then, live thus vile—the race of Heaven

is trampled, thus expelled, to suffer here
 ins and these torments? Better these than worse,
 my advice ; since fate inevitable
 duces us, and omnipotent decree,

Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
 strength is equal ; nor the law unjust 200

t so ordains. This was at first resolved,
 e were wise, against so great a foe
 tending, and so doubtful what might fall.
 igh when those who at the spear are bold
 venturous, if that fail them, shrink, and fear
 at yet they know must follow,—to endure
 e, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,

sentence of their conqueror. This is now
 doom ; which if we can sustain and bear,
 Supreme Foe in time may much remit 210

anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,
 mind us not offending, satisfied
 h what is punished ; whence these raging fires
 slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.

purser essence then will overcome
 ir noxious vapour ; or, inured, not feel ;
 changed at length, and to the place conformed
 emper and in nature, will receive
 ilar the fierce heat ; and, void of pain,
 ; horror will grow mild, this darkness light ; 220
 des what hope the never-ending flight

ature days may bring, what chance, what change
 th waiting,—since our present lot appears
 happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
 e procure not to ourselves more woe."

hus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
 aselled ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,
 peace ; and after him thus Mammon spake :—
 Either to disenthroned the King of Heaven
 war, if war be best, or to regain 230

Our own right lost. Him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife.
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter ; for what place can be for us
Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord Suprem
We overpower ? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection ; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive 24
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced Halleluiahs, while he lordly sits
Our envied sovran, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings ? This must be our task
In Heaven, this our delight. How wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate ! Let us not then pursue,
By force impossible, by leave obtained 25
Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage ; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create, and in what place soe'er 26
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread ? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round

rs his throne, from whence deep thunders roar,
 ering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell !
 le our darkness, cannot we His light
 ute when we please ? This desert soil 270
 ts not her hidden lustre, gems and gold ;
 want we skill or art from whence to raise
 uifcence ; and what can Heaven show more ?
 tortments also may, in length of time,
 me our elements, these piercing fires
 oft as now severe, our temper changed
 their temper ; which must needs remove
 sensible of pain. All things invite
 eaceful counsels, and the settled state
 der, how in safety best we may 280
 pose our present evils, with regard
 hat we are and where, dismissing quite
 oughs of war. Ye have what I advise.”
 e scarce had finished, when such murmur filled
 assembly as when hollow rocks retain
 sound of blustering winds, which all night long
 roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 ring men o’erwatched, whose bark by chance,
 innace, anchors in a craggy bay
 the tempest. Such applause was heard 290
 ammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
 sing peace : for such another field
 dreaded worse than Hell ; so much the fear
 under and the sword of Michaël
 ight still within them ; and no less desire
 und this nether empire, which might rise,
 olicy and long process of time,
 ulation opposite to Heaven.
 h when Beëlzebub perceived—than whom,
 except, none higher sat—with grave 300
 ct he rose, and in his rising seemed
 lar of state. Deep on his front engraven

Deliberation sat, and public care ;
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
 Majestic, though in ruin. Sage he stood,
 With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look
 Drew audience and attention still as night
 Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake :—

“Thrones and Imperial Powers, Offspring of Heaven
 Ethereal Virtues ! or these titles now 31
 Must we renounce, and, changing style, be called
 Princes of Hell ? for so the popular vote
 Inclines—here to continue, and build up here
 A growing empire ; doubtless ! while we dream,
 And know not that the King of Heaven hath doomed
 This place our dungeon—not our safe retreat
 Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
 From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
 Banded against his throne, but to remain 32
 In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
 Under the inevitable curb, reserved
 His captive multitude. For He, be sure,
 In highth or depth, still first and last will reign
 Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part
 By our revolt, but over Hell extend
 His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
 Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.
 What sit we then projecting peace and war ?
 War hath determined us and foiled with loss 33
 Irreparable ; terms of peace yet none
 Voutsafed or sought ; for what peace will be given
 To us enslaved, but custody severe,
 And stripes and arbitrary punishment
 Inflicted ? and what peace can we return,
 But, to our power, hostility and hate,
 Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
 Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least

reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
 loing what we most in suffering feel? 340
 will occasion want, nor shall we need
 h dangerous expedition to invade
 ven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
 ambush from the Deep. What if we find
 e easier enterprise? There is a place
 ncient and prophetic fame in Heaven
 not)—another World, the happy seat
 ome new race, called Man, about this time
 e created like to us, though less
 ower and excellence, but favoured more 350
 Him who rules above; so was His will
 ounced among the gods, and by an oath
 t shook Heaven's whole circumference confirmed.
 her let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
 t creatures there inhabit, of what mould
 ubstance, how endued, and what their power
 where their weakness: how attempted best,
 orce or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,
 Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
 is own strength, this place may lie exposed, 360
 utmost border of his kingdom, left
 heir defence who hold it: here, perhaps,
 e advantageous act may be achieved
 udden onset—either with Hell-fire
 waste his whole creation, or possess
 is our own, and drive, as we are driven,
 puny habitants; or, if not drive,
 ice them to our party, that their God
 prove their foe, and with repenting hand
 ish his own works. This would surpass 370
 mon revenge, and interrupt His joy
 r confusion, and our joy upraise
 lis disturbance; when his darling sons,
 ed headlong to partake with us, shall curse

Their frail original, and faded bliss—
Faded so soon! Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires.” Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel—first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed: for whence, 38
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those Infernal States, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes: with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:—
“ Well have ye judged, well ended long debate, 39
Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat—perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbourin
And opportune excursion, we may chance [arm:
Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven’s fair light,
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air, 40
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But, first, whom shall we sen
In search of this new World? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark, unbottomed, infinite Abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast Abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy Isle! What strength, what art, can the

e, or what evasion bear him safe
 411
 ough the strict senteries and stations thick
 ngels watching round? Here he had need
 ircumspection: and we now no less
 ce in our suffrage; for on whom we send
 weight of all, and our last hope, relies."
 is said, he sat; and expectation held
 ook suspense, awaiting who appeared
 econd, or oppose, or undertake
 perilous attempt. But all sat mute, 420
 ering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
 her's countenance read his own dismay,
 nished. None among the choice and prime
 ose Heaven-warring champions could be found
 ardy as to proffer or accept,
 e, the dreadful voyage; till, at last,
 a, whom now transcendent glory raised
 re his fellows, with monarchal pride
 cious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:—
 O Progeny of Heaven! Empyrean Thrones! 430
 e reason hath deep silence and demur
 d us, though undismayed. Long is the way
 hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light.
 prison strong, this huge convex of fire,
 ageous to devour, immures us round
 fold; and gates of burning adamant,
 ed over us, prohibit all egress.
 se passed, if any pass, the void profound
 nessential Night receives him next,
 e-gaping, and with utter loss of being 440
 eatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
 ence he scape, into whatever world,
 nknown region, what remains him less
 a unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
 I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
 this imperial sovranty, adorned

With splendour, armed with power, if aught propose
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume 45
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more as he above the rest
High honoured sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,
Terror of Heaven, though fallen; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm 46c
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all. This enterprise
None shall partake with me." Thus saying, rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent lest, from his resolution raised,
Others among the chief might offer now,
Certain to be refused, what erst they feared, 47c
And, so refused, might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose.
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone, and as a God
Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven.
Nor failed they to express how much they praised 48c
That for the general safety he despised
His own: for neither do the Spirits damned

all their virtue ; lest bad men should boast
ir specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
lose ambition varnished o'er with zeal.
hus they their doubtful consultations dark
ed, rejoicing in their matchless Chief :
when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
nding, while the North-wind sleeps, o'erspread
ven's cheerful face, the louring element 490
vls o'er the darkened landskip snow or shower,
ance the radiant sun, with farewell sweet,
nd his evening beam, the fields revive,
birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
st their joy, that hill and valley rings.
ame to men ! Devil with devil damned
concord holds ; men only disagree
eatures rational, though under hope
eavenly grace, and, God proclaiming peace,
live in hatred, enmity, and strife 500
ng themselves, and levy cruel wars,
ting the earth, each other to destroy :
(which might induce us to accord)
had not hellish foes enow besides,
day and night for his destruction wait !
ne Stygian council thus dissolved ; and forth
der came the grand Infernal Peers :
st came their mighty Paramount, and seemed
e the antagonist of Heaven, nor less
Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme, 510
god-like imitated state : him round
obe of fiery Seraphim enclosed
bright emblazonry and horrent arms.
of their session ended they bid cry
trumpet's regal sound the great result :
ard the four winds four speedy Cherubim
o their mouths the sounding alchymy,
arald's voice explained ; the hollow Abyss

Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deafening shout returned them loud acclaim. 52
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat
raised

By false presumptuous hope, the rangèd Powers
Disband ; and, wandering, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplexed, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields ; 53
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form :
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds ; before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,
Till thickest legions close ; with feats of arms
From either end of heaven the welkin burns.
Others, with vast Typhœan rage, more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air 54
In whirlwind ; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar :
As when Alcides, from Cæthalia crowned
With conquest, felt the envenomed robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Cæta threw
Into the Euboic sea. Others, more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
By doom of battle, and complain that Fate 55
Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
Their song was partial ; but the harmony
(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)

suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
 For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense)
 Others apart sat on a hill retired,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
 Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate—
 Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute— 560
 And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
 Of good and evil much they argued then,
 Of happiness and final misery,
 Passion and apathy, and glory and shame :
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy !—
 Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm the obdurèd breast
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
 Another part, in squadrons and gross bands, 570
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams—
 Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate ;
 Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep ;
 Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
 Heard on the rueful stream ; fierce Phlegeton, 580
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
 Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
 Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
 Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets—
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land

Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 5
Of ancient pile ; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiatra and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk : the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither, by harpy-footed Furies haled,
At certain revolutions all the damned
Are brought ; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 60
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine,
Immovable, infixed, and frozen round
Periods of time,—thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink ;
But Fate withstands, and, to oppose the attempt, 61
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands,
With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale
They passed, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, 62
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades o'
death—
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good ;
Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,

erse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
inable, inutterable, and worse
fables yet have feigned or fear conceived,
ons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.
eanwhile the Adversary of God and Man,
l, with thoughts inflamed of highest design, 630
on swift wings, and toward the gates of Hell
ores his solitary flight : sometimes
ours the right hand coast, sometimes the left ;
shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
o the fiery concave towering high.
hen far off at sea a fleet descried
s in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
sailing from Bengala, or the isles
ernate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
spicy drugs ; they on the trading flood, 640
ugh the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
temming nightly toward the pole : so seemed
off the flying Fiend. At last appear
bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
thrice threefold thè gates ; three folds were brass,
e iron, three of adamantine rock,
netrable, impaled with circling fire,
inconsumed. Before the gates there sat
ither side a formidable Shape.
one seemed woman to the waist, and fair, 650
nded foul in many a scaly fold,
ninous and vast—a serpent armed
mortal sting. About her middle round
of Hell-hounds never-ceasing barked
wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
leous peal ; yet, when they list, would creep,
ght disturbed their noise, into her womb,
kennel there ; yet there still barked and howled
in unseen. Far less abhorred than these
d Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts 660

Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore ;
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, called
 In secret, riding through the air she comes,
 Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
 Eclipses at their charms. The other Shape—
 If shape it might be called that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb ;
 Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
 For each seemed either—black it stood as Night, 6
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart : what seemed his head
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
 The monster moving onward came as fast
 With horrid strides ; Hell trembled as he strode.
 The undaunted Fiend what this might be admired—
 Admired, not feared (God and his Son except,
 Created thing naught valued he nor shunned),
 And with disdainful look thus first began :— 6

“ Whence and what art thou, execrable Shape,
 That dar’st, though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way
 To yonder gates ? Through them I mean to pass,
 That be assured, without leave asked of thee.
 Retire ; or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
 Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heaven.”

To whom the Goblin, full of wrath, replied :—
 “ Art thou that Traitor-Angel, art thou he,
 Who first broke peace in Heaven and faith, till then 6
 Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
 Drew after him the third part of Heaven’s sons,
 Conjured against the Highest—for which both thou
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain ?
 And reckon’st thou thyself with Spirits of Heaven,

loomed, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
 e I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
 ing and lord? Back to thy punishment,
 fugitive; and to thy speed add wings, 700
 with a whip of scorpions I pursue
 ingering, or with one stroke of this dart
 ge horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."
 spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,
 eaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
 dreadful and deform. On the other side,
 sed with indignation, Satan stood
 rified, and like a comet burned,
 fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
 : arctic sky, and from his horrid hair 710
 s pestilence and war. Each at the head
 led his deadly aim; their fatal hands
 cond stroke intend; and such a frown
 cast at the other as when two black clouds,
 Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
 the Caspian—then stand front to front,
 ing a space, till winds the signal blow
 in their dark encounter in mid-air.
 owned the mighty combatants that Hell
 darker at their frown; so matched they stood;
 ever but once more was either like 721
 eet so great a foe. And now great deeds
 been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,
 not the snaky sorceress, that sat
 by Hell-gate and kept the fatal key,
 , and with hideous outcry rushed between.
 "father, what intends thy hand," she cried,
 inst thy only son? What fury, O son,
 sses thee to bend that mortal dart
 st thy father's head? And know'st for whom!
 him who sits above, and laughs the while 731
 ee, ordained his drudge to execute

Whate'er his wrath, which He calls justice, bids—
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both !”

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest
Forbore : then these to her Satan returned :—

“ So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends, till first I know of thee 74
What thing thou art, thus double-formed, and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son.
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee.”

To whom thus the Portress of Hell-gate replied :—

“ Hast thou forgot me, then ; and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul ?—once deemed so fair
In Heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combined 75
In bold conspiracy against Heaven's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surprised thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,
Likest to thee in shape, and countenance bright,
Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess armed,
Out of thy head I sprung. Amazement seized
All the host of Heaven ; back they recoiled afraid
At first, and called me *Sin*, and for a sign 76
Portentous held me ; but, familiar grown,
I pleased, and with attractive graces won
The most averse—thee chiefly, who, full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,
Becam'st enamoured ; and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret that my womb conceived
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
And fields were fought in Heaven : wherein remained

what could else?) to our Almighty Foe
 victory; to our part loss and rout 770
 igh all the Empyrean. Down they fell,
 n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
 his Deep; and in the general fall
 : at which time this powerful key
 ny hands was given, with charge to keep
 : gates for ever shut, which none can pass
 out my opening. Pensive here I sat
 ; but long I sat not, till my womb,
 ant by thee, and now excessive grown,
 gious motion felt and rueful throes. 780
 at this odious offspring whom thou seest,
 : own begotten, breaking violent way,
 through my entrails; that, with fear and pain
 rted, all my nether shape thus grew
 formed: but he my inbred enemy
 issued, brandishing his fatal dart,
 to destroy. I fled, and cried out *Death!*
 rembled at the hideous name, and sighed
 all her caves, and back resounded *Death!*
 ; but he pursued (though more, it seems, 790
 ed with lust than rage), and, swifter far,
 vertook, his mother, all dismayed,
 in embraces forcible and foul
 ndering with me, of that rape begot
 : yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
 und me, as thou saw'st—hourly conceived
 ourly born, with sorrow infinite
 e: for, when they list, into the womb
 bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw
 owels, their repast; then, bursting forth 800
 1, with conscious terrors vex me round,
 rest or intermission none I find.
 e mine eyes in opposition sits
 Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,

And me, his parent, would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involved, and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be : so Fate pronounced.
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow ; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though tempered heavenly ; for that mortal dint,
Save He who reigns above, none can resist."

She finished ; and the subtle Fiend his lore
Soon learned, now milder, and thus answered smooth

" Dear daughter—since thou claim'st me for thy sire
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire chance
Befallen us unforeseen, unthought-of—know,
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee, and all the Heavenly host
Of Spirits that, in our just pretences armed,
Fell with us from on high. From them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
The unfounded Deep, and through the void immerse
To search, with wandering quest, a place foretold
Should be—and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round,—a place of bliss
In the purlieus of Heaven ; and therein placed
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed,
Lest Heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught
Than this more secret, now designed, I haste
To know ; and, this once known, shall soon return
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death

dwelt at ease, and up and down unseen
silently the buxom air, embalmed
odours. There ye shall be fed and filled
asurably ; all things shall be your prey.”
ceased ; for both seemed highly pleased, and Death
ed horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
mine should be filled, and blessed his maw
ed to that good hour. No less rejoiced
other bad, and thus bespake her sire :—
he key of this infernal Pit, by due 850
y command of Heaven’s all-powerful King,
, by Him forbidden to unlock
adamantine gates ; against all force
ready stands to interpose his dart,
ss to be o’ermatched by living might.
hat owe I to His commands above,
ates me, and hath hither thrust me down
his gloom of Tartarus profound,
in hateful office here confined,
itant of Heaven and heavenly-born— 860
in perpetual agony and pain,
terrors and with clamours compassed round
ne own brood, that on my bowels feed ?
art my father, thou my author, thou
ing gav’st me ; whom should I obey
ee ? whom follow ? Thou wilt bring me soon
at new world of light and bliss, among
ods who live at ease, where I shall reign
right hand voluptuous, as beseems
aughter and thy darling, without end.” 870
is saying, from her side the fatal key,
strument of all our woe, she took ;
owards the gate rolling her bestial train,
with the huge portcullis high up-drew,
, but herself, not all the Stygian Powers
once have moved ; then in the key-hole turns

The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She opened ; but to shut
Excelled her power : the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a bannered host,
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
With horse and chariots ranked in loose array ;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary Deep—a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension ; where length, breadth, and high
And time, and place, are lost ; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fier
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryo atoms : they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow
Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere
He rules a moment : Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns : next him, high arbiter,
Chance governs all. Into this wild Abyss,
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,

ll these in their pregnant causes mixed
 sedly, and which thus must ever fight,
 s the Almighty Maker them ordain
 ark materials to create more worlds—
 his wild Abyss the wary Fiend
 on the brink of Hell and looked a while,
 ring his voyage ; for no narrow frith
 id to cross. Nor was his ear less pealed 920
 noises loud and ruinous (to compare
 things with small) than when Bellona storms
 all her battering engines, bent to rase
 capital city ; or less than if this frame
 aven were falling, and these elements
 tiny had from her axle torn
 teadfast Earth. At last his sail-broad vans
 reads for flight, and, in the surging smoke
 ed, spurns the ground ; thence many a league,
 a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930
 ious ; but, that seat soon failing, meets
 t vacuity. All unawares,
 ring his pennons vain, plumb-down he drops
 ousand fathom deep, and to this hour
 had been falling, had not, by ill chance,
 rong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
 ct with fire and nitre, hurried him
 ny miles aloft. That fury stayed—
 hed in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
 ood dry land—nigh foundered, on he fares, 940
 ing the crude consistence, half on foot,
 lying ; behoves him now both oar and sail.
 en a gryphon through the wilderness
 wingèd course, o'er hill or moory dale,
 s the Arimasbian, who by stealth
 om his wakeful custody purloined
 arded gold ; so eagerly the Fiend
 og or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,

With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies. 5
 At length a universal hubbub wild
 Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
 Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
 With loudest vehemence. Thither he plies
 Undaunted, to meet there whatever Power
 Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
 Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne
 Of *Chaos*, and his dark pavilion spread 9
 Wide on the wasteful Deep! With him enthroned
 Sat sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,
 The consort of his reign; and by them stood
 Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
 Of Demogorgon; Rumour next, and Chance,
 And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroiled,
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

To whom Satan, turning boldly, thus:—"Ye Powe
 And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
 Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy 9
 With purpose to explore or to disturb
 The secrets of your realm; but, by constraint
 Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
 Alone and without guide, half lost, I seek
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bound
 Confine with Heaven; or, if some other place,
 From your dominion won, the *Ethereal King*
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this profound. Direct my course: 9
 Directed, no mean recompense it brings
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,
 All usurpation thence expelled, reduce
 To her original darkness and your sway

ch is my present journey), and once more
 the standard there of ancient Night.
 be the advantage all, mine the revenge ! ”
 us Satan ; and him thus the Anarch old,
 faltering speech and visage incomposed,
 ered : — “ I know thee, stranger, who thou art — 990
 mighty leading Angel, who of late
 head against Heaven’s King, though overthrown.
 and heard ; for such a numerous host
 not in silence through the frightened Deep,
 ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 sion worse confounded ; and Heaven-gates
 ed out by millions her victorious bands,
 ing. I upon my frontiers here
 residence ; if all I can will serve
 little which is left so to defend, 1000
 oached on still through our intestine broils
 ening the sceptre of old Night : first, Hell,
 dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath ;
 lately Heaven and Earth, another world
 ; o’er my realm, linked in a golden chain
 at side Heaven from whence your legions fell !
 at way be your walk, you have not far ;
 uch the nearer danger. Go, and speed ;
 c, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain.”
 e ceased ; and Satan staid not to reply, 1010
 glad that now his sea should find a shore,
 fresh alacrity and force renewed
 gs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
 the wild expanse, and through the shock
 ghting elements, on all sides round
 oned, wins his way ; harder beset
 more endangered than when Argo passed
 ough Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks,
 hen Ulysses on the larboard shunned
 ybdis, and by the other whirlpool steered. 1020

So he with difficulty and labour hard
Moved on. With difficulty and labour he ;
But, he once passed, soon after, when Man fell,
Strange alteration ! Sin and Death amain,
Following his track (such was the will of Heaven),
Paved after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,
From Hell continued, reaching the utmost Orb
Of this frail World ; by which the Spirits perverse 10:
With easy intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by special grace.

But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn. Here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,
As from her outmost works, a broken foe,
With tumult less and with less hostile din ; 104
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn ;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermined square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorned
Of living sapphire, once his native seat, 105c
And, fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent World, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurst, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this World, then created ; shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand ; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind ; clears his own justice and freedom from all imputation, having created Man free, and able enough to have withstood his Tempter ; yet declares his purpose of grace towards Man, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him . The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man : but God again declares that his grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of Justice ; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to equality, and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, and no one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and to pay his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man ; the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his name above all names in Heaven and Earth ; commands all the angels to adore him. They obey, and, hymning to their harps in full jubilation, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the convex of this World's outermost orb ; where wandering he first finds a place since called the Limbo of Vanity ; what persons and things dwell there : thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it. His journey thence to the orb of the Sun : he finds there Uriel, the regent of the East, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel, and, kindled with a zealous desire to behold the new Creation, and Man whom God hath placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed : Alights first on Mount Niphates.

ALL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born !
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam
How canst thou express thee unblamed ? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachèd light
He dwells from eternity—dwelt then in thee,

Bright effluence of bright essence increate !
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell ? Before the Sun,
Before the Heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest 10
The rising World of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless Infinite !
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian Pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle Darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the Heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend, 20
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp ; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath, 30
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget
Those other two equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old :
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year 40
Seasons return ; but not to me returns

Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
 But cloud instead and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. 50
 So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate ; there plant eyes ; all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
 From the pure Empyrean where He sits
 High throned above all highth, bent down his eye,
 His own works and their works at once to view :
 About him all the Sanctities of Heaven 60
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received
 Beatitude past utterance ; on his right
 The radiant image of his glory sat,
 His only Son. On Earth he first beheld
 Our two first parents, yet the only two
 Of mankind, in the Happy Garden placed,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivalled love,
 In blissful solitude. He then surveyed
 Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there 70
 Coasting the wall of Heaven on this side Night,
 In the dun air sublime, and ready now
 To stoop, with wearied wings and willing feet,
 On the bare outside of this World, that seemed
 Firm land imbosomed without firmament,
 Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,

Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
Thus to His only Son foreseeing spake :—

“ Only-begotten Son, seest thou what rage
Transports our Adversary ? whom no bounds
Prescribed, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
Heaped on him there, nor yet the main Abyss
Wide interrupt, can hold ; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now,
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way
Not far off Heaven, in the precincts of light,
Directly towards the new-created World,
And Man there placed, with purpose to assay 9
If him by force he can destroy, or, worse,
By some false guile pervert : And shall pervert ;
For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience : so will fall
He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault ?
Whose but his own ? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have ; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all the Ethereal Powers 10
And Spirits, both them who stood and them who
 failed ;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have given sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,
Where only what they needs must do appeared,
Not what they would ? What praise could they re-
 ceive,
What pleasure I, from such obedience paid,
When Will and Reason (Reason also is Choice),
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoiled,
Made passive both, had served Necessity, 110
Not Me ? They, therefore, as to right belonged

ere created, nor can justly accuse
 : Maker, or their making, or their fate,
 predestination overruled
 : will, disposed by absolute decree
 gh foreknowledge. They themselves decreed
 : own revolt, not I. If I foreknew,
 knowledge had no influence on their fault,
 h had no less proved certain unforeknown.
 ithout least impulse or shadow of fate, 120
 ight by me immutably foreseen,
 trespass, authors to themselves in all,
 what they judge and what they choose ; for so
 ned them free, and free they must remain
 hey enthrall themselves : I else must change
 : nature, and revoke the high decree
 angeable, eternal, which ordained
 : freedom ; they themselves ordained their fall.
 first sort by their own suggestion fell,
 emptied, self-depraved ; Man falls, deceived 130
 ie other first : Man, therefore, shall find grace ;
 other, none. In mercy and justice both,
 ugh Heaven and Earth, so shall my glory excel ;
 nergy, first and last, shall brightest shine."
 us while God spake ambrosial fragrance filled
 leaven, and in the blessed Spirits elect
 e of new joy ineffable diffused.
 nd compare the Son of God was seen
 glorious ; in him all his Father shone
 antially expressed ; and in his face 140
 ie compassion visibly appeared,
 without end, and without measure grace ;
 h uttering, thus He to his Father spake :—
 O Father, gracious was that word which closed
 sovran sentence, that Man should find grace ;
 which both Heaven and Earth shall high extol
 praises, with the innumerable sound

Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompassed shall resound thee ever blest.
For, should Man finally be lost—should Man,
Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joined
With his own folly——! That be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right!
Or shall the Adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught;
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplished, and to Hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? Or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?—
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be questioned and blasphemed without defence.”

To whom the great Creator thus replied:—
‘O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed.
Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will;
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely voutsafed. Once more I will renew
His lapsed powers, though forfeit, and enthralled
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe,—
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fallen condition is, and to me owe
All his deliverance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,

above the rest ; so is my will :
 est shall hear me call, and oft be warned
 sinful state, and to appease betimes
 incensèd Deity, while offered grace
 s ; for I will clear their senses dark
 may suffice, and soften stony hearts
 ay, repent, and bring obedience due. 190
 ayer, repentance, and obedience due,
 gh but endeavoured with sincere intent,
 ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.

will place within them as a guide
 npire Conscience ; whom if they will hear,
 after light well used they shall attain,
 o the end persisting safe arrive.
 ny long sufferance, and my day of grace,
 who neglect and scorn shall never taste ;
 ard be hardened, blind be blinded more, 200
 they may stumble on, and deeper fall ;
 one but such from mercy I exclude.—

et all is not done. .Man disobeying,
 val, breaks his fealty, and sins
 st the high supremacy of Heaven,
 ing Godhead, and, so losing all,
 piate his treason hath naught left,
 o destruction sacred and devote,
 ith his whole posterity must die ;—
 e or Justice must ; unless for him 210
 other, able, and as willing, pay
 igid satisfaction, death for death.

Heavenly Powers, where shall we find such love ?
 h of ye will be mortal, to redeem
 ; mortal crime, and just, the unjust to save ?
 s in all Heaven charity so dear ?”

asked, but all the Heavenly Quire stood mute,
 silence was in Heaven : on Man's behalf
 n or intercessor none appeared—

Much less that durst upon his own head draw 2
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudged to Death and Hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renewed :—

“ Father, thy word is passed, Man shall find grace
And shall Grace not find means, that finds her way.
The speediest of thy wingèd messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all 2
Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought ?
Happy for Man, so coming ! He her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost—
Atonement for himself, or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.
Behold *me*, then : me for him, life for life,
I offer ; on me let thine anger fall ;
Account me Man : I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die 2
Well pleased ; on me let Death wreak all his rage.
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquished. Thou hast given me to possess
Life in myself for ever ; by thee I live ;
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due,
All that of me can die, yet, that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell ;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue 2
My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil.
Death his death’s wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarmed ;
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show

owers of Darkness bound. Thou, at the sight
d, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
, by thee raised, I ruin all my foes—
last, and with his carcase glut the grave ;
with the multitude of my redeemed, 260
enter Heaven, long absent, and return,
, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
er shall remain, but peace assured
conciliation: wrath shall be no more
eforth, but in thy presence joy entire.”
words here ended ; but his meek aspect
yet spake, and breathed immortal love
rtal men, above which only shone
obedience : as a sacrifice
o be offered, he attends the will 270
great Father. Admiration seized
aven, what this might mean, and whither tend,
ring ; but soon the Almighty thus replied :—
thou in Heaven and Earth the only peace
out for mankind under wrath, O thou
e complacence ! well thou know'st how dear
are all my works ; nor Man the least,
h last created, that for him I spare
rom my bosom and right hand, to save,
ng thee a while, the whole race lost ! 280
therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
nature also to thy nature join ;
e thyself Man among men on Earth,
flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
ndrous birth ; be thou in Adam's room
ad of all mankind, though Adam's son.
im perish all men, so in thee,
n a second root, shall be restored
ny as are restored ; without thee, none.
me makes guilty all his sons ; thy merit, 290
d, shall absolve them who renounce

Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for Man, be judged and die,
And dying rise, and, rising, with him raise
His brethren, ransomed with his own dear life.
So Heavenly love shall outdo Hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate
So easily destroyed, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though throned in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,—
Found worthiest to be so by being good,
Far more than great or high ; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds ;
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne :
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed universal King. All power
I give thee ; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits ; under thee, as Head Supreme,
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions, I
reduce :
All knees to thee shall bow of them that bide
In Heaven, or Earth, or, under Earth, in Hell.
When thou, attended gloriously from Heaven,
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning Archangels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal, forthwith from all winds

living, and forthwith the cited dead
 past ages, to the general doom
 hasten ; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
 all thy Saints assembled, thou shalt judge 330
 men and Angels ; they arraigned shall sink
 at thy sentence ; Hell, her numbers full,
 herforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile
 World shall burn, and from her ashes spring
 Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
 after all their tribulations long,
 golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
 Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.
 thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by ;
 regal sceptre then no more shall need ; 340
 shall be all in all. But, all ye Gods,
 : him who, to compass all this, dies ;
 : the Son, and honour him as me."
 sooner had the Almighty ceased but—all
 multitude of Angels, with a shout
 as from numbers without number, sweet
 from blest voices, uttering joy—Heaven rung
 jubilee, and loud hosannas filled
 eternal regions. Lowly reverent
 : to either throne they bow, and to the ground
 solemn adoration down they cast 351
 crowns, inwove with amarant and gold,—
 mortal amarant, a flower which once
 Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life,
 : to bloom, but, soon for Man's offence
 Heaven removed where first it grew, there grows
 flowers aloft, shading the Fount of Life,
 where the River of Bliss through midst of Heaven
 o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream !
 these, that never fade, the Spirits elect 360
 their resplendent locks, inwreathed with beams.
 in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright

Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.
Then, crowned again, their golden harps they took
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung; and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high:
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part; such concord is in Heaven. 3

Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; thee, Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st
Throned inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear, 3
Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they sang, of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold: on thee
Impressed the effulgence of his glory abides;
Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He Heaven of Heavens, and all the Powers therein, 3
By thee created; and by thee threw down
The aspiring Dominations. Thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarrayed.
Back from pursuit, thy Powers with loud acclaim
Thee only extolled, Son of thy Father's might,

ecute fierce vengeance on his foes.
 o on Man: him, through their malice fallen, 400
 r of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
 ictly, but much more to pity incline.
 oner did thy dear and only Són
 ive thee purposed not to doom frail Man
 ictly, but much more to pity inclined,
 o appease thy wrath, and end the strife
 ercy and justice in thy face discerned,
 dless of the bliss wherein he sat
 d to thee, offered himself to die
 fan's offence. O unexampled love! 410
 nowhere to be found less than Divine!
 Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy name
 be the copious matter of my song
 eforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
 t, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin!
 us they in Heaven, above the Starry Sphere,
 happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
 while, upon the firm opacous globe
 s round World, whose first convex divides
 uminous inferior Orbs, enclosed 420
 Chaos and the inroad of Darkness old,
 alighted walks. A globe far off
 med; now seems a boundless continent,
 waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
 ss exposed, and ever-threatening storms
 aios blustering round, inclement sky,
 on that side which from the wall of Heaven,
 gh distant far, some small reflection gains
 mmering air less vexed with tempest loud.
 walked the Fiend at large in spacious field. 430
 en a vulture, on Imaus bred,
 e snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
 lging from a region scarce of prey,
 rge the flesh of lambs or yearling kids

On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the spring
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams,
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana; where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light ;
So, on this windy sea of land, the Fiend 44
Walked up and down alone, bent on his prey :
Alone, for other creature in this place,
Living or lifeless, to be found was none ;—
None yet ; but store hereafter from the Earth
Up hither like aerial vapours flew
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
With vanity had filled the works of men—
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or the other life. 45c
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds ;
All the unaccomplished works of Nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed,
Dissolved on Earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here—
Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dreamed
Those argent fields more likely habitants, 46c
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits, hold,
Betwixt the angelical and human kind.
Hither, of ill-joined sons and daughters born,
First from the ancient world those Giants came,
With many a vain exploit, though then renowned :
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build :
Others came single ; he who, to be deemed
A god, leaped fondly into Ætna flames, 47c

locles ; and he who, to enjoy
 Elysium, leaped into the sea,
 brotus ; and many more, too long,
 os and idiots, eremites and friars,
 , black, and grey, with all their trumpery.
 pilgrims roam, that strayed so far to seek
 gotha him dead who lives in Heaven ;
 ey who, to be sure of Paradise,
 put on the weeds of Dominic,
 Franciscan think to pass disguised. 480
 pass the planets seven, and pass the fixed,
 at crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
 epidation talked, and that first moved ;
 ow Saint Peter at Heaven's wicket seems
 it them with his keys, and now at foot
 aven's ascent they lift their feet, when, lo !
 ent cross wind from either coast
 them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry,
 e devious air. Then might ye see
 hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost 490
 uttered into rags ; then reliques, beads,
 ences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
 port of winds : all these, upwhirled aloft,
 er the backside of the World far off
 Limbo large and broad, since called
 aradise of Fools ; to few unknown
 after, now unpeopled and untrod.
 this dark globe the Fiend found as he passed ;
 ong he wandered, till at last a gleam
 wning light turned thitherward in haste 500
 avelled steps. Far distant he descries,
 ding by degrees magnificent
 the wall of Heaven, a structure high ;
 , whereof, but far more rich, appeared
 ork as of a kingly palace-gate,
 frontispiece of diamond and gold

Embellished ; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on Earth
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cried, *This is the gate of Heaven.*
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to Heaven sometimes
Viewless ; and underneath a bright sea flowed
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from Earth sailing arrived 5
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The Fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss :
Direct against which opened from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to the Earth—a passage wide ;
Wider by far than that of after-times
Over Mount Sion, and, though that were large, 53
Over the Promised Land to God so dear,
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests his Angels to and fro
Passed frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore.
So wide the opening seemed, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair, 54
That scaled by steps of gold to Heaven-gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view

I this World at once. As when a scout,
 Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
 At last by break of cheerful dawn
 Finds the brow of some high-climbing hill,
 And to his eye discovers unaware
 A goodly prospect of some foreign land
 Not seen, or some renowned metropolis
 With glistering spires and pinnacles adorned, 550
 And now the rising sun gilds with his beams ;
 Wonder seized, though after Heaven seen,
 A spirit malign, but much more envy seized,
 Of all this World beheld so fair.
 And he surveys (and well might, where he stood
 High above the circling canopy
 Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
 To the fleecy star that bears
 The meda far off Atlantic seas
 And the horizon ; then from pole to pole 560
 Views in breadth,—and, without longer pause,
 Straight into the World's first region throws
 Night precipitant, and winds with ease
 Through the pure marble air his oblique way
 Past innumerable stars, that shone
 Distant, but nigh-hand seemed other worlds.
 Other worlds they seemed, or happy isles,
 Those Hesperian Gardens famed of old,
 Fertile fields, and groves, and flowery vales ;
 Happy isles ! But who dwelt happy there 570
 Did not to inquire : above them all
 The golden Sun, in splendour likest Heaven,
 And his eye. Thither his course he bends,
 Through the calm firmament (but up or down,
 Centre or eccentric, hard to tell,
 Latitude) where the great luminary,
 The vulgar constellations thick,
 From his lordly eye keep distance due,

Dispenses light from far. They, as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute 51
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lan
Turn swift their various motions, or are turned
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The Universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue even to the Deep ;
So wondrously was set his station bright.
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the Sun's lucent orb
Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw. 56
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compared with aught on Earth, metal or stone—
Not all parts like, but all alike informed
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire.
If metal, part seemed gold, part silver clear ;
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides,
Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen—
That stone, or like to that, which here below 60
Philosophers in vain so long have sought ;
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
Drained through a limbec to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when, with one virtuous touch,
The arch-chemic Sun, so far from us remote,
Produces, with terrestrial humour mixed, 61
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious and effect so rare ?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazzled. Far and wide his eye commands ;

light no obstacle found here, nor shade,
 All sunshine, as when his beams at noon
 emanate from the equator, as they now
 upward still direct, whence no way round
 now from body opaque can fall; and the air,
 ere so clear, sharpened his visual ray 620
 objects distant far, whereby he soon
 within ken a glorious Angel stand,
 came whom John saw also in the Sun.
 back was turned, but not his brightness hid;
 among sunny rays a golden tiar
 d his head, nor less his locks behind
 ious on his shoulders fledge with wings
 waving round: on some great charge employed
 emed, or fixed in cogitation deep.
 was the Spirit impure, as now in hope 630
 d who might direct his wandering flight
 radise, the happy seat of Man,
 ourney's end, and our beginning woe.
 ast he casts to change his proper shape,
 else might work him danger or delay:
 ow a stripling Cherub he appears,
 f the prime, yet such as in his face
 smiled celestial, and to every limb
 le grace diffused; so well he feigned.
 a coronet his flowing hair 640
 ls on either cheek played; wings he wore
 ny a coloured plume sprinkled with gold,
 abit fit for speed succinct, and held
 his decent steps a silver wand.
 ew not nigh unheard; the Angel bright,
 e drew nigh, his radiant visage turned,
 nished by his ear, and straight was known
 rchangel Uriel—one of the seven
 n God's presence, nearest to his throne,
 ready at command, and are his eyes 650

That run through all the Heavens, or down to the Earth
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land. Him Satan thus accosts :—

“ Uriel ! for thou of those seven Spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest Heaven to bring,
Where all his Sons thy embassy attend,
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye
To visit oft this new Creation round—

66

Unspeakable desire to see and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordained,
Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim
Alone thus wandering. Brightest Seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath Man
His fixèd seat—or fixèd seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell—
That I may find him, and with secret gaze
Or open admiration him behold
On whom the great Creator hath bestowed
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces poured ;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The Universal Maker we may praise ;
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
To deepest Hell, and, to repair that loss,
Created this new happy race of Men
To serve him better : Wise are all his ways !”

68

So spake the false dissembler unperceived ;
For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy—the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through Heaven and Earth ;
And oft, though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps

Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
is her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill
: no ill seems : which now for once beguiled
though Regent of the Sun, and held 690
dearpest-sighted Spirit of all in Heaven ;
to the fraudulent impostor foul,
uprightness, answer thus returned :—
fair Angel, thy desire, which tends to know
works of God, thereby to glorify
great Work-master, leads to no excess
teaches blame, but rather merits praise
more it seems excess, that led thee hither
thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
ness with thine eyes what some perhaps, 700
anted with report, hear only in Heaven :
onderful indeed are all his works,
nt to know, and worthiest to be all
a remembrance always with delight !
that created mind can comprehend
number, or the wisdom infinite
brought them forth, but hid their causes deep ?
when, at his word, the formless mass,
World's material mould, came to a heap :
ion heard his voice, and wild Uproar 710
ruled, stood vast Infinitude confined ;
: his second bidding, Darkness fled,
shone, and order from disorder sprung.
to their several quarters hasted then
imbruous elements—Earth, Flood, Air, Fire ;
his ethereal quintessence of Heaven
pward, spirited with various forms,
olled orbicular, and turned to stars
erless, as thou seest, and how they move :
had his place appointed, each his course ; 720
st in circuit walls this Universe.
downward on that globe, whose hither side

With light from hence, though but reflected, shines.
That place is Earth, the seat of Man ; that light
His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,
Night would invade ; but there the neighbouring Moon
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely interposes, and, her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid-heaven,
With borrowed light her countenance triform 7
Hence fills and empties, to enlighten the Earth,
And in her pale downy checks the night.
That spot to which point is Paradise,
Adam's abode ; those lofty shades his bower.
Thy way thou canst not miss ; me mine requires."

Thus said, he turned ; and Satan, bowing low,
As to superior Spirits is wont in Heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success, 7
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,
Nor staid till on Niphates' top he lights.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

now in prospect of Eden, and ~~high~~ the place where he must
mpt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God
, falls into many doubts with himself and many passions—fear,
l despair ; but at length confirms himself in evil ; journeys on to
, whose outward prospect and situation is described ; overleaps
ds ; sits, in the shape of a cormorant, on the Tree of Life, as
n the Garden, to look about him. The Garden described ;
rst sight of Adam and Eve ; his wonder at their excellent form
y state, but with resolution to work their fall ; overhears their
; thence gathers that the Tree of Knowledge was forbidden
at of under penalty of death, and thereon intends to found his
on by seducing them to transgress ; then leaves them a while, to
ther of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel,
ng on a sunbeam, warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of
that some evil Spirit had escaped the Deep, and passed at noon
phere, in the shape of a good Angel, down to Paradise, dis-
after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to
ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of
their rest ; their bower described ; their evening worship.
drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the rounds of
, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil
uld be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping : there
him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him,
nwillig, to Gabriel ; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers ;
resistance ; but, hindered by a sign from Heaven, flies out of

FOR that warning voice, which he who saw

The Apocalypse heard cry in Heaven aloud,
n when the Dragon, put to second rout,
ie furious down to be revenged on men,
to the inhabitants on Earth ! that now,

While time was, our first parents had been warned
The coming of their secret foe, and scaped,
Haply so scaped, his mortal snare ! For now
Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,
The tempter, ere the accuser, of mankind,
To wreak on innocent frail Man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell.
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt ; which, nigh the birth
Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engine back recoils
Upon himself. Horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The hell within him ; for within him Hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step, no more than from himself, can fly
By change of place. Now conscience wakes despair
That slumbered ; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse ; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue
Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad ;
Sometimes towards Heaven and the full-blazing Sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower :
Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began :—

“ O thou that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new World—at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads—to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King

therefore? He deserved no such return
 me, whom he created what I was
 : bright eminence, and with his good
 ided none; nor was his service hard.
 could be less than to afford him praise,
 siest recompense, and pay him thanks,
 ue? Yet all his good proved ill in me,
 ough but malice. Lifted up so high,
 ed subjection, and thought one step higher 50
 set me highest, and in a moment quit
 bt immense of endless gratitude,
 densome, still paying, still to owe;
 ful what from him I still received;
 nderstood not that a grateful mind
 ng owes not, but still pays, at once
 ed and discharged—what burden then?
 d his powerful destiny ordained
 ne inferior Angel, I had stood
 appy; no unbounded hope had raised 60
 on. Yet why not? Some other Power
 it might have aspired, and me, though mean,
 to his part. But other Powers as great
 t, but stand unshaken, from within
 a without to all temptations armed!
 hou the same free will and power to stand?
 adst. Whom hast thou then, or what, to accuse,
 aven's free love dealt equally to all?
 his love accursed, since, love or hate,
 alike it deals eternal woe. 70
 ursed be thou; since against his thy will
 reely what it now so justly rues.
 erable! which way shall I fly
 wrath and infinite despair?
 way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
 the lowest deep, a lower deep
 eatening to devour me opens wide,

To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
O, then, at last relent ! Is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?
None left but by submission ; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ay me ! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan.
While they adore me on the throne of Hell,
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery : such joy ambition finds !
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state ; how soon
Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feigned submission swore ! Ease would recall
Vows made in pain, as violent and void
(For never can true reconciliation grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear
Short intermission, bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher ; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging, peace.
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us, outcast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind, created, and for him this World !
So farewell hope, and, with hope, farewell fear,
Farewell remorse ! All good to me is lost ;
Evil, be thou my Good : by thee at least
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;
As Man ere long, and this new World, shall know.

; while he spake, each passion dimmed his face,
 changed with pale—ire, envy, and despair ;
 marred his borrowed visage, and betrayed
 counterfeit, if any eye beheld :
 heavenly minds from such distempers foul
 er clear. Whereof he soon aware
 perturbation smoothed with outward calm, 120
 r of fraud ; and was the first
 practised falsehood under saintly show,
 malice to conceal, couched with revenge :
 ; enough had practised to deceive
 once warned ; whose eye pursued him down
 y he went, and on the Assyrian mount
 n disfigured, more than could befall
 of happy sort : his gestures fierce
 rked and mad demeanour, then alone,
 supposed, all unobserved, unseen. . 130
 n he fares, and to the border comes
 n, where delicious Paradise,
 earer, crowns with her enclosure green,
 a rural mound, the champain head
 eep wilderness, whose hairy sides
 icket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 denied ; and overhead up-grew
 able highth of loftiest shade,
 and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 n scene, and, as the ranks ascend, 140
 above shade, a woody theatre
 liest view. Yet higher than their tops
 durous wall of Paradise up-sprung ;
 to our general sire gave prospect large
 ; nether empire neighbouring round.
 gher than that wall a circling row
 lliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
 as and fruits at once of golden hue,
 ed, with gay enamelled colours mixed ;

On which the sun more glad impressed his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath showered the earth ; 'so lovely seen
That landskip. And of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair. Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As, when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabcan odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest, with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a lea
Cheered with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles ;
So entertained those odorous sweets the Fiend
Who came their bane, though with them better plea
Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume
That drove him, though enamoured, from the spou
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
From Media-post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journeyed on, pensive and slow ;
But further way found none ; so thick entwined,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplexed
All path of man or beast that passed that way.
One gate there only was, and that looked east
On the other side. Which when the Arch-Felon s
Due entrance he disdained, and, in contempt,
At one slight bound high overleaped all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve

lled cotes amid the field secure,
 o'er the fence with ease into the fold ;
 a thief, bent to unhoard the cash
 the rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
 barred and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190
 the window climbs, or o'er the tiles ;
 nab this first grand Thief into God's fold :
 he into his Church lewd hirelings climb.
 up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
 middle tree and highest there that grew,
 he a cormorant ; yet not true life
 y regained, but sat devising death
 m who lived ; nor on the virtue thought
 : live-giving plant, but only used
 spect what, well used, had been the pledge 200
 mortality. So little knows
 ut God alone, to value right
 od before him, but perverts best things
 st abuse, or to their meanest use.
 h him, with new wonder, now he views,
 delight of human sense exposed,
 ow room Nature's whole wealth ; yea, more !—
 ven on Earth : for blissful Paradise
 l the garden was, by him in the east
 n planted. Eden stretched her line 210
 Auran eastward to the royal towers
 at Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
 ere the sons of Eden long before
 in Telassar. In this pleasant soil
 more pleasant garden God ordained.
 the fertile ground he caused to grow
 es of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste ;
 l amid them stood the Tree of Life,
 minent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 etable gold ; and next to life, 220
 ath, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by—

Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy h
Passed underneath ingulfed ; for God had thrown
That mountain, as his garden-mould, high raised
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Watered the garden ; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now, divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country whereof here needs no account ;
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell
How, from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrowned the noontide bowers. Thus was th
place,

A happy rural seat of various view :

Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable—Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only—and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock ; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.

another side, umbrageous grotts and caves
 of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
 lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 luxuriant ; meanwhile murmuring waters fall 260
 down the slope hills dispersed, or in a lake,
 that to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
 her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
 The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal airs,
 breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
 the trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
 mixt with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
 led on the eternal Spring. Not that fair field
 of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers,
 herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis 270
 was gathered—which cost Ceres all that pain
 to seek her through the world—nor that sweet grove
 of Daphne, by Orontes and the inspired
 Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
 of Eden strive ; nor that Nyseian isle,
 mixt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
 hid Amalthea, and her florid son,
 young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye ;
 nor, where Abassin kings their issue guard, 280
 Mount Amara (though this by some supposed
 true Paradise) under the Ethiop line
 of Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,
 a whole day's journey high, but wide remote
 from this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend
 saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 of living creatures, new to sight and strange.
 Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
 godlike erect, with native honour clad
 in naked majesty, seemed lords of all, 290
 and worthy seemed ; for in their looks divine
 the image of their glorious Maker shone,

Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure—
 Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,
 Whence true authority in men : though both
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed ;
 For contemplation he and valour formed,
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace ;
 He for God only, she for God in him.

His fair large front and eye sublime declared
 Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad :

She, as a veil down to the slender waist,
 Her unadornèd golden tresses wore
 Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved,
 As the vine curls her tendrils—which implied
 Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
 And by her yielded, by him best received

Yielded, with coy submission, modest pride,
 And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.

Nor those mysterious parts were then concealed ;
 Then was not guilty shame. Dishonest shame
 Of Nature's works, honour dishonourable,
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
 With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
 And banished from man's life his happiest life,
 Simplicity and spotless innocence !

So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight
 Of God or Angel ; for they thought no ill :

So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in love's embraces met—

Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons ; the fairest of her daughters Eve.

Under a tuft of shade that on a green
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain-side,
 They sat them down ; and, after no more toil
 Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed

o recommend cool Zephyr, and make ease
 ore easy, wholesome thirst and appetite 330
 ore grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell—
 ectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
 elded them, sidelong as they sat recline
 n the soft downy bank damasked with flowers.
 ne savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
 ill as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;
 or gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 anted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
 air couple linked in happy nuptial league,
 one as they. About them frisking played 340
 l beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
 wood or wilderness, forest or den.
 orting the lion ramped, and in his paw
 andled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
 ambolled before them; the unwieldy elephant,
 o make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed
 is lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly,
 insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 is braided train, and of his fatal guile
 ave proof unheeded. Others on the grass 350
 ouched, and, now filled with pasture, gazing sat,
 r bedward ruminating; for the sun,
 eclined, was hastening now with prone career
 o the Ocean Isles, and in the ascending scale
 f Heaven the stars that usher evening rose:
 hen Satan, still in gaze as first he stood,
 arce thus at length failed—speech recovered sad:—
 “O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold?
 nto our room of bliss thus high advanced
 reatures of other mould—Earth-born perhaps, 360
 ot Spirits, yet to Heavenly Spirits bright
 ittle inferior—whom my thoughts pursue
 ith wonder, and could love; so lively shines
 n them divine resemblance, and such grace

The hand that formed them on their shape ha
poured.

Ah ! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe—
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy :
Happy, but for so happy ill secured. 37
Long to continue, and this high seat, your Heaven,
Ill fenced for Heaven to keep out, such a foe
As now is entered ; yet no purposed foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied. League with you I seek,
And mutual amity, so strait, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me,
Henceforth. My dwelling, haply, may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, your sense ; yet such
Accept your Maker's work ; he gave it me, 38
Which I as freely give. Hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings ; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring ; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me, loath, to this revenge
On you, who wrong me not, for him who wronged.
And, should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just—
Honour and empire with revenge enlarged 39
By conquering this new World—compels me now
To do what else, though damned, I should abhor."

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape served best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and, unespied,

mark what of their state he more might learn 400
 word or action marked. About them round
 lion now he stalks with fiery glare ;
 then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied
 some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
 straight crouches close ; then, rising, changes oft
 his couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
 hence rushing he might surest seize them both
 tipped in each paw : when Adam, first of men,
 first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,
 turned him all ear to hear new utterance flow :— 410
 “ Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,
 dearer thyself than all, needs must the Power
 that made us, and for us this ample World,
 infinitely good, and of his good
 liberal and free as infinite ;
 that raised us from the dust, and placed us here
 all this happiness, who at his hand
 have nothing merited, nor can perform
 ought whereof he hath need ; he who requires
 from us no other service than to keep 420
 his one, this easy charge—of all the trees
 Paradise that bear delicious fruit
 various, not to taste that only Tree
 of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life ;
 near grows Death to Life, whate’er Death is—
 some dreadful thing no doubt ; for well thou know’st
 God hath pronounced it Death to taste that Tree :
 the only sign of our obedience left
 among so many signs of power and rule
 conferred upon us, and dominion given 430
 over all other creatures that possess
 earth, Air, and Sea. Then let us not think hard
 the easy prohibition, who enjoy
 free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 unlimited of manifold delights ;

But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flower
Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."

To whom thus Eve replied :—"O thou for whom⁴
And from whom I was formed flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head ! what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him, indeed, all praises owe,
And daily thanks—I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed,⁴⁵
Under a shade, on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain ; then stood unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of Heaven. I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite⁴⁶
A shape within the watery gleam appeared,
Bending to look on me. I started back,
It started back ; but pleased I soon returned,
Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love. There I had fixed
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warned me : ' What thou sees
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself ;
With thee it came and goes : but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays⁴⁷
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces—he

those image thou art ; him thou shalt enjoy
 separably thine ; to him shalt bear
 altitudes like thyself, and thence be called
 other of human race.' What could I do
 but follow straight, invisibly thus led ?
 I I espied thee, fair, indeed, and tall,
 under a platane ; yet methought less fair,
 less winning soft, less amiably mild,
 than that smooth watery image. Back I turned ; 480
 thou, following, cried'st aloud, ' Return, fair Eve ;
 whom fliest thou ? Whom thou fliest, of him thou art,
 his flesh, his bone ; to give thee being I lent
 it of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
 substantial life, to have thee by my side
 henceforth an individual solace dear :
 part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
 my other half.' With that thy gentle hand
 seized mine : I yielded, and from that time see
 how beauty is excelled by manly grace 490
 and wisdom, which alone is truly fair."
 So spake our general mother, and, with eyes
 conjugal attraction unproved,
 and meek surrender, half-embracing leaned
 on our first father ; half her swelling breast
 naked met his, under the flowing gold
 of her loose tresses hid. He, in delight
 both of her beauty and submissive charms,
 smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
 when Juno smiles when he impregns the clouds 500
 that shed May flowers, and pressed her matron lip
 with kisses pure. Aside the Devil turned
 for envy ; yet with jealous leer malign
 eyed them askance, and to himself thus plained :—
 " Sight hateful, sight tormenting ! Thus these two,
 paradised in one another's arms,
 the happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill

Of bliss on bliss ; while I to Hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments, not the least,
Still unfulfilled, with pain of longing pines !
Yet let me not forget what I have gained
From their own mouths. All is ~~not~~ theirs, it see
One fatal tree there stands, of Knowledge called,
Forbidden them to taste. Knowledge forbidden ?
Suspicious, reasonless ! Why should their Lord
Envy them that ? Can it be sin to know ?
Can it be death ? And do they only stand
By ignorance ? Is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith ?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin ! Hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with gods. Aspiring to be such,
They taste and die : what likelier can ensue ?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspied ;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandering Spirit of Heaven, by fountain-side
Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw
What further would be learned. Live while ye may
Yet happy pair ; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures ; for long woes are to succeed !”

So saying, his proud step he scornful turned,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Through wood, through waste, o’er hill, o’er dale,
roam.

Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where Heaven
With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise

lled his evening rays. It was a rock
 abaster, piled up to the clouds,
 picuous far, winding with one ascent
 ssible from Earth, one entrance high ;
 rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
 as it rose, impossible to climb.
 ixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
 of the angelic guards, awaiting night ; 550
 t him exercised heroic games
 unarmed youth of Heaven ; but nigh at hand
 tial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
 ; high, with diamond flaming and with gold.
 er came Uriel, gliding through the even
 sunbeam, swift as a shooting star
 tumn thwärts the night, when vapours fired
 ess the air, and shows the mariner
 a what point of his compass to beware
 tuous winds. He thus began in haste :— 560
 Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
 ge and strict watch that to this happy place
 vil thing approach or enter in.
 day at highth of noon came to my sphere
 irit, zealous, as he seemed, to know
 of the Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,
 s latest image. I described his way
 all on speed, and marked his aery gait,
 n the mount that lies from Eden north,
 re he first lighted, soon discerned his looks 570
 from Heaven, with passions foul obscured.
 eye pursued him still, but under shade
 sight of him. One of the banished crew,
 r, hath ventured from the Deep, to raise
 troubles ; him thy care must be to find.”
 o whom the winged Warrior thus returned :—
 iel, no wonder if thy perfect sight
 l the Sun's bright circle where thou sittest,

See far and wide. In at this gate none pass
 The vigilance here placed, but such as come
 Well known from Heaven ; and since meridian
 No creature thence. If Spirit of other sort,
 So minded, have o'erleaped these earthly bounds
 On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
 Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.
 But, if within the circuit of these walks,
 In whatsoever shape, he lurk of whom
 Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know."

So promised he ; and Uriel to his charge,
 Returned on that bright beam, whose point now
 Bore him slope downward to the Sun, now fallen
 Beneath the Azores ; whether the Prime Orb,
 Incredible how swift, had thither rolled
 Diurnal, or this less volúbil Earth,
 By shorter flight to the east, had left him there
 Arraying with reflected purple and gold
 The clouds that on his western throne attend.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
 Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.
 She all night long her amorous descant sung :
 Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires ; Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Shook her great orb, and let her peerless light,
 Over the dark sky, and the little things
 Of mortal mind, shed a broad, gloomy light,
 Of mystery and magic, such as doth set
 The mind on fables, and the tale of olden times,
 Labour and rest, as day and night,
 Successive, and the timely dew.

r falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
 eye-lids. Other creatures all day long
 e idle, unemployed, and less need rest ;
 hath his daily work of body or mind
 ointed, which declares his dignity,
 the regard of Heaven on all his ways ; 620
 le other animals unactive range,
 of their doings God takes no account.
 orrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
 a first approach of light, we must be risen,
 at our pleasant labour, to reform
 flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
 walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
 mock our scant manuring, and require
 e hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
 se blossoms also, and those dropping gums, 630
 lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
 riddance, if we mean to tread with ease.
 awhile, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest."
 o whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned :—
 author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
 gued I obey. So God ordains :
 is thy law, thou mine : to know no more
 oman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
 thee conversing, I forget all time,
 easons, and their change ; all please alike. 640
 t is the breath of Morn, that rising sweet,
 charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the Sun,
 n first on this delightful land he spreads
 oient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 ering the dew ; fragrant the fertile Earth
 soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
 eful Evening mild ; then silent Night
 this her solemn bird, and the
 these the glens of Heaven, and
 neither breathe of Love, nor
 ol. II.

With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising Sun
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistering with dew ; nor fragrance after shower
 Nor grateful Evening mild ; nor silent Night,
 With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.
 But wherefore all night long shine these ? for w
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eye

To whom our general ancestor replied :—

“ Daughter of God and Man, accomplished Eve
 Those have their course to finish round the Ear
 By morrow evening, and from land to land
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,
 Ministering light prepared, they set and rise ;
 Lest total Darkness should by night regain
 Her old possession, and extinguish life
 In nature and all things ; which these soft fires
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
 Of various influence foment and warm,
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
 On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the Sun's more potent ray.
 These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain. Nor think, though men were
 That Heaven would want spectators, God want p
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we slee
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
 Both day and night. How often, from the stee
 Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
 Singing their great Creator ! Oft in bands
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding wal
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds

all harmonic number joined, their songs
 de the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."
 Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed
 to their blissful bower. It was a place 690
 sen by the sovran Planter, when he framed
 things to Man's delightful use. The roof
 thickest covert was inwoven shade,
 el and myrtle, and what higher grew
 rm and fragrant leaf; on either side
 thus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
 ed up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
 all hues, roses, and jessamine,
 ed high their flourished heads between, and
 wrought
 aic; under foot the violet, 700
 us, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
 dered the ground, more coloured than with stone
 ostliest emblem. Other creature here,
 t, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
 was their awe of Man. In shadier bower
 e sacred and sequestered, though but feigned,
 or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph
 Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
 flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
 used Eve decked first her nuptial bed, 710
 heavenly choirs the hymenæan sung,
 t day the genial Angel to our sire
 ght her, in naked beauty more adorned,
 e lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods
 owed with all their gifts; and, O! too like
 d event, when, to the unwiser son
 aphet brought by Hermes, she ensnared
 kind with her fair looks, to be avenged
 im who had stole Jove's authentic fire.
 us at their shady lodge arrived, both stood, 720
 turned, and under open sky adorned

The God that made both sky, air, earth, and he
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe
 And starry pole :—"Thou also madest the Night
 Maker Omnipotent ; and thou the Day,
 Which we, in our appointed work employed,
 Have finished, happy in our mutual help
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
 Ordained by thee ; and this delicious place,
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
 But thou hast promised from us two a race
 To fill the Earth, who shall with us extol
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

This said unanimous, and other rites
 Observing none, but adoration pure,
 Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
 Handed they went ; and, eased the putting-off
 These troublesome disguises which we wear,
 Straight side by side were laid ; nor turned, I w
 Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
 Mysterious of connubial love refused :
 Whatever hypocrites austere talk
 Of purity, and place, and innocence,
 Defaming as impure what God declares
 Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
 Our Maker bids increase ; who bids abstain
 But our destroyer, foe to God and Man ?
 Hail, wedded Love, mysterious law, true source
 Of human offspring, sole propriety
 In Paradise of all things common else !
 By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
 * Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee,
 Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
 Relations dear and all the charities
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known.

be it that I should write thee sin or blame,
 think thee unbefitting holiest place,
 perpetual fountain of domestic sweets, 760
 whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
 present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.
 The Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
 a constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
 sings here and revels; not in the bought smile
 of harlots—loveless, joyless, unendeared,
 or in the fruit of court amours,
 or in the dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
 or in the meretricious, which the starved lover sings
 his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770
 He, lulled by nightingales, embracing slept,
 on their naked limbs the flowery roof
 covered roses, which the morn repaired. Sleep on,
 O pair! and, O! yet happiest, if ye seek
 a happier state, and know to know no more!
 How had Night measured with her shadowy cone
 the way up-hill this vast sublunar vault,
 from their ivory port the Cherubim
 when issuing, at the accustomed hour, stood armed
 their night-watches in warlike parade; 780
 when Gabriel to his next in power thus spake:—
 "Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
 the strictest watch; these other wheel the north:
 the circuit meets full west." As flame they part,
 wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.
 And these, two strong and subtle Spirits he called
 near him stood, and gave them thus in charge:—
 "Mithriel and Zephon, with winged speed
 sweep through this Garden; leave unsearched no nook;
 chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge, 790
 laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.
 The evening from the Sun's decline arrived
 tells of some infernal Spirit seen

Hitherward bent (who could have thought?), escaped
 The bars of Hell, on errand bad, no doubt:
 Such, where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring."

So saying, on he led his radiant files,
 Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct
 In search of whom they sought. Him there they found
 Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve, 800
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach
 The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
 Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams;
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
 The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
 At least distempered, discontented thoughts,
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
 Blown up with high conceits engendering pride.
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear, 810
 Touched lightly; for no falsehood can endure
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns
 Of force to its own likeness. Up he starts,
 Discovered and surprised. As, when a spark
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
 Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
 Against a rumoured war, the smutty grain,
 With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air;
 So started up, in his own shape, the Fiend.
 Back stept those two fair Angels, half amazed 820
 So sudden to behold the grisly King;
 Yet thus, unmoved, he spake to them soon:—

"Which of these rebels is adjudged to Hell
 Com'st thou, escaped this prison? and, transformed,
 Why sitt'st thou like an enemy in wait,
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?"

"Know ye not, then," said Satan, filled with scorn,
 "Know ye not me? Ye knew me once no mate
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not peer!

to know me argues yourselves unknown, 830
 lowest of your throng ; or, if ye know,
 y ask ye, and superfluous begin
 r message, like to end as much in vain ? ”
 o whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn :—
 ink not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,
 undiminished brightness, to be known
 when thou stood’st in Heaven upright and pure. “
 t glory then, when thou no more wast good,
 parted from thee ; and thou resemblest now
 sin and place of doom obscure and foul. 840
 come ; for thou, be sure, shalt give account
 him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
 s place inviolable, and these from harm.”
 o spake the Cherub ; and his grave rebuke,
 ere in youthful beauty, added grace
 incible. Abashed the Devil stood,
 l felt how awful goodness is, and saw
 ue in her shape how lovely—saw, and pined
 loss ; but chiefly to find here observed
 lustre visibly impaired ; yet seemed 850
 daunted. “ If I must contend,” said he,
 est with the best—the sender, not the sent ;
 all at once : more glory will be won,
 less be lost.” “ Thy fear,” said Zephon bold,
 ill save us trial what the least can do
 gle against ~~thee~~ wicked, and thence weak.”
 The Fiend replied not, overcome with rage ;
 , like a proud steed reined, went haughty on,
 umping his iron curb. To strive or fly
 held it vain ; awe from above had quelled 860
 heart, not else dismayed. Now drew they nigh
 e western point, where those half-rounding guards
 t met, and, closing, stood in squadron joined,
 aiting next command : To whom their chief,
 oriel, from the front thus called aloud :—

“O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
 Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
 Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade ;
 And with them comes a third, of regal port,
 But faded splendour wan, who by his gait
 And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell-
 Not likely to part hence without contest.
 Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.”

He scarce had ended, when those two approach
 And brief related whom they brought, where fou
 How busied, in what form and posture couched.
 To whom, with stern regard, thus Gabriel spake
 “Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescri
 To thy transgressions, and disturbed the charge
 Of others, who approve not to transgress
 By thy example, but have power and right
 To question thy bold entrance on this place ;
 Employed, it seems, to violate sleep, and those
 Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss ?”

To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow
 “Gabriel, thou hadst in Heaven the esteem of wi
 And such I held thee ; but this question asked
 Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pai
 Who would not, finding way, break loose from H
 Though thither doomed ? Thou wouldst thyself,
 doubt,

And boldly venture to whatever place
 Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to cha
 Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
 Dole with delight ; which in this place I sought :
 To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
 But evil hast not tried. And wilt object
 His will who bound us ? Let him surer bar
 His iron gates, if he intends our stay
 In that dark durance. Thus much what was aske
 The rest is true ; they found me where they say ;

that implies not violence or harm."
 Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel moved,
 faintly half smiling, thus replied :—
 Loss of one in Heaven to judge of wise,
 When Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
 Now returns him from his prison scaped,
 Doubtfully in doubt whether to hold them wise
 Not who ask what boldness brought him hither
 Censured from his bounds in Hell prescribed !
 Wise he judges it to fly from pain 910
 Never, and to scape his punishment !
 Judge, thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
 Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
 Unfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
 Which taught thee yet no better that no pain
 Equal anger infinite provoked.
 Wherefore thou alone ? Wherefore with thee
 Are not all Hell broke loose ? Is pain to them
 Pain, less to be fled ? or thou than they
 Hardy to endure ? Courageous chief, 920
 First in flight from pain, hadst thou alleged
 Any deserted host this cause of flight,
 I surely hadst not come sole fugitive."
 Which the Fiend thus answered, frowning stern :—
 Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,
 Ouring Angel ! well thou know'st I stood
 Fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
 Blasting volleyed thunder made all speed,
 Seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
 Till thy words at random, as before, 930
 Make thy inexperience what behoves,
 In hard assays and ill successes past,
 Inful leader—not to hazard all
 Though ways of danger by himself untried.
 Therefore, I alone, first undertook
 To ring the desolate Abyss, and spy

This new-created World, whereof in Hell
 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
 Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
 To settle here on Earth, or in mid Air ; 94
 Though for possession put to try once more
 What thou and thy gay legions dare against ;
 Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
 High up in Heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,
 And practised distances to cringe, not fight."

To whom the Warrior-Angel soon replied :—
 "To say and straight unsay, pretending first
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
 Argues no leader, but a liar traced,
 Satan ; and couldst thou 'faithful' add ? O name,
 O sacred name of faithfulness profaned ! 95
 Faithful to whom ? to thy rebellious crew ?
 Army of fiends, fit body to fit head !
 Was this your discipline and faith engaged,
 Your military obedience, to dissolve
 Allegiance to the acknowledged Power Supreme ?
 And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou
 Once fawned, and cringed, and servilely adored
 Heaven's awful Monarch ? Wherefore, but in hope 96
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign ?
 But mark what I areed thee now : Avaunt !
 Fly thither whence thou fleddest. If from this hour
 Within these hallowed limits thou appear,
 Back to the Infernal Pit I drag thee chained,
 And seal thee so as henceforth not to scorn
 The facile gates of Hell too slightly barred."

So threatened he ; but Satan to no threats
 Gave heed, but, waxing more in rage, replied :—

"Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains, 97
 Proud liminary Cherub ! but ere then
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel

in my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King
 e on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
 d to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
 progress through the road of Heaven star-paved."
 While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
 ned fiery red, sharpening in moonèd horns
 ir phalanx, and began to hem him round
 h ported spears, as thick as when a field 980
 Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
 : bearded grove of ears which way the wind
 ys them ; the careful ploughman doubting stands
 t on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves
 ve chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarmed,
 lecting all his might, dilated stood,
 e Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved :
 stature reached the sky, and on his crest
 Horror plumed ; nor wanted in his grasp
 at seemed both spear and shield. Now dreadful
 eeds
 ht have ensued ; nor only Paradise, 991
 his commotion, but the starry cope
 Heaven perhaps, or all the Elements
 east, had gone to wrack, disturbed and torn
 h violence of this conflict, had not soon
 : Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
 ng forth in Heaven his golden scales, yet seen
 wixt Astræa and the Scorpion sign,
 erein all things created first he weighed,
 : pendulous round Earth with balanced air 1000
 : counterpoise, now ponders all events,
 les and realms. In these he put two weights,
 : sequel each of parting and of fight :
 : latter quick up flew, and kicked the beam ;
 ich Gabriel spying thus bespake the Fiend :—
 Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine,
 ther our own, but given ; what folly then

To boast what arms can do ! since thine no more
Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire. For proof look up, 1010
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
Where thou art weighed, and shown how light, how weak
If thou resist." The Fiend looked up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft : nor more ; but fled
Murmuring ; and with him fled the shades of Night.



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream ; he
it not, yet comforts her : they come forth to their day labours :
morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render Man
isable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free
, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and
ver else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Para-
his appearance described ; his coming discerned by Adam afar off,
at the door of his bower ; he goes out to meet him, brings him to
lge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise, got together
e ; their discourse at table. Raphael performs his message, minds
of his state and of his enemy ; relates, at Adam's request, who
nemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt
aven, and the occasion thereof ; how he drew his legions after him
parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, per-
g all but only Abdiel, a seraph, who in argument dissuades and
as him, then forsakes him.

OW Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,
n Adam waked, so customed ; for his sleep
aery light, from pure digestion bred,
temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
aves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
tly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
irds on every bough. So much the more
wonder was to find unwakened Eve,
tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek, 10
rough unquiet rest. He, on his side
ing half raised, with looks of cordial love
g over her enamoured, and beheld

Beauty which, whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar graces ; then, with voice
 Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whispered thus :—"Awake !
 My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
 Heaven's last, best gift, my ever-new delight !
 Awake ! the morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls us ; we lose the prime to mark how spring
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy ree
 How nature paints her colours, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."

Such whispering waked her, but with startled
 On Adam ; whom embracing, thus she spake :—

"O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose
 My glory, my perfection ! glad I see
 Thy face, and morn returned ; for I this night
 (Such night till this I never passed) have dream
 If dreamed, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksome night. Methought
 Close at mine ear one called me forth to walk
 With gentle voice ; I thought it thine. It said,
 'Why sleep'st thou, Eve ? now is the pleasant time
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
 Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song ; now reigns
 Full-orbed the moon, and, with more pleasing light
 Shadowy sets off the face of things—in vain,
 If none regard. Heaven wakes with all his eyes
 Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire,
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze ?'
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not :
 To find thee I directed then my walk ;

I on, methought, alone I passed through ways 50
 it brought me on a sudden to the tree
 interdicted knowledge. Fair it seemed,
 ch fairer to my fancy than by day ;
 l, as I wondering looked, beside it stood
 : shaped and winged like one of those from Heaven
 us oft seen : his dewy locks distilled
 brosia. On that tree he also gazed ;
 l, ' O fair plant,' said he, ' with fruit surcharged,
 gns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,
 ' God nor Man ? Is knowledge so despised ? 60
 envy, or what reserve, forbids to taste ?
 bid who will, none shall from me withhold
 ger thy offered good, why else set here ?'
 : said, he paused not, but with venturous arm
 plucked, he tasted. Me damp horror chilled
 such bold words vouched with a deed so bold ;
 he thus overjoyed : ' O fruit divine,
 et of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt,
 bidden here, it seems, as only fit
 gods, yet able to make gods of men ! 70
 why not gods of men, since good, the more
 municated, more abundant grows,
 author not impaired, but honoured more ?
 e, happy creature, fair angelic Eve !
 ake thou also : happy though thou art,
 pier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be.
 e this, and be henceforth among the gods
 self a goddess ; not to Earth confined,
 sometimes in the Air, as we ; sometimes
 end to Heaven, by merit thine, and see 80
 at life the gods live there, and such live thou.'
 aying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 n to my mouth of that same fruit held part
 ch he had plucked : the pleasant savoury smell
 quickened appetite that I, methought,

Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld
 The Earth outstretched immense, a prospect wide
 And various. Wondering at my flight and change
 To this high exaltation, suddenly
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
 And fell asleep; but, O, how glad I waked
 To find this but a dream!" Thus Eve her night
 Related, and thus Adam answered sad:—

"Best image of myself, and dearer half,
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
 Affects me equally; nor can I like
 This uncouth dream—of evil sprung, I fear;
 Yet evil whence? In thee can harbour none,
 Created pure. But know that in the soul
 Are many lesser faculties, that serve
 Reason as chief. Among these Fancy next
 Her office holds; of all external things,
 Which the five watchful senses represent,
 She forms imaginations, aery shapes,
 Which Reason, joining or disjoining, frames
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
 Into her private cell when Nature rests.
 Oft, in her absence, mimic Fancy wakes
 To imitate her; but, misjoining shapes,
 Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
 Some such resemblances, methinks, I find
 Of our last evening's talk in this thy dream,
 But with addition strange. Yet be not sad:
 Evil into the mind of God and Man
 May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
 No spot or blame behind; which gives me hope
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.

10

11

120

not disheartened, then, nor cloud those looks,
 it wont to be more cheerful and serene
 when fair Morning first smiles on the world ;
 let us to our fresh employments rise
 among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers,
 to open now their choicest bosomed smells,
 served from night, and kept for thee in store.”
 so cheered he his fair spouse ; and she was cheered,
 silently a gentle tear let fall 130
 in either eye, and wiped them with her hair :
 other precious drops that ready stood,
 when in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,
 shed as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
 pious awe, that feared to have offended.
 so all was cleared, and to the field they haste.
 first, from under shady arborous roof
 as they forth were come to open sight
 day-spring, and the Sun—who, scarce uprisen,
 in wheels yet hovering o’er the ocean-brim, 140
 parallel to the Earth his dewy ray,
 hovering in wide landskip all the east
 paradise and Eden’s happy plains—
 they bowed, adoring, and began
 their orisons, each morning duly paid
 various style ; for neither various style
 holy rapture wanted they to praise
 their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or sung
 meditated ; such prompt eloquence
 flowed from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
 more tuneable than needed lute or harp 151
 added more sweetness : And they thus began :—
 These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 mighty ! thine this universal frame,
 wondrous fair : Thyself how wondrous then !
 speakable ! who sitt’st above these heavens
 invisible, or dimly seen ;

In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divin
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,
Angels—for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing—ye in Heaven ;
On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end
Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling m
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great World both eye and so
Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou
Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fl
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flie
And ye five other wandering Fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise who out of Darkness called up Light
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless chan
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the World's great Author rise ;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sl
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye

h every Plant, in sign of worship wave.
 ntains and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
 odious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 . voices, all ye living Souls. Ye Birds,
 t, singing, up to Heaven-gate ascend,
 r on your wings and in your notes his praise.
 hat in waters glide, and ye that walk 200
 earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
 ness if *I* be silent, morn or even,
 ill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
 le vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 , universal Lord ! Be bounteous still
 give us only good ; and, if the night
 e gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
 erse it, as now light dispels the dark."
 o prayed they innocent, and to their thoughts
 a peace recovered soon, and wonted calm. 210
 o their morning's rural work they haste,
 ng sweet dews and flowers, where any row
 uit-trees, over-woody, reached too far
 r pampered boughs, and needed hands to check
 tless embraces : or they led the vine
 ved her elm ; she, spoused, about him twines
 marriageable arms, and with her brings
 dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
 barren leaves. Them thus employed beheld
 pity Heaven's high King, and to him called 220
 ael, the sociable Spirit, that deigned
 ravel with Tobias, and secured
 marriage with the seven-times-wedded maid.
 Raphael," said he, "thou hear'st what stir on Earth
 , from Hell scaped through the darksome Gulf,
 . raised in Paradise, and how disturbed
 night the human pair ; how he designs
 em at once to ruin all mankind.
 herefore ; half this day, as friend with friend,

Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retired
To respite his day-labour with repast
Or with repose ; and such discourse bring on
As may advise him of his happy state—
Happiness in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free will, his will though free
Yet mutable. Whence warn him to beware
He swerve not, too secure : tell him withal
His danger, and from whom ; what enemy,
Late fallen himself from Heaven, is plotting now
The fall of others from like state of bliss.
By violence ? no, for that shall be withstood ;
But by deceit and lies. This let him know,
Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonished, unforewarned.”

So spake the Eternal Father, and fulfilled
All justice. Nor delayed the wingèd Saint
After his charge received ; but from among
Thousand celestial Ardours, where he stood
Veiled with his gorgeous wings, upspringing light
Flew through the midst of Heaven. The angelic qu
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all the empyreal road, till, at the gate
Of Heaven arrived, the gate self-opened wide,
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sovran Architect had framed.
From hence—no cloud or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interposed, however small—he sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes,
Earth, and the Garden of God, with cedars crowne
Above all hills ; as when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assured, observes
Imagined lands and regions in the Moon ;
Or pilot from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appearing kens,

loudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
 speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
 s between worlds and worlds, with steady wing
 v on the polar winds ; then with quick fan
 knows the buxom air, till, within soar 270
 owering eagles, to all the fowls he seems
 hœnix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,
 en, to enshrine his relics in the Sun's
 ght temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
 once on the eastern cliff of Paradise
 lights, and to his proper shape returns,
 eraph winged. Six wings he wore, to shade
 lineaments divine : the pair that clad
 h shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast
 h regal ornament ; the middle pair 280
 like a starry zone his waist, and round
 ted his loins and thighs with downy gold
 colours dipt in heaven ; the third his feet
 lowed from either heel with feathered mail,
 tintured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
 shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled
 circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands
 angels under watch, and to his state
 to his message high in honour rise ;
 on some message high they guessed him bound.
 r glittering tents he passed, and now is come 291
 the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
 flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm,
 lderness of sweets ; for Nature here
 toned as in her prime, and played at will
 virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
 l above rule or art, enormous bliss.
 , through the spicy forest onward come,
 n discerned, as in the door he sat
 is cool bower, while now the mounted Sun 300
 down direct his fervid rays, to warm

Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam ;
 And Eve, within, due at her hour, prepared
 For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
 Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stre
 Berry or grape : to whom thus Adam called :—

“Haste hither, Eve, and, worth thy sight, be
 Eastward among those trees what glorious Shap
 Comes this way moving ; seems another morn
 Risen on mid-noon. Some great behest from H
 To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe
 This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
 And what thy stores contain bring forth, and po
 Abundance fit to honour and receive
 Our heavenly stranger ; well we may afford
 Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
 From large bestowed, where Nature multiplies
 Her fertile growth, and by disburdening grows
 More fruitful ; which instructs us not to spare.”

To whom thus Eve :—“Adam, Earth's hall
 mould,

Of God inspired, small store will serve where sto
 All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk ;
 Save what, by frugal storing, firmness gains
 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes.
 But I will haste, and from each bough and brak
 Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such c
 To entertain our Angel-guest as he,
 Beholding, shall confess that here on Earth
 God hath dispensed his bounties as in Heaven.”

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
 What choice to choose for delicacy best,
 What order so contrived as not to mix
 Tastes, not well joined, inelegant, but bring
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change :

tirs her then, and from each tender stalk
 whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
 India East or West, or middle shore
 Pontus or the Punic coast, or where 340
 Jove reigned, fruit of all kinds, in coat
 rough or smooth rinded, or bearded husk, or shell,
 gathers, tribute large, and on the board
 lays with unsparing hand. For drink the grape
 crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
 in many a berry, and from sweet kernels pressed
 tempers dulcet creams—nor these to hold
 wants her fit vessels pure ; then strews the ground
 with rose and odours from the shrub unfumed.
 Meanwhile our primitive great Sire, to meet 350
 godlike guest, walks forth, without more train
 accompanied than with his own complete
 faculties ; in himself was all his state,
 more solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
 princes, when their rich retinue long
 horses led and grooms besmeared with gold
 dazzles the crowd and sets them all agape.
 Before his presence, Adam, though not awed,
 with submissive approach and reverence meek,
 before a superior nature, bowing low, 360
 he said :—" Native of Heaven (for other place
 cannot contain Heaven such glorious Shape contain),
 here, by descending from the Thrones above,
 these happy places thou hast deigned a while
 to visit, and honour these, vouchsafe with us,
 O only, who yet by sovran gift possess
 this spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
 to rest, and what the Garden choicest bears
 to eat and taste, till this meridian heat
 is over, and the sun more cool decline." 370
 To whom thus the angelic Virtue answered mild :—
 " I am, I therefore came ; nor art thou such

Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
 As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heaven
 To visit thee. Lead on, then, where thy bower
 O'ershades ; for these mid-hours, till evening rise
 I have at will." So to the sylvan lodge
 They came, that like Pomona's arbour smiled,
 With flowerets decked and fragrant smells. But
 Undecked, save with herself, more lovely fair
 Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feigne
 Of three that in Mount Ida naked strove,
 Stood to entertain her guest from Heaven ; no
 She needed, virtue-proof ; no thought infirm
 Altered her cheek. On whom the Angel " Hail
 Bestowed—the holy salutation used
 Long after to blest Mary, second Eve :—

" Hail ! Mother of mankind, whose fruitful womb
 Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons
 Than with these various fruits the trees of God
 Have heaped this table !" Raised of grassy turf
 Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
 And on her ample square, from side to side,
 All Autumn piled, though Spring and Autumn had
 Danced hand-in-hand. A while discourse they hold
 No fear lest dinner cool—when thus began
 Our Author :—" Heavenly Stranger, please to taste
 These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom
 All perfect good, unmeasured-out, descends,
 To us for food and for delight hath caused
 The Earth to yield : unsavoury food, perhaps,
 To Spiritual Natures ; only this I know,
 That one Celestial Father gives to all."

To whom the Angel :—" Therefore, what he gives
 (Whose praise be ever sung) to Man, in part
 Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found
 No ingrateful food : and food alike those pure
 Intellectual substances require

both your Rational ; and both contain
 in them every lower faculty 410
 sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
 ing concoct, digest, assimilate,
 corporeal to incorporeal turn.
 know, whatever was created needs
 e sustained and fed. Of Elements
 grosser feeds the purer : Earth the Sea ;
 h and the Sea feed Air ; the Air those Fires
 real, and, as lowest, first the Moon ;
 nce in her visage round those spots, unpurged
 ours not yet into her substance turned. 420
 doth the Moon no nourishment exhale
 a her moist continent to higher Orbs.
 Sun, that light imparts to all, receives
 a all his alimental recompense
 imid exhalations, and at even
 with the Ocean. Though in Heaven the trees
 e ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
 nectar—though from off the boughs each morn
 brush mellifluous dews and find the ground
 red with pearly grain—yet God hath here 430
 d his bounty so with new delights
 ay compare with Heaven ; and to taste
 s not I shall be nice.” So down they sat,
 to their viands fell ; nor seemingly
 Angel, nor in mist—the common gloss
 eologians—but with keen dispatch
 al hunger, and concoctive heat
 ansubstantiate : what redounds transpires
 igh Spirits with ease ; nor wonder, if by fire
 oty coal the empiric alchemist 440
 urn, or holds it possible to turn,
 s of drossiest ore to perfect gold,
 om the mine. Meanwhile at table Eve
 tered naked, and their flowing cups

With pleasant liquors crowned. O innocence
Deserving Paradise ! If ever, then,
Then had the Sons of God excuse to have been
Enamoured at that sight. But in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reigned, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injured lover's hell.

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suf
Not burdened nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam not to let the occasion pass,
Given him by this great conference, to know
Of things above his world, and of their being
Who dwell in Heaven, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms,
Divine effulgence, whose high power so far
Exceeded human ; and his wary speech
Thus to the empyreal minister he framed :—

“ Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to Man ;
Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsafed
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At Heaven's high feasts to have fed : yet what

To whom the wingèd Hierarch replied :— [pa
“ O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return
If not depraved from good, created all
Such to perfection ; one first matter all,
Endued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and, in things that live, of life ;
But more refined, more spiritous and pure,
As nearer to him placed or nearer tending
Each in their several active spheres assigned,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportioned to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the le

aery, last the bright consummate flower 481
 its odorous breathes : flowers and their fruit,
 's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,
 vital spirits aspire, to animal,
 intellectual ; give both life and sense,
 y and understanding ; whence the Soul
 on receives, and Reason is her being,
 irsive, or Intuitive : Discourse
 est yours, the latter most is ours,
 ring but in degree, of kind the same. 490
 der not, then, what God for you saw good
 refuse not, but convert, as you,
 roper substance. Time may come when Men
 Angels may participate, and find
 nconvenient diet, nor too light fare ;
 from these corporal nutriments, perhaps,
 bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
 oved by tract of time, and wing'd ascend
 eal, as we, or may at choice
 or in heavenly paradises dwell, 500
 be found obedient, and retain
 erably firm his love entire
 e progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy
 fill what happiness this happy state
 omprehend, incapable of more."
 whom the Patriarch of Mankind replied :—
 ivourable Spirit, propitious guest,
 hast thou taught the way that might direct
 nowledge, and the scale of Nature set
 centre to circumference, whereon, 510
 itemplation of created things,
 ps we may ascend to God. But say,
 meant that caution joined, *If ye be found*
ent ? Can we want obedience, then,
 n, or possibly his love desert,
 formed us from the dust, and placed us here

Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek or apprehend?"

To whom the Angel:—"Son of Heaven and I
Attend! That thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
This was that caution given thee; be advised.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee; but to persevere
He left it in thy power—ordained thy will
By nature free, not over-ruled by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity.

Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated. Such with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts not free be tried whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?
Myself, and all the Angelic Host, that stand
In sight of God enthroned, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds.
On other surety none: freely we serve
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall.
And some are fallen, to disobedience fallen,
And so from Heaven to deepest Hell. O fall
From what high state of bliss into what woe!"

To whom our great Progenitor:—"Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills
Aerial music send. Nor knew I not
To be, both will and deed, created free.
Yet that we never shall forget to love
Our Maker, and obey him whose command
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts

ed me, and still assure ; though what thou tell'st
 passed in Heaven some doubt within me move,
 more desire to hear, if thou consent,
 all relation, which must needs be strange,
 ay of sacred silence to be heard.

ve have yet large day, for scarce the Sun
 finished half his journey, and scarce begins
 ther half in the great zone of heaven." 560

is Adam made request ; and Raphael,
 short pause assenting, thus began :—
 igh matter thou enjoin'st me, O prime of Men—
 ask and hard ; for how shall I relate

man sense the invisible exploits
 rring Spirits ? how, without remorse,
 uin of so many, glorious once
 perfect while they stood ? how, last, unfold
 ecrets of another world, perhaps
 wful to reveal ? Yet for thy good 570

s dispensed ; and what surmounts the reach
 man sense I shall delineate so,
 ening spiritual to corporal forms,
 y express them best—though what if Earth
 t the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
 to other like more than on Earth is thought ?
 s yet this World was not, and Chaos wild
 ed where these heavens now roll, where Earth now
 her centre poised, when on a day [rests
 ime, though in Eternity, applied 580
 tion, measures all things durable

esent, past, and future), on such day
 aven's great year brings forth, the empyreal host
 gels, by imperial summons called,
 erable before the Almighty's throne
 vith from all the ends of Heaven appeared
 their hierarchs in orders bright.
 ousand thousand ensigns high advanced,

Standards and gonfalons, 'twixt van and rear
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees ;
 Or in their glittering tissues bear emblazed
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
 Orb within orb, the Father Infinite,
 By whom in bliss embosomed sat the Son,
 Amidst, as from a flaming mount, whose top
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake :—

“ Hear, all ye Angels, Progeny of Light,
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
 Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand !
 This day I have begot whom I declare
 My only Son, and on this holy hill
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
 At my right hand. Your head I him appoint,
 And by myself have sworn to him shall bow
 All knees in Heaven, and shall confess him Lord
 Under his great vicegerent reign abide,
 United as one individual soul,
 For ever happy. Him who disobeys
 Me disobeys, breaks union, and, that day,
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
 Into utter darkness, deep engulfed, his place
 Ordained without redemption, without end.’

“ So spake the Omnipotent, and with his word
 All seemed well pleased ; all seemed, but were not.
 That day, as other solemn days, they spent
 In song and dance, about the sacred hill—
 Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere
 Of planets and of fixed in all her wheels
 Resembles nearest ; mazes intricate,
 Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular
 Then most when most irregular they seem ;

in their motions harmony divine
 smooths her charming tones that God's own ear
 ens delighted. Evening now approached
 : we have also our evening and our morn—
 ours for change delectable, not need),
 hwith from dance to sweet repast they turn 630
 ious : all in circles as they stood,
 les are set, and on a sudden piled
 h Angels' food ; and rubied nectar flows
 earl, in diamond, and massy gold,
 t of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.
 lowers reposed, and with fresh flowerets crowned,
 y eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
 ff immortality and joy, secure
 urfeit where full measure only bounds
 ess, before the all-bounteous King, who showered
 a copious hand, rejoicing in their joy. 641
 ; when ambrosial Night, with clouds exhaled
 n that high mount of God whence light and shade
 ng both, the face of brightest Heaven had changed
 rateful twilight (for Night comes not there
 arker veil), and roseate dews disposed
 ut the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,
 e over all the plain, and wider far
 n all this globous Earth in plain outspread
 h are the courts of God), the Angelic throng, 650
 ersed in bands and files, their camp extend
 ving streams among the trees of life—
 ions numberless and sudden reared,
 stial tabernacles, where they slept,
 ed with cool winds ; save those who, in their course,
 dious hymns about the sovran throne
 nate all night long. But not so waked
 1—so call him now ; his former name
 ard no more in Heaven. He, of the first,
 t the first Archangel, great in power, 660

In favour, and pre-eminence, yet fraught
With envy against the Son of God, that day
Honoured by his great Father, and proclaimed
Messiah, King Anointed, could not bear,
Through pride, that sight, and thought himself imp
Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolved
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshiped, unbeyed, the Throne supreme,
Contemptuous, and, his next subordinate
Awakening, thus to him in secret spake :—

“ ‘Sleep’st thou, companion dear? what slee
Thy eyelids? and rememberest what decree
Of yesterday, so late, hath passed the lips
Of Heaven’s Almighty? Thou to me thy thoug
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont, to impart
Both waking we were one; how, then, can now
Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest impo
New laws from him who reigns new minds may
In us who serve—new counsels, to debate
What doubtful may ensue. More in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them that, by command, ere yet dim Night
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we possess
The quarters of the North, there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King,
The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.’

“ So spake the false Archangel, and infused
Bad influence into the unwary breast
Of his associate. He together calls,

everal one by one, the regent Powers,
 er him regent ; tells, as he was taught,
 , the Most High commanding, now ere Night,
 ere dim Night had disencumbered Heaven, 700
 great hierarchal standard was to move ;
 the suggested cause, and casts between
 iguous words and jealousies, to sound
 int integrity. But all obeyed
 wonted signal, and superior voice
 eir great Potentate ; for great indeed
 ame, and high was his degree in Heaven :
 ountenance, as the morning-star that guides
 starry flock, allured them, and with lies
 after him the third part of Heaven's host. 710
 while, the Eternal Eye, whose sight discerns
 usest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
 from within the golden lamps that burn
 tly before him, saw without their light
 llion rising—saw in whom, how spread
 g the Sons of Morn, what multitudes
 banded to oppose his high decree ;
 smiling, to his only Son thus said :—
 Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
 l resplendence, Heir of all my might, 720
 y it now concerns us to be sure
 r omnipotence, and with what arms
 ean to hold what anciently we claim
 ity or empire : such a foe
 ng, who intends to erect his throne
 to ours, throughout the spacious North ;
 o content, hath in his thought to try
 ttle what our power is or our right.
 s advise, and to this hazard draw
 speed what force is left, and all employ 730
 r defence, lest unawares we lose
 our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.'

“To whom the Son, with calm aspect and
Lightening divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer :—‘Mighty Father, thou thy foe
Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laugh’st at their vain designs and tumults vain
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal power
Given me to quell their pride, and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heaven.’

“So spake the Son ; but Satan with his Power
Far was advanced on winged speed, an host
Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dew-drops which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they passed, the mighty regencies
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In their triple degrees—regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth
And all the sea, from one entire globose
Stretched into longitude ; which having passed
At length into the limits of the North
They came, and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far-blazing, as a mount
Raised on a mount, with pyramids and towers
From diamond quarries hewn and rocks of gold
The palace of great Lucifer (so call
That structure, in the dialect of men
Interpreted), which, not long after, he,
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declared in sight of Heaven,
The Mountain of the Congregation called ;
For thither he assembled all his train,
Pretending so commanded to consult

t the great reception of their King
 er to come, and with calumnious art 770
 unterfeited truth thus held their ears :—
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
 se magnific titles yet remain [Powers—
 nerely titular, since by decree
 er now hath to himself engrossed
 ower, and us eclipsed under the name
 ing Anointed ; for whom all this haste
 idnight march, and hurried meeting here,
 only to consult, how we may best,
 what may be devised of honours new, 780
 ve him coming to receive from us
 tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile !
 much to one ! but double how endured—
 e and to his image now proclaimed ?
 hat if better counsels might erect
 minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke ?
 re submit your necks, and choose to bend
 upple knee ? Ye will not, if I trust
 ow ye right, or if ye know yourselves
 es and Sons of Heaven possessed before 790
 ne, and, if not equal all, yet free,
 ly free ; for orders and degrees
 t with liberty, but well consist.
 can in reason, then, or right, assume
 rchy over such as live by right
 quals—if in power and splendour less,
 edom equal ? or can introduce ;
 nd edict on us, who without law
 t ? much less for this to be our Lord,
 ook for adoration, to the abuse 800
 se imperial titles which assert
 eing ordained to govern, not to serve !'
 hus far his bold discourse without control
 udience, when, among the Seraphim,

Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal adored
The Deity, and divine commands obeyed,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
The current of his fury thus opposed:—

“ ‘ O argument blasphemous, false, and proud—
Words which no ear ever to hear in Heaven
Expected ; least of all from thee, ingrate,
In place thyself so high above thy peers !
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,
That to his only Son, by right endued
With regal sceptre, every soul in Heaven
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
Confess him rightful King ? Unjust, thou say'st,
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign,
One over all with unsucceeded power !
Shalt thou give law to God ? shalt thou dispute
With Him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and formed the Powers of Hea-
Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their being
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
And of our good and of our dignity
How provident, he is—how far from thought
To make us less ; bent rather to exalt
Our happy state, under one head more near
United. But—to grant it thee unjust
That equal over equals monarch reign—
Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou cour-
Or all angelic nature joined in one,
Equal to him, begotten Son, by whom,
As by his Word, the mighty Father made
All things, even thee, and all the Spirits of Heave-
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crowned them with glory, and to their glory name
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers :

ial Powers ; nor by his reign obscured, 841
 ore illustrious made ; since he, the head,
 f our number thus reduced becomes ;
 ws our laws ; all honour to him done
 s our own. Cease, then, this impious rage,
 mpt not these ; but hasten to appease
 censèd Father and the incensèd Son
 pardon may be found, in time besought.'

spake the fervent Angel ; but his zeal
 econded, as out of season judged, 850
 gular and rash. Whereat rejoiced
 postate, and, more haughty, thus replied :—
 hat we were formed, then, say'st thou ? and the
 ndary hands, by task transferred [work
 Father to his Son ? Strange point and new !
 re which we would know whence learned ! Who
 this creation was ? Remember'st thou [saw
 aking, while the Maker gave thee being ?
 ow no time when we were not as now ;
 one before us, self-begot, self-raised 860
 own quickening power when fatal course
 rcl'd his full orb, the birth mature
 our native Heaven, Ethereal Sons.
 issance is our own ; our own right hand
 ach us highest deeds, by proof to try
 our equal. Then thou shalt behold
 er by supplication we intend
 s, and to begirt the Almighty Throne
 ing or besieging. This report,
 idings, carry to the Anointed King ; 870
 ; ere evil intercept thy flight.'

said ; and, as the sound of waters deep,
 murmur echoed to his words applause
 h the infinite host. Nor less for that
 ming Seraph, fearless, though alone,
 passed round with foes, thus answered bold :—

“O alienate from God, O Spirit accursed,
Forsaken of all good ! I see thy fall
Determined, and thy hapless crew involved
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread
Both of thy crime and punishment. Henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Messiah. Those indulgent laws
Will not be now voutsafed ; other decrees
Against thee are gone forth without recall ;
That golden sceptre which thou didst reject
Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise ;
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath
Impendent, raging into sudden flame,
Distinguish not : for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.’

“So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found ;
Among the faithless faithful only he ;
Among innumerable false unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence feared aught ;
And with retorted scorn his back he turned
On those proud towers, to swift destruction doom'd

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

el continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth against Satan and his Angels. The first fight described : Satan Powers retire under night. He calls a council ; invents devilish which, in the second day's fight, put Michael and his Angels disorder ; but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed force and machines of Satan. Yet, the tumult not so ending, the third day, sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved of that victory. He, in the power of his Father, coming to the aid causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, resist, towards the wall of Heaven ; which opening, they leap with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared in the Deep. Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

On night the dreadless Angel, unpursued,
Through Heaven's wide champaign held his
way, till Morn,
led by the circling Hours, with rosy hand
opened the gates of Light. There is a cave
on the Mount of God, fast by his throne,
where Light and Darkness in perpetual round
roll and dislodge by turns—which makes through
Heaven
a continual vicissitude, like day and night ;
which issues forth, and at the other door
where perpetual Darkness enters, till her hour
is full the Heaven, though darkness there might well
be twilight here. And now went forth the Morn,
as in highest Heaven, arrayed in gold

Empyrean ; from before her vanished Night,
Shot through with orient beams ; when all the pla
Covered with thick embattled squadrons bright,
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.
War he perceived, war in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported. Gladly then he mixed
Among those friendly Powers, who him received
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fallen yet one,
Returned not lost. On to the sacred hill
They led him, high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme ; from whence a voice,
From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard :-

“ ‘ Servant of God, well done ! Well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintained
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms,
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence ; for this was all thy care—
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
Judged thee perverse. The easier conquest now
Remains thee—aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than scorned thou didst depart ; and to subdue
By force who reason for their law refuse—
Right reason for their law, and for their King
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,
And thou, in military prowess next,
Gabriel ; lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible ; lead forth my armed Saints,
By thousands and by millions ranged for fight,
Equal in number to that godless crew

ellious. Them with fire and hostile arms
less assault ; and, to the brow of Heaven
uing, drive them out from God and bliss
their place of punishment, the gulf
Tartarus, which ready opens wide
fiery chaos to receive their fall.’
So spake the Sovran Voice ; and clouds began
larken all the hill, and smoke to roll
usky wreaths reluctant flames, the sign
rath awaked ; nor with less dread the loud
real trumpet from on high gan blow. 60
which command the Powers Militant
: stood for Heaven, in mighty quadrate joined
nion irresistible, moved on
lence their bright legions to the sound
instrumental harmony, that breathed
pic ardour to adventurous deeds
er their godlike leaders, in the cause
od and his Messiah. On they move,
ssolubly firm ; nor obvious hill,
straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides 70
r perfect ranks ; for high above the ground
r march was, and the passive air upbore
r nimble tread. As when the total kind
irds, in orderly array on wing,
e summoned over Eden to receive
r names of thee ; so over many a tract
leaven they marched, and many a province wide,
old the length of this terrene. At last,
in the horizon, to the north, appeared
a skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretched 80
attailous aspect ; and, nearer view,
led with upright beams innumerable
gid spears, and helmets thronged, and shields
ous, with boastful argument portrayed,
banded Powers of Satan hasting on

With furious expedition : for they weened
That self-same day, by fight or by surprise,
To win the Mount of God, and on his throne
To set the envier of his state, the proud
Aspirer. But their thoughts proved fond and va
In the mid-way ; though strange to us it seemed
At first that Angel should with Angel war,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,
Hymning the Eternal Father. But the shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst, exalted as a God,
The Apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,
Idol of majesty divine, enclosed
With flaming Cherubim and golden shields ;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne—for now
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Presented stood, in terrible array
Of hideous length. Before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it joined,
(Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,
Came towering, armed in adamant and gold.
Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
(And thus his own undaunted heart explores :—
“O Heaven! that such resemblance of the Hig
Should yet remain, where faith and realty
Remain not ! Wherefore should not strength and m
There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable ?
His puissance, trusting in the Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whose reason I have tried
Unsound and false ; nor is it aught but just

t he who in debate of truth hath won
 uld win in arms, in both disputes alike
 or. Though brutish that contést and foul,
 en reason hath to deal with force, yet so
 t reason is that reason overcome.'

So pondering, and from his armed peers
 h-stepping opposite, half-way he met
 daring foe, at this prevention more
 nsed, and thus securely him defied :— 130

'Proud, art thou met? Thy hope wasto have reached
 highth of thy aspiring unopposed—

throne of God unguarded, and his side
 ndoned at the terror of thy power
 potent tongue. Fool ! not to think how vain
 inst the Omnipotent to rise in arms ;

o, out of smallest things, could without end
 e raised incessant armies to defeat

olly ; or with solitary hand,
 ching beyond all limit, at one blow, 140

ided could have finished thee, and whelmed

legions under darkness ! But thou seest
 are not of thy train ; there be who faith
 fer, and piety to God, though then
 thee not visible when I alone

med in thy world erroneous to dissent
 m all : my Sect thou seest ; now learn too late
 v few sometimes may know when thousands err.'

Whom the grand Foe, with scornful eye askance,
 is answered :—' Ill for thee, but in wished hour 150
 my revenge, first sought for, thou return'st
 m flight, seditious Angel, to receive
 r merited reward, the first assay

this right hand provoked, since first that tongue
 pired with contradiction, durst oppose
 hird part of the Gods, in synod met
 air deities to assert : who, while they feel

Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me some plume, that thy success may sh
Destruction to the rest. This pause between
(Unanswered lest thou boast) to let thee know.
At first I thought that Liberty and Heaven
To heavenly souls had been all one ; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministering Spirits, trained up in feast and song
Such hast thou armed, the minstrelsy of heaven
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compared this day shall prov

“To whom, in brief, thus Abdiel stern replied
'Apostate ! still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote.
Unjustly thou depriv'st it with the name
Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,
Or Nature : God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is servitude—
To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebelled
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
Thyself not free, but to thyself enthralled ;
Yet lewdly dar'st our ministering upbraid.
Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom ; let me serve
In Heaven God ever blest, and his divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obeyed.
Yet chains in Hell, not realms, expect : meanwhi
From me returned, as erst thou saidst, from fligh
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.'

“So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
Such ruin intercept. Ten paces huge

back recoiled ; the tenth on bended knee
 massy spear upstayed : as if, on earth,
 ads under ground, or waters forcing way,
 along had pushed a mountain from his seat,
 f-sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized
 rebel Thrones, but greater rage, to see
 as foiled their mightiest ; ours joy filled, and shout,
 sage of victory, and fierce desire 201
 battle : whereat Michaël bid sound
 Archangel trumpet. Through the vast of Heaven
 ounded, and the faithful armies rung
 annah to the Highest ; nor stood at gaze
 adverse legions, nor less hideous joined
 horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
 clamour such as heard in Heaven till now
 s never ; arms on armour clashing brayed
 rible discord, and the madding wheels 210
 brazen chariots raged ; dire was the noise
 conflict ; overhead the dismal hiss
 fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
 l, flying, vaulted either host with fire.
 under fiery cope together rushed
 h battles main with ruinous assault
 l inextinguishable rage. All Heaven
 ounded ; and, had Earth been then, all Earth
 l to her centre shook. What wonder, when
 lions of fierce encountering Angels fought 220
 either side, the least of whom could wield
 se elements, and arm him with the force
 all their regions ? How much more of power
 ay against army numberless to raise
 adful combustion warring, and disturb,
 ough not destroy, their happy native seat ;
 d not the Eternal King Omnipotent
 m his strong hold of Heaven high overruled
 l limited their might, though numbered such

As each divided legion might have seemed
A numerous host, in strength each armed hand
A legion ! Led in fight, yet leader seemed
Each warrior single as in chief ; expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war. No thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear ; each on himself relied
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite ; for wide was spread
That war, and various : sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight ; then, soaring on main wing,
Tormented all the air ; all air seemed then
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale
The battle hung ; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confused, at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and telle
Squadrons at once : with huge two-handed sway
Brandished aloft, the horrid edge came down
Wide-wasting. Such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
A vast circumference. At his approach
The great Archangel from his warlike toil
Surceased, and, glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in Heaven, the Arch-foe subdued,
Or captive dragged in chains, with hostile frown
And visage all inflamed, first thus began :—
“ ‘ Author of Evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnamed in Heaven, now plenteous as thou see
These acts of hateful strife—hateful to all,
Though heaviest, by just measure, on thyself

hy adherents—how hast thou disturbed
 en's blessed peace, and into Nature brought
 y, uncreated till the crime
 / rebellion ! how hast thou instilled
 nalice into thousands, once upright 270
 faithful, now proved false ! But think not here
 ouble holy rest ; Heaven casts thee out
 all her confines ; Heaven, the seat of bliss,
 is not the works of violence and war.
 e, then, and Evil go with thee along,
 offspring, to the place of Evil, Hell—
 and thy wicked crew ! there mingle broils !
 his avenging sword begin thy doom,
 me more sudden vengeance, winged from God,
 pitate thee with augmented pain.' 280
 o spake the Prince of Angels ; to whom thus
 Adversary :—' Nor think thou with wind
 y threats to awe whom yet with deeds
 canst not. Hast thou turned the least of these
 ght—or, if to fall, but that they rise
 nquished—easier to transact with me
 thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
 ase me hence ? Err not that so shall end
 trife which thou call'st evil, but we style
 trife of glory ; which we mean to win, 290
 rn this Heaven itself into the Hell
 fablest ; here, however, to dwell free,
 : to reign. Meanwhile, thy utmost force—
 oin him named Almighty to thy aid—
 not, but have sought thee far and nigh.'
 They ended parle, and both addressed for fight
 eakable ; for who, though with the tongue
 ngels, can relate, or to what things
 on Earth conspicuous, that may lift
 an imagination to such highth 300
 dlike power ? for likest gods they seemed,

Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms
Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.
Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles : two broad suns their shi
Blazed opposite, while Expectation stood
In horror ; from each hand with speed retired,
Where erst was thickest fight, the Angelic thr
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion : such as (to set forth
Great things by small) if, Nature's concord bro
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres conf
Together both, with next to almighty arm
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aimed
That might determine, and not need repeat
As not of power, at once ; nor odds appeared
In might or swift prevention. But the sword
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was given him tempered so that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge : it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer ; nor stayed,
But, with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, sh
All his right side. Then Satan first knew pain
And writhed him to and fro convolved ; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Passed through him. But the ethereal substance
Not long divisible ; and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flowed
Sanguine, such as celestial Spirits may bleed,
And all his armour stained, erewhile so bright.
Forthwith, on all sides, to his aid was run
By Angels many and strong, who interposed
Defence, while others bore him on their shields

to his chariot where it stood retired
 off the files of war : there they him laid
 hing for anguish, and despite, and shame 340
 and himself not matchless, and his pride
 oled by such rebuke, so far beneath
 onfidence to equal God in power.
 on he healed ; for Spirits, that live throughout
 in every part—not, as frail Man,
 trails, heart or head, liver or reins—
 ot but by annihilating die ;
 n their liquid texture mortal wound
 ve, no more than can the fluid air :
 art they live, all head, all eye, all ear, 350
 tellect, all sense ; and as they please
 limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
 ie, as likes them best, condense or rare.
 leanwhile, in other parts, like deeds deserved
 rial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
 ith fierce ensigns pierced the deep array
 loch, furious king, who him defied,
 t his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
 tened, nor from the Holy One of Heaven
 ned his tongue blasphemous, but anon, 360
 cloven to the waist, with shattered arms
 ncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
 and Raphaël his vaunting foe,
 h huge and in a rock of diamond armed,
 ished—Andramelech and Asmadai,
 otent Thrones, that to be less than Gods
 ned, but meaner thoughts learned in their flight,
 ed with ghastly wounds through plate and mail.
 ood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
 heist crew, but with redoubled blow 370
 and Arioch, and the violence
 miel, scorched and blasted, overthrew.
 it relate of thousands, and their names

Eternize here on Earth ; but those elect
 Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven,
 Seek not the praise of men : the other sort,
 In might though wondrous and in acts of war,
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
 Cancelled from Heaven and sacred memory,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell !
 (For strength from truth divided, and from just,
 Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
 And ignominy, yet to glory aspires,
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame :
 (Therefore eternal silence be their doom !
 “ And now, their mightiest quelled, the ba-
 With many an inroad gored ; deformed rout [swerv
 Entered, and foul disorder ; all the ground
 With shivered armour strown, and on a heap
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturned,
 And fiery foaming steeds ; what stood recoiled,
 O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host,
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surprised—
 Then first with fear surprised and sense of pain—
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
 Far otherwise the inviolable Saints
 In cubic phalanx firm advanced entire,
 Invulnerable, impenetrably armed ;
 Such high advantages their innocence
 Gave them above their foes—not to have sinned,
 Not to have disobeyed ; in fight they stood
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pained
 By wound, though from their place by violence mov
 “ Now Night her course began, and, over Heav
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,
 And silence on the odious din of war.
 Under her cloudy covert both retired,

and vanquished. On the foughten field 410
 el and his Angels, prevalent
 aping, placed in guard their watches round,
 bic waving fires : on the other part,
 with his rebellious disappeared,
 the dark dislodged, and, void of rest,
 tentates to council called by night,
 i the midst thus undismayed began :—
) now in danger tried, now known in arms
 be overpowered, companions dear,
 worthy not of liberty alone— 420
 ean pretence—but, what we more affect,
 r, dominion, glory, and renown ;
 ave sustained one day in doubtful fight
 if one day, why not eternal days ?
 Heaven's Lord had powerfullest to send
 t us from about his throne, and judged
 nt to subdue us to his will,
 oves not so : then fallible, it seems,
 re we may deem him, though till now
 cient thought ! True is, less firmly armed, 430
 lisadvantage we endured, and pain—
 w not known, but, known, as soon contemned ;
 ow we find this our empyreal form
 ble of mortal injury,
 shable, and, though pierced with wound,
 osing, and by native vigour healed.
 then, so small as easy think
 nedy : perhaps more valid arms,
 ns more violent, when next we meet,
 rve to better us and worse our foes, 440
 al what between us made the odds,
 re none. If other hidden cause
 em superior, while we can preserve
 our minds, and understanding sound,
 arch and consultation will disclose.'

“He sat ; and in the assembly next upstood
 Nisroch, of Principalities the prime.
 As one he stood escaped from cruel fight
 Sore toiled, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
 And, cloudy in aspect, thus answering spake :—

““Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods ! yet hard
 For Gods, and too unequal work, we find
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
 Against unpained, impassive ; from which evil
 Ruin must needs ensue. For what avails
 Valour or strength, though matchless, quelled
 pain,

Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
 Of mightiest ? Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
 But live content—which is the calmest life ;
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst
 Of evils, and, excessive, overturns
 All patience. He who, therefore, can invent
 With what more forcible we may offend
 Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
 Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
 No less than for deliverance what we owe.’

“Where to, with look composed, Satan replied
 ‘Not uninvented that, which thou aright
 Believ’st so main to our success, I bring.
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface
 Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand—
 This continent of spacious Heaven, adorned
 With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems and gold
 Whose eye so superficially surveys
 These things as not to mind from whence they grow
 Deep under ground : materials dark and crude,
 Of spiritous and fiery spume, till, touched
 With Heaven’s ray, and tempered, they shoot forth

auteous, opening to the ambient light ?
 in their dark nativity the Deep
 yield us, pregnant with infernal flame ;
 d, into hollow engines long and round
 -rammed, at the other bore with touch of fire
 d and infuriate, shall send forth
 far, with thundering noise, among our foes
 implements of mischief as shall dash
 ces and o'erwhelm whatever stands
 se, that they shall fear we have disarmed 490
 'hunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
 ong shall be our labour ; yet ere dawn
 shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive ;
 lon fear ; to strength and counsel joined
 nothing hard, much less to be despaired.'
 e ended ; and his words their drooping cheer
 itened, and their languished hope revived.
 ivenion all admired, and each how he
 the inventor missed ; so easy it seemed
 found, which yet unfound most would have
 ough 500
 sible ! Yet, haply, of thy race,
 ire days, if malice should abound,
 one, intent on mischief, or inspired
 devilish machination, might devise
 nstrument to plague the sons of men
 a, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
 ith from council to the work they flew ;
 arguing stood ; innumerable hands
 ready ; in a moment up they turned
 the celestial soil, and saw beneath 510
 iginals of nature in their crude
 ption ; sulphurous and nitrous foam
 ound, they mingled, and, with subtle art
 ted and adusted, they reduced
 ckest grain, and into store conveyed.

Part hidden veins digged up (nor hath this Ear
 Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
 Whereof to found their engines and their balls
 Of missive ruin ; part incentive reed
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
 So all ere day-spring, under conscious Night,
 Secret they finished, and in order set,
 With silent circumspection, unespied.

“ Now, when fair Morn orient in Heaven app
 Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms
 The matin trumpet sung. In arms they stood
 Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
 Soon banded ; others from the dawning hills
 Looked round, and scouts each coast light-a-
 scour,

Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
 Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,
 In motion or in halt. Him soon they met
 Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
 But firm battalion : back with speediest sail
 Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
 Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried :—

“ ‘ Arm, Warriors, arm for fight ! The foe at
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursu
 This day ; fear not his flight ; so thick a cloud
 He comes, and settled in his face I see
 Sad resolution and secure. Let each
 His adamantine coat gird well, and each
 Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbéd shield,
 Borne even or high ; for this day will pour dow
 If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,
 But rattling storm of arrows barbed with fire.’

“ So warned he them, aware themselves, and
 In order, quit of all impediment.
 Instant, without disturb, they took alarm,
 And onward move embattled : when, behold,

istant far, with heavy pace the foe
aching gross and huge, in hollow cube
ng his devilish enginry, impaled
ery side with shadowing squadrons deep,
le the fraud. At interview both stood
le ; but suddenly at head appeared
and thus was heard commanding loud :—
/anguard, to right and left the front unfold,
ll may see who hate us how we seek
and composure, and with open breast 560
ready to receive them, if they like
erture, and turn not back perverse :
at I doubt. However, witness Heaven !
n, witness thou anon ! while we discharge
our part. Ye, who appointed stand,
you have in charge, and briefly touch
we propound, and loud that all may hear.’
o scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
nded, when to right and left the front
d, and to either flank retired ; 570
to our eyes discovered, new and strange,
le mounted row of pillars laid
eels (for like to pillars most they seemed,
lowed bodies made of oak or fir,
branches lopt, in wood or mountain felled),
iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
ideous orifice gaped on us wide,
ding hollow truce. At each, behind,
uph stood, and in his hand a reed
waving tipt with fire ; while we, suspense, 580
ted stood within our thoughts amused.
ng ! for sudden all at once their reeds
rth, and to a narrow vent applied
nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
on obscured with smoke, all Heaven appeared,
those deep-throated engines belched, whose roar

Embowelled with outrageous noise the air,
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
 Their devilish glut, chained thunderbolts and hail
 Of iron globes ; which, on the victor host
 Levelled, with such impetuous fury smote,
 That whom they hit none on their feet might star
 Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
 By thousands, Angel on Archangel rolled,
 The sooner for their arms. Unarmed, they might
 Have easily, as Spirits, evaded swift
 By quick contraction or remove ; but now
 Foul dissipation followed, and forced rout ;
 Nor served it to relax their serried files.
 What should they do ? If on they rushed, repulse
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubled, would render them yet more despised,
 And to their foes a laughter—for in view
 Stood ranked of Seraphim another row,
 In posture to displode their second tire
 Of thunder ; back defeated to return
 They worse abhorred. Satan beheld their plight,
 And to his mates thus in derision called :—

“ O friends, why come not on these victors pro
 Erewhile they fierce were coming ; and, when we,
 To entertain them fair with open front
 And breast (what could we more ?), propounded to
 Of composition, straight they changed their mind :
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance. Yet for a dance they seem
 Somewhat extravagant and wild ; perhaps
 For joy of offered peace. But I suppose,
 If our proposals once again were heard,
 We should compel them to a quick result.”

“ To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood
 ‘ Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
 Of hard contents, and full of force urged home,

as we might perceive amused them all,
tumbled many. Who receives them right
need from head to foot well understand ;
nderstood, this gift they have besides—
show us when our foes walk not upright.'
o they among themselves in pleasant vein
scoffing, highthened in their thoughts beyond
ubt of victory ; Eternal Might 630
atch with their inventions they presumed
y, and of his thunder made a scorn,
ll his host derided, while they stood
le in trouble. But they stood not long ;
prompted them at length, and found them arms
st such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
with (behold the excellence, the power,
' God hath in his mighty Angels placed !)
arms away they threw, and to the hills
Earth hath this variety from Heaven 640
asure situate in hill and dale)
as the lightning-glimpse they ran, they flew ;
their foundations, loosening to and fro,
plucked the seated hills, with all their load,
waters, woods, and, by the shaggy tops
ng, bore them in their hands. Amaze,
e, and terror, seized the rebel host,
coming towards them so dread they saw
ottom of the mountains upward turned,
those cursed engines' triple row 650
aw them whelmed, and all their confidence
the weight of mountains buried deep ;
elves invaded next, and on their heads
romontories flung, which in the air
shadowing, and oppressed whole legions armed.
rmourhelped their harm, crushed in and bruised,
eir substance pent—which wrought them pain
able, and many a dolorous groan,

Long struggling underneath, ere they could wi:
Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest lig:
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest, in imitation, to like arms
Betook them, and the neighbouring hills uptor:
So hills amid the air encountered hills,
Hurled to and fro with jaculation dire,
That underground they fought in dismal shade
Infernal noise ! war seemed a civil game
To this uproar ; horrid confusion heaped
Upon confusion rose. And now all Heaven
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,
Had not the Almighty Father, where he sits
Shrined in his sanctuary of Heaven secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advised,
That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
To honour his Anointed Son, avenged
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferred. Whence to his
The assessor of his throne, he thus began :—
“ Effulgence of my glory, Son beloved,
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by Deity I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence ! two days are passed,
Two days, as we compute the days of Heaven,
Since Michael and his Powers went forth to tar
These disobedient. Sore hath been their fight
As likeliest was when two such foes met armed
For to themselves I left them ; and thou know'
Equal in their creation they were formed,
Save what sin hath impaired—which yet hath w:
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom :
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found.

wearied hath performed what war can do,
 o disordered rage let loose the reins,
 mountains, as with weapons, armed ; which
 nakes
 work in Heaven, and dangerous to the main.
 lays are, therefore, passed ; the third is thine :
 ee I have ordained it, and thus far 700
 suffered, that the glory may be thine
 ding this great war, since none but thou
 nd it. Into thee such virtue and grace
 nse I have transfused, that all may know
 aven and Hell thy power above compare,
 his perverse commotion governed thus,
 nifest thee worthiest to be Heir
 things—to be Heir, and to be King
 red unction, thy deserved right.
 en, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might ; 710
 d my chariot ; guide the rapid wheels
 shake Heaven's basis ; bring forth all my war ;
 ow and thunder, my almighty arms,
 n, and sword upon thy puissant thigh ;
 e these Sons of Darkness, drive them out
 all Heaven's bounds into the utter Deep ;
 let them learn, as likes them, to despise
 nd Messiah his anointed King.'

e said, and on his Son with rays direct
 full. He all his Father full expressed 720
 oly into his face received ;
 us the Filial Godhead answering spake :—
) Father, O Supreme of Heavenly Thrones,
 Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st
 rify thy Son ; I always thee,
 nost just. This I my glory account,
 altation, and my whole delight,
 hou in me, well pleased, declar'st thy will
 d, which to fulfil is all my bliss.

Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume,
And gladlier shall resign when in the end
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st.
But whom thou hat'st I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things : and shall soon,
Armed with thy might, rid Heaven of these rel
To their prepared ill mansion driven down,
To chains of darkness and the undying worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy Saints, unmixed and from the in
Far separate, circling thy holy Mount,
Unfeigned halleluiahs to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.

“So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of Glory where he sat ;
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through Heaven. Forth rushed with
wind sound

The chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel ; und
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoyed
By four cherubic Shapes. Four faces each
Had wondrous ; as with stars, their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes ; with eyes the w
Of beryl, and careering fires between ;
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber and colours of the showery arch.
He, in celestial panoply all armed
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended ; at his right hand Victory
Sat eagle-winged ; beside him hung his bow,
And quiver, with three-bolted thunder stored ;

om about him fierce effusion rolled
 oke and bickering flame and sparkles dire.
 led with ten thousand thousand Saints,
 ward came ; far off his coming shone ;
 venty thousand (I their number heard)
 ts of God, half on each hand, were seen. 770
 the wings of Cherub rode sublime
 : crystalline sky, in sapphire throned—
 ous far and wide, but by his own
 een. Them unexpected joy surprised
 the great ensign of Messiah blazed
 by Angels borne, his sign in Heaven ;
 whose conduct Michael soon reduced
 my, circumfused on either wing,
 their Head embodied all in one.
 him Power Divine his way prepared ; 780
 command the uprooted hills retired
 o his place ; they heard his voice, and went
 ous ; Heaven his wonted face renewed,
 ith fresh flowerets hill and valley smiled.
 is saw his hapless foes, but stood obdured,
 rebellious fight rallied their Powers,
 ate, hope conceiving from despair.
 venly Spirits could such perverseness dwell ?
 convince the proud what signs avail,
 iders move the obdurate to relent ? 790
 hardened more by what might most reclaim,
 ig to see his glory, at the sight
 nvy, and, aspiring to his highth,
 re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud
 ig to prosper, and at length prevail
 t God and Messiah, or to fall
 versal ruin last ; and now
 l battle drew, disdaining flight,
 t retreat : when the great Son of God
 his host on either hand thus spake :— 800

“ ‘ Stand still in bright array, ye Saints ; here
Ye Angels armed ; this day from battle rest.
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause ;
And, as ye have received, so have ye done,
Invincibly. But of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs ;
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints.
Number to this day’s work is not ordained,
Nor multitude ; stand only and behold
God’s indignation on these godless poured
By me. Not you, but me, they have despised,
Yet envied ; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, to whom in Heaven suprer
Kingdom and power and glory appertains,
Hath honoured me, according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath assigned,
That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battle which the stronger proves—they all,
Or I alone against them ; since by strength
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels ;
Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.’ ”

“ So spake the Son, and into terror changed
His countenance, too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot rolled, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as Night. Under his burning wheels
The steadfast Empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arrived, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent

him, such as in their souls infixed
 es. They, astonished, all resistance lost,
 rage ; down their idle weapons dropt ;
 ields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode 840
 rones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
 vished the mountains now might be again
 n on them, as a shelter from his ire.
 ss on either side tempestuous fell
 rows, from the fourfold-visaged Four,
 t with eyes, and from the living wheels,
 t alike with multitude of eyes ;
 irt in them ruled, and every eye
 lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 ; the accursed, that withered all their strength,
 their wonted vigour left them drained, 851
 sted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.
 If his strength he put not forth, but checked
 nder in mid-volley ; for he meant
 destroy, but root them out of Heaven.
 erthrown he raised, and, as a herd
 ts or timorous flock together thronged,
 them before him thunderstruck, pursued
 errors and with furies to the bounds
 ystal wall of Heaven ; which, opening wide, 860
 inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
 e wasteful Deep. The monstrous sight
 them with horror backward ; but far worse
 hem behind : headlong themselves they threw
 rom the verge of Heaven : eternal wrath
 fter them to the bottomless pit.
 ll heard the unsufferable noise ; Hell saw
 ruining from Heaven, and would have fled
 ed ; but strict Fate had cast too deep
 rk foundations, and too fast had bound. 870
 ys they fell ; confounded Chaos roared,
 t tenfold confusion in their fall.

Through his wild Anarchy ; so huge a rout
Encumbered him with ruin. Hell at last,
Yawning, received them whole, and on them c
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburdened Heaven rejoiced, and soon repai
Her mural breach, returning whence it rolled.
Sole victor, from the expulsion of his foes
Messiah his triumphal chariot turned.
To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanced ; and, as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order brigh
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign. He celebrated rode,
Triumphant through mid Heaven, into the coi
And temple of his mighty Father throned
On high ; who into glory him received,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

“ Thus, measuring things in Heaven by th
Earth,

At thy request, and that thou may'st beware
By what is past, to thee I have revealed
What might have else to human race been hid
The discord which befell, and war in Heaven
Among the Angelic Powers, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring who rebelled
With Satan : he who envies now thy state,
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that, with him
Bereaved of happiness, thou may'st partake
His punishment, eternal misery ;
Which would be all his solace and revenge,
As a despite done against the Most High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.

listen not to his temptations ; warn
weaker ; let it profit thee to have heard,
awful example, the reward
of obedience. Firm they might have stood,
remember, and fear to transgress."

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THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this was first created :—that God, after the expelling of Satan and his out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another World, and creatures to dwell therein ; sends his Son with glory, and attends Angels, to perform the work of creation in six days : the Angels ce with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into He

DESCEND from Heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art called, whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasean wing !
The meaning, not the name, I call ; for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st ; but, heavenly-born,
Before the hills appeared or fountain flowed,
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee,
Into the Heaven of Heavens I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy tempering. With like safety guided down,
Return me to my native element ;
Lest, from this flying steed unreined (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn,

half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
 Within the visible Diurnal Sphere.

standing on Earth, not rapt above the pole,
 More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
 To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
 In evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
 In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
 And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
 Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when Morn
 Purples the East. Still govern thou my song,
 O'erania, and fit audience find, though few.

30

But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
 Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
 Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
 In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
 To rapture, till the savage clamour drowned
 Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
 Her son. So fail not thou who thee implores;
 For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.

Say, Goddess, what ensued when Raphael,
 The affable Archangel, had forewarned
 Adam, by dire example, to beware
 Postasy, by what befell in Heaven
 Of those apostates, lest the like befall
 In Paradise to Adam or his race,
 Charged not to touch the interdicted Tree,
 They transgress, and slight that sole command,
 So easily obeyed amid the choice

40

Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
 Though wandering. He, with his consorted Eve,
 The story heard attentive, and was filled
 With admiration and deep muse, to hear
 Of things so high and strange—things to their thought
 Unimaginable as hate in Heaven,
 And war so near the peace of God in bliss,
 With such confusion; but the evil, soon

50

Driven back, redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeat
The doubts that in his heart arose ; and, now
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What nearer might concern him—how this World
Of heaven and earth conspicuous first began ;
When, and whereof, created ; for what cause ;
What within Eden, or without, was done
Before his memory—as one whose drouth,
Yet scarce allayed, still eyes the current stream
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his Heavenly Guest :—

“ Great things, and full of wonder in our ear
Far differing from this World, thou hast reveal
Divine Interpreter ! by favour sent
Down from the Empyrean to forewarn
Us timely of what might else have been our loss
Unknown, which human knowledge could not
For which to the infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
Receive with solemn purpose to observe
Immutably his sovran will, the end
Of what we are. But, since thou hast voutsafed
Gently, for our instruction, to impart
Things above Earthly thought, which yet conceal
Our knowing, as to highest Wisdom seemed,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less perhaps avail us known—
How first began this Heaven which we behold
Distant so high, with moving fires adorned
Innumerable ; and this which yields or fills
All space, the ambient Air, wide interfused,
Embracing round this florid Earth ; what cause
Moved the Creator, in his holy rest
Through all eternity, so late to build

In Chaos ; and, the work begun, how soon
 Absolved : if unforbid thou may'st unfold
 What we not to explore the secrets ask
 Of his eternal empire, but the more
 To magnify his works the more we know.
 And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
 Much of his race, though steep. Suspense in heaven
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears, 100
 And longer will delay, to hear thee tell
 His generation, and the rising birth
 Of Nature from the unapparent Deep :
 Or, if the Star of Evening and the Moon
 Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring
 Silence, and Sleep listening to thee will watch ;
 Or we can bid his absence till thy song
 End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine."

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought ;
 And thus the godlike Angel answered mild :— 110

" This also thy request, with caution asked,
 Obtain ; though to recount almighty works
 What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend ?
 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
 To glorify the Maker, and infer
 Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
 Thy hearing. Such commission from above
 I have received, to answer thy desire
 Of knowledge within bounds ; beyond abstain 120
 To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
 Things not revealed, which the invisible King,
 Only omniscient, hath suppressed in night,
 To none communicable in Earth or Heaven.
 Enough is left besides to search and know ;
 But Knowledge is as food, and needs no less
 Her temperance over appetite, to know
 In measure what the mind may well contain ;

Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

130

“Know then that, after Lucifer from Heaven
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of Angels than that star the stars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the Deep
Into his place, and the great Son returned
Victorious with his Saints, the Omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake :—

“‘At least our envious foe hath failed, who thought
All like himself rebellious ; by whose aid
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of Deity supreme, us dispossessed,
He trusted to have seized, and into fraud
Drew many whom their place knows here no more.
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,
Their station ; Heaven, yet populous, retains
Number sufficient to possess her realms,
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With ministeries due and solemn rites.

140

But, lest his heart exalt him in the harm
Already done, to have dispeopled Heaven—
My damage fondly deemed,—I can repair
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost, and in a moment will create
Another world ; out of one man a race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till, by degrees of merit raised,
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience tried,
And Earth be changed to Heaven, and Heaven to Earth.
One kingdom, joy and union without end.
Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye Powers of Heaven ;
And thou, my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform ; speak thou, and be it done !

150

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My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
I send along ; ride forth, and bid the Deep
Within appointed bounds be heaven and earth.
Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill
Infinitude ; nor vacuous the space,
Though I, uncircumscribed, myself retire,
And put not forth my goodness, which is free
To act or not. Necessity and Chance
Approach not me, and what I will is Fate.'

170

"So spake the Almighty ; and to what he spake
His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
Than time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.

Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven
When such was heard declared the Almighty's will.
Glory they sung to the Most High, good-will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace—
Glory to Him whose just avenging ire
Had driven out the ungodly from his sight
And the habitations of the just ; to Him
Glory and praise whose wisdom had ordained
Good out of evil to create—instead
Of Spirits malign, a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse
His good to worlds and ages infinite.

180

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"So sang the Hierarchies. Meanwhile the Son
On his great expedition now appeared,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crowned
Of majesty divine, sapience and love
Immense ; and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were poured
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots winged
From the armoury of God, where stand of old

200

Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodge
 Against a solemn day, harnessed at hand,
 Celestial equipage ; and now came forth
 Spontaneous, for within them Spirit lived,
 Attendant on their Lord. Heaven opened wide
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth
 The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
 And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
 On Heavenly ground they stood, and from the
 They viewed the vast immeasurable Abyss,
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
 Up from the bottom turned by furious winds
 And surging waves, as mountains to assault
 Heaven's highth, and with the centre mix the
 "Silence, ye troubled waves, and, thou Deep,
 Said then the omnific Word : ' your discord end
 Nor stayed ; but, on the wings of Cherubim
 Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
 Far into Chaos and the World unborn ;
 For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
 Followed in bright procession, to behold
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.
 Then stayed the fervid wheels, and in his hand
 He took the golden compasses, prepared
 In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
 This Universe, and all created things.
 One foot he centred, and the other turned
 Round through the vast profundity obscure,
 And said, ' Thus far extend, thus far thy bound
 This be thy just circumference, O World !'
 Thus God the Heaven created, thus the Earth,
 Matter unformed and void. Darkness profound
 Covered the Abyss ; but on the watery calm
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread
 And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth,

Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purged
 The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,
 Adverse to life ; then founded, then conglobed,
 Like things to like, the rest to several place 240
 Disparted, and between spun out the Air,
 And Earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.

“Let there be Light!’ said God ; and forthwith Light
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
 Sprung from the Deep, and from her native East
 To journey through the aery gloom began,
 Sphered in a radiant cloud—for yet the Sun
 Was not ; she in a cloudy tabernacle
 Sojourned the while. God saw the Light was good ;
 And light from darkness by the hemisphere 250
 Divided : Light the Day, and Darkness Night,
 He named. Thus was the first Day even and morn ;
 Nor passed uncelebrated, nor unsung
 By the celestial quires, when orient light
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld,
 Birth-day of Heaven and Earth. With joy and shout
 The hollow universal orb they filled,
 And touched their golden harps, and hymning praised
 God and his works ; Creator him they sung,
 Both when first evening was, and when first morn. 260

“Again God said, ‘ Let there be firmament
 Amid the waters, and let it divide
 The waters from the waters!’ And God made
 The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
 Transparent, elemental air, diffused
 In circuit to the uttermost convex
 Of this great round—partition firm and sure,
 The waters underneath from those above
 Dividing ; for as Earth, so he the World
 Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide 270
 Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
 Of Chaos far removed, lest fierce extremes

Contiguous might distemper the whole frame :
And Heaven he named the Firmament. So ev
And morning chorus sung the second Day.

“ The Earth was formed, but, in the womb a:
Of waters, embryo immature, involved,
Appeared not ; over all the face of Earth
Main ocean flowed, not idle, but, with warm
Prolific humour softening all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Sate with genial moisture ; when God said,
‘ Be gathered now, ye waters under heaven,
Into one place, and let dry land appear !’
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds ; their tops ascend the sky.
So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters. Thither they
Hasted with glad precipitance, uprolled,
As drops on dust conglobing, from the dry :
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste ; such flight the great command impr
On the swift floods. As armies at the call
Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
Troop to their standard, so the watery throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found.
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft-ebbing ; nor withstood them rock or hill ;
But they, or underground, or circuit wide
With serpent error wandering, found their way,
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore :
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those banks where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land Earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters he called Seas ;

and saw that it was good, and said, 'Let the Earth
 at forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed, 310
 and fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
 whose seed is in herself upon the Earth !'
 The scarce had said when the bare Earth, till then
 desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,
 brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
 her universal face with pleasant green ;
 when herbs of every leaf, that sudden flowered,
 opening their various colours, and made gay
 her bosom, smelling sweet ; and, these scarce blown,
 forth flourished thick the clustering vine, forth crept
 the smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed 321
 embattled in her field : add the humble shrub,
 and bush with frizzled hair implicit : last
 rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
 their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemmed
 their blossoms. With high woods the hills were crowned,
 with tufts the valleys and each fountain-side,
 with borders long the rivers, that Earth now
 seemed like to Heaven, a seat where gods might dwell,
 or wander with delight, and love to haunt 330
 her sacred shades ; though God had yet not rained
 upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
 none was, but from the Earth a dewy mist
 went up and watered all the ground, and each
 plant of the field, which ere it was in the Earth
 God made, and every herb before it grew
 on the green stem. God saw that it was good ;
 so even and morn recorded the third Day.

"Again the Almighty spake, 'Let there be Lights'
 high in the expanse of Heaven, to divide 340
 the Day from Night ; and let them be for signs,
 for seasons, and for days, and circling years ;
 and let them be for lights, as I ordain
 their office in the firmament of heaven,

To give light on the Earth !' and it was so.
And God made two great Lights, great for thee
To Man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night, altern ; and made the Stars,
And set them in the firmament of Heaven
To illuminate the Earth, and rule the day
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good :
For, of celestial bodies, first the Sun
A mighty sphere he framed, unlightsome first,
Though of ethereal mould ; then formed the Mass
Globose, and every magnitude of Stars,
And sowed with stars the heaven thick as a field
Of Light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed
In the Sun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gathered beams, great palace now of Light
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their small peculiar, though, from human sight
So far remote, with diminution seen.
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through heaven's high road ; the
Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danced,
Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the Moon
But opposite in levelled west, was set,
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him ; for other light she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till night ; then in the east her turn she shines

revolved on heaven's great axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appeared
 gangling the hemisphere. Then first adorned
 With their bright luminaries, that set and rose,
 Glad evening and glad morn crowned the fourth Day.

"And God said, ' Let the waters generate
 reptile with spawn abundant, living soul ;
 and let Fowl fly above the earth, with wings
 displayed on the open firmament of heaven !' 390
 and God created the great whales, and each
 soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 the waters generated by their kinds,
 and every bird of wing after his kind,
 and saw that it was good, and blessed them, saying,
 Be fruitful, multiply, and, in the seas,
 and lakes, and running streams, the waters fill ;
 and let the fowl be multiplied on the earth !'
 Northwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
 With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals 400
 Of fish that, with their fins and shining scales,
 slide under the green wave in sculls that oft
 bank the mid-sea. Part, single or with mate,
 graze the sea-weed, their pasture, and through groves
 Of coral stray, or, sporting with quick glance,
 show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold,
 Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend
 Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
 in jointed armour watch ; on smooth the seal
 And bended dolphins play : part, huge of bulk, 410
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
 Tempest the ocean. There leviathan,
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
 Stretched like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.

Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch from the egg, that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture, forth disclosed
Their callow young ; but feathered soon and fledge 420
They summed their pens, and, soaring the air sublime
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud
In prospect. There the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar-tops there eyries build.
Part loosely wing the region ; part, more wise,
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their aery caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight : so steers the prudent crane 430
Her annual voyage, borne on winds : the air
Floats as they pass, fanned with unnumbered plumes.
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings,
Till even ; nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays.
Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed
Their downy breast ; the swan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet ; yet oft they quit 440
The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower
The mid aerial sky. Others on ground
Walked firm—the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and the other, whose gay train
Adorns him, coloured with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
With Fish replenished, and the air with Fowl,
Evening and morn solemnized the fifth Day.

“ The sixth, and of Creation last, arose
With evening harps and matin ; when God said, 450
‘ Let the Earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of the earth,

ach in their kind !' The Earth obeyed, and, straight
 pening her fertile womb, teemed at a birth
 numerous living creatures, perfect forms,
 imbed and full-grown. Out of the ground up rose,
 s from his lair, the wild beast, where he wons
 a forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den—
 mong the trees in pairs they rose, they walked ;
 he cattle in the fields and meadows green : 460
 hose rare and solitary, these in flocks
 asturing at once and in broad herds, upsprung.
 he grassy clods now calved ; now half appeared
 he tawny lion, pawing to get free
 is hinder parts—then springs, as broke from bonds,
 nd rampant shakes his brinded mane ; the ounce,
 he libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
 ising, the crumbled earth above them threw
 a hillocks ; the swift stag from underground
 ore up his branching head ; scarce from his mould
 ehemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved 471
 is vastness ; fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,
 s plants ; ambiguous between sea and land,
 he river-horse and scaly crocodile.
 t once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
 insect or worm. Those waved their limber fans
 or wings, and smallest lineaments exact
 all the liveries decked of summer's pride,
 ith spots of gold and purple, azure and green ;
 hese as a line their long dimension drew, 480
 reaking the ground with sinuous trace : not all
 inims of nature ; some of serpent kind,
 ondrous in length and corpulence, involved
 heir snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
 he parsimonious emmet, provident
 f future, in small room large heart enclosed—
 attern of just equality perhaps
 ereafter,—joined in her popular tribes

Of commonalty. Swarming next appeared
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stored. The rest are numberless
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st
names,

Needless to thee repeated ; nor unknown
The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

“ Now Heaven in all her glory shone, and
Her motions, as the great First Mover's hand
First wheeled their course ; Earth, in her rich
Consummate, lovely smiled ; Air, Water, Earth
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was
Frequent ; and of the sixth Day yet remained
There wanted yet the master-work, the end
Of all yet done—a creature who, not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends ; thither with heart, and voice, and
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God Supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works. Therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not He
Present ?) thus to his Son audibly spake :—
‘ Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground

This said, he formed thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed
The breath of life ; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female, for race ; then blessed mankind, and said, 530
' Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth ;
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
And every living thing that moves on the Earth !'
Wherever thus created—for no place
Is yet distinct by name—thence, as thou know'st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This Garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste,
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food 540
Gave thee. All sorts are here that all the earth yields,
Variety without end ; but of the tree
Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil
Thou may'st not ; in the day thou eat'st, thou diest.
Death is the penalty imposed ; beware,
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant, Death.

“ Here finished He, and all that he had made
Viewed, and, behold ! all was entirely good.
So even and morn accomplished the sixth Day ; 550
Yet not till the Creator, from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up returned,
Up to the Heaven of Heavens, his high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created World,
The addition of his empire, how it showed
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
Followed with acclamation, and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned

Angelic harmonies. The Earth, the Air
Resounded (thou remember'st, for thou hear
The heavens and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their stations listening stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
'Open, ye everlasting gates!' they sung;
'Open, ye Heavens, your living doors! let i
The great Creator, from his work returned
Magnificent, his six days' work, a World!
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deig
To visit oft the dwellings of just men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace.' So sung
The glorious train ascending. He through
That opened wide her blazing portals, led
To God's eternal house direct the way—
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear
Seen in the Galaxy, that milky way
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest
Powdered with stars. And now on Earth th
Evening arose in Eden—for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on
Forerunning night—when at the holy mount
Of Heaven's high-seated top, the imperial th
Of Godhead, fixed for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arrived, and sat him down
With his great Father; for he also went
Invisible, yet stayed (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordained
Author and end of all things, and, from wor
Now resting, blessed and hallowed the sever
As resting on that day from all his work;
But not in silence holy kept: the harp
Had work, and rested not; the solemn pipe

And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
 Tempered soft tunings, intermixed with voice
 Choral or unison ; of incense clouds,
 Fuming from golden censers, hid the Mount. 600
 Creation and the Six Days' acts they sung :—
 'Great are thy works, Jehovah ! infinite
 Thy power ! what thought can measure thee, or
 tongue

Relate thee—greater now in thy return
 Than from the Giant-angels ? Thee that day
 Thy thunders magnified ; but to create
 Is greater than created to destroy.
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
 Thy empire ? Easily the proud attempt
 Of Spirits apostate, and their counsels vain, 610
 Thou hast repelled, while impiously they thought
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
 The number of thy worshipers. Who seeks
 To lessen thee, against his purpose, serves
 To manifest the more thy might ; his evil
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
 Witness this new-made World, another Heaven
 From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view
 On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea ;
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars 620
 Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
 Of destined habitation—but thou know'st
 Their seasons ; among these the seat of men,
 Earth, with her nether ocean circumfused,
 Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,
 And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanced,
 Created in his image, there to dwell
 And worship him, and in reward to rule
 Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
 And multiply a race of worshipers 630

Holy and just ! thrice happy, if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright !'

" So sung they, and the Empyrean rung
With halleluiahs. Thus was Sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfilled, that asked
How first this World and face of things began
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning, that posterity,
Informed by thee, might know. If else thou
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say."

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions; is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge. Adam assents, and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation—his placing in Paradise; his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society; his first meeting and nuptials with Eve. His discourse with the Angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

THE Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear;
Then, as new-waked, thus gratefully replied:—
“What thanks sufficient, or what recompense
Equal, have I to render thee, divine
Historian, who thus largely hast allayed
The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsafed
This friendly condescension to relate
Things else by me unsearchable—now heard 10
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy solution can resolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this World,
Of Heaven and Earth consisting, and compute
Their magnitudes—this Earth, a spot, a grain,
An atom, with the Firmament compared
And all her numbered stars, that seem to roll
Spaces incomprehensible (for such 20

Their distance argues, and their swift return
Diurnal) merely to officiate light
Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,
One day and night, in all their vast survey
Useless besides—reasoning, I oft admire
How Nature, wise and frugal, could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater so manifold, to this one use,
For aught appears, and on their Orbs impose
Such restless revolution day by day
Repeated, while the sedentary Earth,
That better might with far less compass move,
Served by more noble than herself, attains
Her end without least motion, and receives,
As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light :
Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fail

So spake our Sire, and by his countenance :
Entering on studious thoughts abstruse ; which
Perceiving, where she sat retired in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and fowls
To visit how they prospered, bud and bloom,
Her nursery ; they at her coming sprung,
And, touched by her fair tendance, gladlier grew
Yet went she not as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high. Such pleasure she reserved
Adam relating, she sole auditress ;
Her husband the relater she preferred
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather ; he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses : from his lip

words alone pleased her. Oh, when meet now
 h pairs, in love and mutual honour joined ?
 h goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
 unattended ; for on her as Queen 60
 omp of winning Graces waited still,
 l from about her shot darts of desire
 , all eyes, to wish her still in sight.
 l Raphael now to Adam's doubt proposed
 evolent and facile thus replied :—
 To ask or search I blame thee not ; for Heaven
 s the Book of God before thee set,
 erein to read his wondrous works, and learn
 seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years.
 s to attain, whether Heaven move or Earth 70
 orts not, if thou reckon right ; the rest
 m Man or Angel the great Architect
 wisely to conceal, and not divulge
 secrets, to be scanned by them who ought
 her admire. Or, if they list to try
 jecture, he his fabric of the Heavens
 th left to their disputes—perhaps to move
 laughter at their quaint opinions wide
 reafter, when they come to model Heaven,
 d calculate the stars ; how they will wield 80
 e mighty frame ; how build, unbuild, contrive
 save appearances ; how gird the Sphere
 th Centric and Eccentric scribbled o'er,
 cle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb.
 eady by thy reasoning this I guess,
 o art to lead thy offspring, and supposet
 at bodies bright and greater should not serve
 e less not bright, nor Heaven such journeys run,
 rth sitting still, when she alone receives
 e benefit. Consider, first, that great 90
 bright infers not excellence. The Earth,
 ough, in comparison of Heaven, so small,

Nor glistering, may of solid good contain
More plenty than the Sun that barren shines,
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,
But in the fruitful Earth ; there first received,
His beams unactive else, their vigour find.
Yet not to Earth are those bright luminaries
Officious, but to thee, Earth's habitant.
And, for the Heaven's wide circuit, let it speak 10
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and his line stretched out so far,
That Man may know he dwells not in his own—
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodged in a small partition, and the rest
Ordained for uses to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those Circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could add
Speed almost spiritual. Me thou think'st not slow,
Who since the morning-hour set out from Heaven 11
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arrived
In Eden—distance inexpressible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the Heavens, to show
Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved ;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.
God, to remove his ways from human sense,
Placed Heaven from Earth so far, that earthly sight
If it presume, might err in things too high, 12
And no advantage gain. What if the Sun
Be centre to the World, and other Stars,
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds ?
Their wandering course, now high, now low, then hi
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest ; and what if, seventh to these,

e planet Earth, so steadfast though she seem,
sensibly three different motions move? 130
hich else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
oved contrary with thwart obliquities,
save the Sun his labour, and that swift
cturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,
visible else above all stars, the wheel
Day and Night; which needs not thy belief,
Earth, industrious of herself, fetch Day,
welling east, and with her part averse
om the Sun's beam meet Night, her other part
luminous by his ray. What if that light, 140
it from her through the wide transpicious air,
the terrestrial Moon be as a star,
lightening her by day, as she by night
is Earth—reciprocal, if land be there,
lds and inhabitants? Her spots thou seest
clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
its in her softened soil, for some to eat
otted there; and other Suns, perhaps,
th their attendant Moons, thou wilt descry,
nmunicating male and female light— 150
hich two great sexes animate the World,
red in each Orb perhaps with some that live.
such vast room in Nature unpossessed
living soul, desert and desolate,
y to shine, yet scarce to contribute
h Orb a glimpse of light, conveyed so far
wn to this habitable, which returns
ht back to them, is obvious to dispute.
whether thus these things, or whether not—
ether the Sun, predominant in heaven, 160
e on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun;
from the east his flaming road begin,
she from west her silent course advance
h inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps

On her soft axle, while she paces even,
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along—
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid :
Leave them to God above ; him serve and fear.
Of other creatures as him pleases best,
Wherever placed, let him dispose ; joy thou I
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
And thy fair Eve ; Heaven is for thee too high
To know what passes there. Be lowly wise ;
Think only what concerns thee and thy being ;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what state, condition, or degree—
Contented that thus far hath been revealed
Not of Earth only, but of highest Heaven.”

To whom thus Adam, cleared of doubt, replied :—
“ How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure I
Intelligence of Heaven, Angel serene,
And, freed from intricacies, taught to live
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not molest us, unless we ourselves
Seek them with wandering thoughts, and notio
vain !

But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Unchecked ; and of her roving is no end,
Till, warned, or by experience taught, she learn I
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom : what is more is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concern
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand

seful ; whence, haply, mention may arise 200
 of something not unseasonable to ask,
 of sufferance, and thy wonted favour, deigned.
 See I have heard relating what was done
 to my remembrance ; now hear me relate
 my story, which, perhaps, thou hast not heard.
 And day is yet not spent ; till then thou seest
 how subtly to detain thee I devise,
 inviting thee to hear while I relate—
 And, were it not in hope of thy reply.
 For, while I sit with thee, I seem in Heaven ; 210
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
 Than fruits of palm-tree, pleasantest to thirst
 And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
 Of sweet repast. They satiate, and soon fill,
 Though pleasant ; but thy words, with grace divine
 Abund, bring to their sweetness no satiety.”
 To whom thus Raphael answered, heavenly meek :—
 Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of Men,
 Nor tongue ineloquent ; for God on thee
 Abundantly his gifts hath also poured, 220
 Inward and outward both, his image fair :
 Speaking, or mute, all comeliness and grace
 Attends thee, and each word, each motion, forms.
 For less think we in Heaven of thee on Earth
 Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire
 Gladly into the ways of God with Man ;
 For God, we see, hath honoured thee, and set
 In Man his equal love. Say therefore on ;
 For I that day was absent, as befell,
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure, 230
 Or on excursion toward the gates of Hell,
 Guarded in full legion (such command we had),
 To see that none thence issued forth a spy
 Of enemy, while God was in his work,
 lest he, incensed at such eruption bold,

Destruction with Creation might have mixed,
Not that they durst without his leave attempt ;
But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as sovran King, and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut, 2.
The dismal gates, and barricadoed strong,
But, long ere our approaching, heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song—
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we returned up to the coasts of Light
Ere Sabbath-evening ; so we had in charge.
But thy relation now ; for I attend,
Pleased with thy words no less than thou with mine

So spake the godlike Power, and thus our Sire :—
“ For Man to tell how human life began 21
Is hard ; for who himself beginning knew ?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induced me. As new-waked from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the Sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward Heaven my wondering eyes I turned
And gazed a while the ample sky, till, raised
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright 26
Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams ; by these,
Creatures that lived and moved, and walked or flew
Birds on the branches warbling : all things smiled ;
With fragrance and with joy my heart o’erflowed.
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led ;
But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 27
Knew not. To speak I tried, and forthwith spake ;

My tongue obeyed, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. 'Thou Sun,' said I, 'fair light,
And thou enlightened Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here !
Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent.
Tell me how may I know him, how adore, 280
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know !'
While thus I called, and strayed I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light, when answer none returned,
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sat me down. There gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state 290
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve :
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently moved
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And lived. One came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, 'Thy mansion wants thee, Adam; rise,
First Man, of men innumerable ordained
First father ! called by thee, I come thy guide
To the Garden of Bliss, thy seat prepared.'
So saying, by the hand he took me, raised, 300
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain, whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, enclosed, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks and bowers, that what I saw
Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemed. Each tree
Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to the eye

Tempting, stirred in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat ; whereat I waked, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadowed. Here had new begun
My wandering, had not He who was my guide
Up hither from among the trees appeared,
Presence Divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiss. He reared me, and, ' Whom thou sought
I am,'
Said mildly, ' Author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee ; count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat.
Of every tree that in the Garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart ; fear here no dearth.
But of the tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set,
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the Tree of Life—
Remember what I warn thee—shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence : for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgressed, inevitably thou shalt die,
From that day mortal, and this happy state
Shalt lose, expelled from hence into a world
Of woe and sorrow !' Sternly he pronounced
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur ; but soon his clear aspect
Returned, and gracious purpose thus renewed :
' Not only these fair bounds, but all the Earth
To thee and to thy race I give ; as lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in sea or air, beast, fish, and fowl.
In sign whereof, each bird and beast behold

er their kinds ; I bring them to receive
 om thee their names, and pay thee fealty
 th low subjection. Understand the same
 fish within their watery residence,
 t hither summoned, since they cannot change
 eir element to draw the thinner air.'

thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
 proaching two and two—these cowering low 350
 th blandishment ; each bird stooped on his wing.
 amed them as they passed, and understood
 eir nature ; with such knowledge God endued
 ' sudden apprehension. But in these
 ound not what methought I wanted still,
 d to the Heavenly Vision thus presumed :—
 ' ' O, by what name—for Thou above all these,
 ove mankind, or aught than mankind higher,
 'passest far my naming—how may I
 ore thee, Author of this Universe, 360
 d all this good to Man, for whose well-being
 amply, and with hands so liberal,
 ou hast provided all things ? But with me
 ee not who partakes. In solitude
 at happiness ? who can enjoy alone,
 , all enjoying, what contentment find ?'
 us I, presumptuous ; and the Vision bright,
 with a smile more brightened, thus replied :—
 ' ' What call'st thou solitude ? Is not the Earth
 th various living creatures, and the Air 370
 plenished, and all these at thy command
 come and play before thee ? Know'st thou not
 eir language and their ways ? They also know,
 d reason not contemptibly ; with these
 id pastime, and bear rule ; thy realm is large.'
 spake the Universal Lord, and seemed
 ordering. I, with leave of speech implored,
 d humble deprecation, thus replied :—

“ ‘ Let not my words offend thee, Heavenly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set?
Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due
Given and received ; but, in disparity,
The one intense, the other still remiss,
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike. Of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort. They rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioness ;
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined :
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape ;
Worse, then, can man with beast, and least of all

“ Whereto the Almighty answered, not displeased :—

‘ A nice and subtle happiness, I see,
Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
What think’st thou, then, of me, and this my state
Seem I to thee sufficiently possessed
Of happiness, or not, who am alone
From all eternity ? for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much less.
How have I, then, with whom to hold converse,
Save with the creatures which I made, and those
To me inferior infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee ?’

“ He ceased. I lowly answered :—‘ To attain
The highth and depth of thy eternal ways

human thoughts come short, Supreme of Things !
 Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
 no deficiency found. Not so is Man,
 in degree—the cause of his desire
 conversation with his like to help
 solace his defects. No need that thou
 shouldst propagate, already infinite, 420
 through all numbers absolute, though One ;
 Man by number is to manifest
 single imperfection, and beget
 of his like, his image multiplied,
 unity defective ; which requires
 mutual love, and dearest amity.
 I, in thy secrecy although alone,
 with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
 external communication—yet, so pleased,
 to raise thy creature to what highth thou wilt 430
 union or communion, deified ;
 conversing, cannot these erect
 I prone, nor in their ways complacency find.
 I emboldened spake, and freedom used
 dissusive, and acceptance found ; which gained
 answer from the gracious Voice Divine :—
 Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased,
 find thee knowing not of beasts alone,
 when thou hast rightly named, but of thyself—
 possessing well the spirit within thee free, 440
 knowledge, not imparted to the brute ;
 this fellowship, therefore, unmeet for thee,
 for reason was thou freely shouldst dislike.
 Be so minded still. I, ere thou spakest,
 thought it not good for man to be alone,
 no such company as then thou saw'st
 I ded thee—for trial only brought,
 to see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet.
 Next I bring shall please thee, be assured,

Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.'

"He ended, or I heard no more ; for now
My earthly, by his heavenly overpowered,
Which it had long stood under, strained to the h
In that celestial colloquy sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense,
Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repa
Of sleep ; which instantly fell on me, called
By Nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes.
Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal sight ; by which,
Abstract as in a trance, methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the Sha
Still glorious before whom awake I stood ;
Who, stooping, opened my left side, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh ; wide was the w
But suddenly with flesh filled up and healed.
The rib he formed and fashioned with his hand
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Man-like, but different sex, so lovely fair
That what seemed fair in all the world seemed
Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained
And in her looks, which from that time infused
Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspired
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She disappeared, and left me dark ; I waked
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure :
When, out of hope, behold her not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorned
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable. On she came,
Led by her Heavenly Maker, though unseen

d guided by his voice, nor uninformed
 nuptial sanctity and marriage rites.
 ace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
 every gesture dignity and love.
 overjoyed, could not forbear aloud :— 490
 ‘ ‘ This turn hath made amends ; thou hast fulfilled
 y words, Creator bounteous and benign,
 er of all things fair—but fairest this
 all thy gifts !—nor enviest. I now see
 e of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my Self
 ore me. Woman is her name, of Man
 racted ; for this cause he shall forgo
 her and mother, and to his wife adhere,
 d they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.’
 ‘ She heard me thus ; and, though divinely brought,
 innocence and virgin modesty, 501
 r virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
 at would be wooed, and not unsought be won,
 t obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,
 e more desirable—or, to say all,
 ture herself, though pure of sinful thought—
 ought in her so, that, seeing me, she turned.
 ollowed her ; she what was honour knew,
 d with obsequious majesty approved
 pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower 510
 d her blushing like the Morn ; all Heaven,
 d happy constellations, on that hour
 d their selectest influence ; the Earth
 e sign of gratulation, and each hill ;
 ous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs
 ispered it to the woods, and from their wings
 ng rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
 porting, till the amorous bird of night
 ng spousal, and bid haste the Evening-star
 his hill-top to light the bridal lamp. 520
 ‘ Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought

My story to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As, used or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire—these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,
Walks, and the melody of birds : but here,
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch ; here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
Superior and unmoved, here only weak
Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.
Or Nature failed in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain,
Or, from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough—at least on her bestowed
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
For well I understand in the prime end
Of Nature her the inferior, in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel ;
In outward also her resembling less
His image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures. Yet, when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
All higher Knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded ; Wisdom in discourse with her
Loses, discountenanced, and like Folly shows ;
Authority and Reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally ; and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat

ild in her loveliest, and create an awe
 out her, as a guard angelic placed."
 To whom the Angel, with contracted brow :— 560
 ccuse not Nature ! she hath done her part ;
 thou but thine ! and be not diffident
 Wisdom ; she deserts thee not, if thou
 miss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
 attributing overmuch to things
 s excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.
 ; what admir'st thou, what transports thee so ?
 outside—fair, no doubt, and worthy well
 cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love ;
 : thy subjection. Weigh with her thyself ; 570
 en value. Oft-times nothing profits more
 in self-esteem, grounded on just and right
 ll managed. Of that skill the more thou know'st,
 : more she will acknowledge thee her head,
 l to realities yield all her shows—
 de so adorn for thy delight the more,
 awful, that with honour thou may'st love
 mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
 , if the sense of touch, whereby mankind
 ropagated, seem such dear delight 580
 ond all other, think the same voutsafed
 cattle and each beast ; which would not be
 them made common and divulged, if aught
 rein enjoyed were worthy to subdue
 soul of Man, or passion in him move.
 at higher in her society thou find'st
 active, human, rational, love still :
 owing thou dost well ; in passion not,
 erein true Love consists not. Love refines
 thoughts, and heart enlarges—hath his seat 590
 eason, and is judicious, is the scale
 which to Heavenly Love thou may'st ascend,
 sunk in carnal pleasure ; for which cause

Among the beasts no mate for thee was found."

To whom thus, half abashed, Adam replied :—
"Neither her outside formed so fair, nor aught
In procreation, common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence, I deem),
So much delights me as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mixed with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeigned
Union of mind, or in us both one soul—
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.
Yet these subject not ; I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foiled,
Who meet with various objects, from the sense
Variously representing, yet, still free,
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam'st me not—for Love, thou say
Leads up to Heaven, is both the way and guide
Bear with me, then, if lawful what I ask.
Love not the Heavenly Spirits, and how their love
Express they—by looks only, or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?"

To whom the Angel, with a smile that glowed
Celestial rosy-red, Love's proper hue,
Answered :—"Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
Us happy, and without Love no happiness.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars.
Easier than air with air, if Spirits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Desiring, nor restrained conveyance need
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.

I can now no more : the parting Sun 630
 Beyond the Earth's green Cape and verdant Isles
 Sperean sets, my signal to depart.
 Strong, live happy, and love ! but first of all
 In whom to love is to obey, and keep
 A great command ; take heed lest passion sway
 Thy judgment to do aught which else free-will
 Would not admit ; thine and of all thy sons
 A weal or woe in thee is placed ; beware !
 Thy persevering shall rejoice,
 And all the Blest. Stand fast ; to stand or fall 640
 In thine own arbitrement it lies.
 Perfect within, no outward aid require ;
 And all temptation to transgress repel."

So saying, he arose ; whom Adam thus
 Pleased with benediction :—" Since to part,
 Heavenly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,
 Not from whose sovran goodness I adore !
 Gentle to me and affable hath been
 Thy condescension, and shall be honoured ever
 With grateful memory. Thou to Mankind 650
 Good and friendly still, and oft return !"

So parted they, the Angel up to Heaven
 From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, having compassed the Earth, with meditated guile returns by night into Paradise ; enters into the Serpent sleeping. and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart : Adam consents, alleging the danger lest that enemy of whom they were forewarned attempt her found alone. Eve, loth to be thought not circumspect enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make use of her strength ; Adam at last yields. The Serpent finds her alone, makes a subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery exalts Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech and such understanding not till then the Serpent answers that by tasting of a certain tree in the Garden he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both. He requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden ; the Serpent, now grown bolder, with many promises and arguments induces her at length to eat. She, pleased with the prospect, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not ; she brings him of the fruit ; relates what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through vehement love, to perish with her, and, extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit. The effects thereof in them both ; they seek to cover their nakedness ; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

NO more of talk where God or Angel Guest
With Man, as with his friend, familiar use
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblamed. I now must change
Those notes to tragic—foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal, on the part of man, revolt
And disobedience ; on the part of Heaven,

w alienated, distance and distaste,
 ger and just rebuke, and judgment given, 10
 at brought into this World a world of woe,
 and her shadow Death, and Misery,
 ath's harbinger. Sad task ! yet argument
 t less but more heroic than the wrath
 stern Achilles on his foe pursued
 ice fugitive about Troy wall ; or rage
 Turnus for Lavinia disespoused ;
 Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long
 plexed the Greek, and Cytherea's son :
 nswerable style I can obtain 20
 my celestial Patroness, who deigns
 : nightly visitation unimplored,
 l dictates to me slumbering, or inspires
 y my unpremeditated verse,
 ce first this subject for heroic song
 ased me, long choosing and beginning late,
 sedulous by nature to indite
 rs, hitherto the only argument
 oic deemed, chief mastery to dissect
 h long and tedious havoc fabled knights 30
 battles feigned (the better fortitude
 patience and heroic martyrdom
 ung), or to describe races and games,
 ilting furniture, emblazoned shields,
 resses quaint, caparisons and steeds,
 es and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
 oust and tournament ; then marshalled feast
 ed up in hall with sewers and seneshals :
 skill of artifice or office mean ;
 that which justly gives heroic name 40
 person or to poem ! Me, of these
 skilled nor studious, higher argument
 ains, sufficient of itself to raise
 t name, unless an age too late, or cold

Climate, or years, damp my intended wing
Depressed ; and much they may if all be mine,
Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.

The Sun was sunk, and after him the Star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth, short arbiter
'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veiled the horizon round
When Satan, who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On Man's destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless returned.
By night he fled, and at midnight returned
From compassing the Earth—cautious of day
Since Uriel, Regent of the Sun, descried
His entrance, and forewarned the Cherubim
That kept their watch. Thence, full of anguish, d
The space of seven continued nights he rode
With darkness—thrice the equinoctial line
He circled, four times crossed the car of Night
From pole to pole, traversing each colure ;
On the eighth returned, and on the coast averse
From entrance or cherubic watch by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place
(Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wrought t
change)

Where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise,
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a fountain by the Tree of Life.
In with the river sunk, and with it rose,
Satan, involved in rising mist ; then sought
Where to lie hid. Sea he had searched and lan
From Eden over Pontus, and the Pool
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob ;
Downward as far antarctic ; and, in length,

st from Orontes to the ocean barred 80
 Darien, thence to the land where flows
 ges and Indus. Thus the orb he roamed
 h narrow search, and with inspection deep
 sidered every creature, which of all
 st opportune might serve his wiles, and found
 : Serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
 a, after long debate, irresolute
 houghts revolved, his final sentence chose
 vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
 enter, and his dark suggestions hide 90
 m sharpest sight ; for in the wily snake
 atever sleights none would suspicious mark,
 from his wit and native subtlety
 ceeding, which, in other beasts observed,
 bt might beget of diabolic power
 ive within beyond the sense of brute.
 as he resolved, but first from inward grief
 bursting passion into plaints thus poured :—
 O Earth, how like to Heaven, if not preferred
 re justly, seat worthier of Gods, as built 100
 h second thoughts, reforming what was old !
 what God, after better, worse would build ?
 restrial Heaven, danced round by other Heavens,
 t shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
 ht above light, for thee alone, as seems,
 hee concentrating all their precious beams
 sacred influence ! As God in Heaven
 entre, yet extends to all, so thou
 string receiv'st from all those orbs ; in thee,
 : in themselves, all their known virtue appears, 110
 ductive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
 creatures animate with gradual life
 growth, sense, reason, all summed up in Man.
 h what delight could I have walked thee round,
 could joy in aught—sweet interchange

Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown
Rocks, dens, and caves ! But I in none of these
Find place or refuge ; and, the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
Of contraries ; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heaven much worse would be my :
But neither here seek I, no, nor in Heaven,
To dwell, unless by mastering Heaven's Supreme
Nor hope to be myself less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound.
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts ; and him destroyed,
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to him linked in weal or woe :
In woe then, that destruction wide may range !
To me shall be the glory sole among
The Infernal Powers, in one day to have marred
What he, Almighty styled, six nights and days
Continued making, and who knows how long
Before had been contriving ? though perhaps
Not longer than since I in one night freed
From servitude inglorious well nigh half
The Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers. He, to be avenged,
And to repair his numbers thus impaired—
Whether such virtue, spent of old, now failed
More Angels to create (if they at least
Are his created), or to spite us more—
Determined to advance into our room
A creature formed of earth, and him endow,
Exalted from so base original,
With Heavenly spoils, our spoils. What he dec

effected ; Man he made, and for him built
 magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,
 Lord pronounced, and, O indignity !
 rejected to his service Angel-wings
 flaming ministers, to watch and tend
 in earthy charge. Of these the vigilance
 ead, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
 midnight vapour, glide obscure, and pry
 every bush and brake, where hap may find 160
 Serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds
 hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
 foul descent ! that I, who erst contended
 a Gods to sit the highest, am now constrained
 a beast, and, mixed with bestial slime,
 essence to incarnate and imbrute,
 to the highth of deity aspired !
 what will not ambition and revenge
 send to ? Who aspires must down as low
 high he soared, obnoxious, first or last, 170
 basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
 ere long back on itself recoils.
 it ; I reckon not, so it light well aimed,
 e higher I fall short, on him who next
 rokes my envy, this new favourite
 Heaven, this Man of Clay, son of despite,
 om, us the more to spite, his Maker raised
 n dust : spite then with spite is best repaid."
 saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,
 a black mist low-creeping, he held on 180
 midnight search, where soonest he might find
 Serpent. Him fast sleeping soon he found,
 labyrinth of many a round self-rolled,
 head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles :
 yet in horrid shade or dismal den,
 nocent yet, but on the grassy herb,
 less, unfeared, he slept. In at his mouth

The Devil entered, and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing soon inspired
With act intelligential ; but his sleep
Disturbed not, waiting close the approach of morn

Now, whenas sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe
From the Earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair
And joined their vocal worship to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice ; that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs ;
Then commune how that day they best may ply
Their growing work—for much their work outgrows
The hands' dispatch of two gardening so wide :
And Eve first to her husband thus began :—

“Adam, well may we labour still to dress
This Garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower
Our pleasant task enjoined ; but, till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint : what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides,
Tending to wild. Thou, therefore, now advise,
Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present
Let us divide our labours—thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to weed
The woodbine round this arbour, or direct
The clasping ivy where to climb ; while I
In yonder spring of roses intermixed
With myrtle find what to redress till noon.
For, while so near each other thus all day
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits

day's work, brought to little, though begun
ly, and the hour of supper comes unearned !”
To whom mild answer Adam thus returned :—
Ole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
mpare above all living creatures dear !
All hast thou motioned, well thy thoughts employed
w we might best fulfil the work which here 230
d hath assigned us, nor of me shalt pass
praised ; for nothing lovelier can be found
woman than to study household good,
d good works in her husband to promote.
not so strictly hath our Lord imposed
our as to debar us when we need
freshment, whether food, or talk between,
od of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
looks and smiles ; for smiles from reason flow,
brute denied, and are of love the food— 240
ve, not the lowest end of human life.
not to irksome toil, but to delight,
made us, and delight to reason joined.
ese paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
ll keep from wilderness with ease, as wide
we need walk, till younger hands ere long
sist us. But, if much converse perhaps
ee satiate, to short absence I could yield ;
r solitude sometimes is best society,
d short retirement urges sweet return. 250
t other doubt possesses me, lest harm
fall thee, severed from me ; for thou know'st
at hath been warned us—what malicious foe,
vying our happiness, and of his own
spairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
sly assault, and somewhere nigh at hand
atches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
s wish and best advantage, us asunder,
peless to circumvent us joined, where each

To other speedy aid might lend at need. 260
 Whether his first design be to withdraw
 Our fealty from God, or to disturb
 Conjugal love—than which perhaps no bliss
 Enjoyed by us excites his envy more—
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
 That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.
 The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
 Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.”

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve, 270
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
 With sweet austere composure thus replied :—

“ Offspring of Heaven and Earth, and all Earth’s lord !
 That such an enemy we have, who seeks
 Our ruin, both by thee informed I learn,
 And from the parting Angel overheard,
 As in a shady nook I stood behind,
 Just then returned at shut of evening flowers.
 But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
 To God or thee, because we have a foe 280
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
 His violence thou fear’st not, being such
 As we, not capable of death or pain,
 Can either not receive, or can repel.
 His fraud is, then, thy fear ; which plain infers
 Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love
 Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced :
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast,
 Adam ! misthought of her to thee so dear ? ”

To whom, with healing words, Adam replied :— 290
 “ Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve !—
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire—
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
 The attempt itself, intended by our foe.

he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses.
 tempted with dishonour foul, supposed
 incorruptible of faith, not proof
 inst temptation. Thou thyself with scorn
 anger wouldst resent the offered wrong, 300
 ough ineffectual found ; misdeem not, then,
 ich affront I labour to avert
 n thee alone, which on us both at once
 enemy, though bold, will hardly dare ;
 daring, first on me the assault shall light.
 thou his malice and false guile contemn—
 le he needs must be who could seduce
 els—nor think superfluous others' aid,
 om the influence of thy looks receive
 ess in every virtue—in thy sight 310
 e wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
 utward strength ; while shame, thou looking on,
 ne to be overcome or overreached,
 ld utmost vigour raise, and raised unite.
 r shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
 n I am present, and thy trial choose
 me, best witness of thy virtue tried ?”
 o spake domestic Adam in his care
 matrimonial love ; but Eve, who thought
 attributed to her faith sincere, 320
 ; her reply with accent sweet renewed :—
 If this be our condition, thus to dwell
 arrow circuit straitened by a foe,
 le or violent, we not endued
 le with like defence wherever met,
 r are we happy, still in fear of harm ?
 harm precedes not sin : only our foe
 pting affronts us with his foul esteem
 ur integrity : his foul esteem
 cs no dishonour 'on our front, but turns 330
 on himself ; then wherefore shunned or feared

By us, who rather double honour gain
From his surmise proved false, find peace with
Favour from Heaven, our witness, from the eve
And what is faith, love, virtue, unassayed
Alone, without exterior help sustained ?
Let us not then suspect our happy state
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise
As not secure to single or combined.
Frail is our happiness, if this be so ;
And Eden were no Eden, thus exposed."

To whom thus Adam fervently replied :—
" O Woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordained them ; his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created—much less Man,
Or aught that might his happy state secure,
Secure from outward force. Within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power ;
Against his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the Will ; for what obeys
Reason is free ; and Reason he made right,
But bid her well be ware, and still erect,
Lest, by some fair appearing good surprised,
She dictate false, and misinform the Will
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins
That I should mind thee oft ; and mind thou mine
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since Reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborned,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warned.
Seek not temptation, then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me
Thou sever not : trial will come unsought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve

thy obedience ; the other who can know,
 seeing thee attempted, who attest ?
 if thou think trial unsought may find 370
 both securer than thus warned thou seem'st,
 for thy stay, not free, absents thee more.
 a thy native innocence ; rely
 what thou hast of virtue ; summon all ;
 God towards thee hath done his part : do thine."
 spake the Patriarch of Mankind ; but Eve
 sted ; yet submiss, though last, replied :—
 With thy permission, then, and thus forewarned,
 ly by what thy own last reasoning words
 hed only, that our trial, when least sought, 380
 find us both perhaps far less prepared,
 willinger I go, nor much expect
 so proud will first the weaker seek ;
 ent, the more shall shame him his repulse."
 us saying, from her husband's hand her hand
 she withdrew, and, like a wood-nymph light,
 d or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
 k her to the groves, but Delia's self
 it surpassed and goddess-like deport,
 gh not as she with bow and quiver armed, 390
 with such gardening tools as Art, yet rude,
 ess of fire had formed, or Angels brought.
 ules, or Pomona, thus adorned,
 : she seemed—Pomona when she fled
 mnus—or to Ceres in her prime,
 rgin of Proserpina from Jove.
 ong with ardent look his eye pursued
 ated, but desiring more her stay.
 : to her his charge of quick return
 ted ; she to him as oft engaged 400
 returned by noon amid the bower,
 ll things in best order to invite
 ide repast, or afternoon's repose.

O much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presumed return ! event perverse !
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast or sound repose ;
Such ambush, hid among sweet flowers and shades
Waited, with hellish rancour imminent,
To intercept thy way, or send thee back
Despoiled of innocence, of faith, of bliss.
For now, and since first break of dawn, the Fiend
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his quest where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purposed prey.
In bower and field he sought, where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
Their tendance or plantation for delight ;
By fountain or by shady rivulet
He sought them both, but wished his hap might
Eve separate ; he wished, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanced, when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood
Half-spied, so thick the roses bushing round
About her glowed, oft stooping to support
Each flower of tender stalk, whose head, though
Carnation, purple, azure, or specked with gold,
Hung drooping unsustained. Them she upstart
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm ;
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick-woven arborets, and flowers
Imbordered on each bank, the hand of Eve :
Spot more delicious than those gardens feigned

of revived Adonis, or renowned
 nous, host of old Laertes' son,
 hat, not mystic, where the sapient king
 l dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
 h he the place admired, the person more.
 ne who, long in populous city pent,
 re houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
 h issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
 ng the pleasant villages and farms
 ined, from each thing met conceives delight—
 smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine, 450
 airy, each rural sight, each rural sound—
 ance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,
 at pleasing seemed for her now pleases more,
 most, and in her look sums all delight :
 t pleasure took the Serpent to behold
 flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve
 s early, thus alone. Her heavenly form
 elic, but more soft and feminine,
 graceful innocence, her every air
 esture or least action, overawed 460
 malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved
 fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.
 : space the Evil One abstracted stood
 n his own evil, and for the time remained
 idly good, of enmity disarmed,
 uile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.
 the hot hell that always in him burns,
 gh in mid Heaven, soon ended his delight,
 tortures him now more, the more he sees
 leasure not for him ordained. Then soon 470
 ce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
 mischief, gratulating, thus excites :—
 Thoughts, whither have ye led me ? with what
 pulsion thus transported to forget [sweet
 t hither brought us ? hate, not love, nor hope

Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying ; other joy
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles. Behold alone
The Woman, opportune to all attempts—
Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould ;
Foe not formidable, exempt from wound—
I not ; so much hath Hell debased, and pain
Enfeebled me, to what I was in Heaven.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods,
Not terrible, though terror be in love,
And beauty, not approached by stronger hate,
Hate stronger under show of love well feigned—
The way which to her ruin now I tend.”

So spake the Enemy of Mankind, enclosed
In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve
Addressed his way—not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,
Circular base of rising folds, that towered
Fold above fold, a surging maze ; his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes ;
With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant. Pleasing was his shape
And lovely ; never since of serpent kind
Lovelier—not those that in Illyria changed
Hermione and Cadmus, or the god
In Epidaurus ; nor to which transformed
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline, was seen,
He with Olympias, this with her who bore
Scipio, the highth of Rome. With tract oblique
At first, as one who sought access but feared

interrupt, sidelong he works his way.
 When a ship, by skilful steersman wrought
 In river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
 Is oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail,
 Perceived he, and of his tortuous train
 Perceived many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
 To lure her eye. She, busied, heard the sound
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used
 To such disport before her through the field 520
 In every beast, more duteous at her call
 Than at Circean call the herd disguised.
 Bolder now, uncalled before her stood,
 As in gaze admiring. Oft he bowed
 His turret crest and sleek enamelled neck,
 Licking, and licked the ground whereon she trod.
 His gentle dumb expression turned at length
 His eye of Eve to mark his play; he, glad
 Her attention gained, with serpent-tongue
 Articulate, or impulse of vocal air, 530
 His fraudulent temptation thus began:—
 Wonder not, sovran mistress (if perhaps
 Thou canst who art sole wonder), much less arm
 Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,
 Be pleased that I approach thee thus, and gaze
 Gratiate, I thus single, nor have feared
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.
 Thy best resemblance of thy Maker fair,
 In all things living gaze on, all things thine
 Thy gift, and thy celestial beauty adore, 540
 Which ravishment beheld—there best beheld
 Are universally admired. But here,
 In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,
 How olders rude, and shallow to discern
 Of what in thee is fair, one man except,
 Who sees thee (and what is one?) who shouldst be
 Goddess among Gods, adored and served [seen

By Angels numberless, thy daily train?"

So glozed the Tempter, and his proem tuned
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
 Though at the voice much marvelling; at leng
 Not unamazed, she thus in answer spake:—

“What may this mean? Language of Man
 pronounced

By tongue of brute, and human sense expressed
 The first at least of these I thought denied
 To beasts, whom God on their creation-day
 Created mute to all articulate sound;
 The latter I demur, for in their looks
 Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.
 Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
 I knew, but not with human voice endued;
 Redouble, then, this miracle, and say,
 How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how
 To me so friendly grown above the rest
 Of brutal kind that daily are in sight:
 Say, for such wonder claims attention due.”

To whom the guileful Tempter thus replied:—
 “Empress of this fair World, resplendent Eve!
 Easy to me it is to tell thee all
 What thou command'st, and right thou should
 obeyed.

I was at first as other beasts that graze
 The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
 As was my food, nor aught but food discerned
 Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:
 Till on a day, roving the field, I chanced
 A goodly tree fār distant to behold,
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixed,
 Ruddy and gold. I nearer drew to gaze;
 When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,
 Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense
 Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats

ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,
 sucked of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
 satisfy the sharp desire I had
 tasting those fair apples, I resolved
 to defer ; hunger and thirst at once,
 powerful persuaders, quickened at the scent
 that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.
 But the mossy trunk I wound me soon ;
 , high from ground, the branches would require
 utmost reach, or Adam's : round the tree 591
 other beasts that saw with like desire
 gazing and envying stood, but could not reach.
 Did the tree now got, where plenty hung
 tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
 cared not ; for such pleasure till that hour
 feed or fountain never had I found.
 And at length, ere long I might perceive
 some alteration in me, to degree
 Reason in my inward powers, and Speech 600
 lasted not long, though to this shape retained.
 Henceforth to speculations high or deep
 turned my thoughts, and with capacious mind
 considered all things visible in Heaven,
 Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good.
 All that fair and good in thy divine
 semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray,
 that I beheld—no fair to thine
 rivalent or second ; which compelled
 thus, though importune perhaps, to come 610
 to gaze, and worship thee of right declared
 ran of creatures, universal Dame !"
 So talked the spirited sly Snake ; and Eve,
 more amazed, unwary thus replied :—
 Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
 the virtue of that fruit, in thee first proved.
 say, where grows the tree ? from hence how far ?

For many are the trees of God that grow
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
 To us ; in such abundance lies our choice
 As leaves a greater store of fruit untouched,
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands
 Help to disburden Nature of her hearth."

To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad :—
 "Empress, the way is ready, and not long—
 Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
 Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
 Of blowing myrrh and balm. If thou accept
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon."

"Lead, then," said Eve. He, leading, swiftly
 In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
 Brightens his crest. As when a wandering fire,
 Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
 Condenses, and the cold environs round,
 Kindled through agitation to a flame
 (Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends),
 Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
 Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from his way
 To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool
 There swallowed up and lost, from succour far :
 So glistened the dire Snake, and into fraud
 Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the Tree
 Of Prohibition, root of all our woe ;
 Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake

"Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither
 Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,
 The credit of whose virtue rest with thee—
 Wondrous, indeed, if cause of such effects !
 But of this tree we may not taste nor touch ;
 God so commanded, and left that command
 Sole daughter of his voice : the rest, we live

v to ourselves ; our Reason is our Law."
 To whom the Tempter guilefully replied :—
 indeed ! Hath God then said that of the fruit
 all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,
 lords declared of all in Earth or Air ?"
 To whom thus Eve, yet sinless :—" Of the fruit
 each tree in the Garden we may eat ; 660
 of the fruit of this fair tree, amidst
 the Garden, God hath said, ' Ye shall not eat
 thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.'"
 She scarce had said, though brief, when now more
 the Tempter, but with show of zeal and love [bold
 Man, and indignation at his wrong,
 now part puts on, and, as to passion moved,
 agitated disturbed, yet comely, and in act
 sed, as of some great matter to begin.
 when of old some orator renowned 670
 Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
 flourished, since mute, to some great cause addressed,
 stood in himself collected, while each part,
 action, each act, won audience ere the tongue,
 sometimes in highth began, as no delay
 preface brooking through his zeal of right :
 standing, moving, or to highth upgrown,
 the Tempter, all impassioned, thus began :—
 O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving Plant,
 Mother of science ! now I feel thy power 680
 within me clear, not only to discern
 things in their causes, but to trace the ways
 of highest agents, deemed however wise.
 Men of this Universe ! do not believe
 those rigid threats of death. Ye shall not die.
 Now should ye ? By the fruit ? it gives you life
 and knowledge. By the Threatener ? look on me,
 who have touched and tasted, yet both live,
 and life more perfect have attained than Fate

Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.
Shall that be shut to Man which to the Beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounced, whatever thing Death be,
Deterred not from achieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil?
Of good, how just! of evil—if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunned?
God, therefore, cannot hurt ye, and be just;
Not just, not God; not feared then, nor obeyed:
Your fear itself of death removes the fear.
Why, then, was this forbid? Why but to awe,
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshipers? He knows that in the day
Ye eat thereof your eyes, that seem so clear,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Opened and cleared, and ye shall be as Gods,
Knowing both good and evil, as they know.
That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,
Internal Man, is but proportion meet—
I, of brute, human; ye, of human, Gods.
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods—death to be wished,
Though threatened, which no worse than this can be
And what are Gods, that Man may not become
As they, participating godlike food?
The Gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds.
I question it; for this fair Earth I see,
Warmed by the Sun, producing every kind;
Them nothing. If they all things, who enclosed
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whoso eats thereof forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies

: offence, that Man should thus attain to know?
 at can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
 part against his will, if all be his?
 is it envy? and can envy dwell
 heavenly breasts? These, these and many more 730
 uses import your need of this fair fruit.
 Idless humane, reach, then, and freely taste!"
 He ended; and his words, replete with guile,
 her heart too easy entrance won.
 ed on the fruit she gazed, which to behold
 ht tempt alone; and in her ears the sound
 rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
 h reason, to her seeming, and with truth.
 anwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked
 eager appetite, raised by the smell 740
 savoury of that fruit, which with desire,
 linable now grown to touch or taste,
 cited her longing eye; yet first,
 sing a while, thus to herself she mused:—
 Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
 ough kept from Man, and worthy to be admired,
 ose taste, too long forborne, at first assay
 re elocution to the mute, and taught
 e tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise.
 r praise he also who forbids thy use 750
 ceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
 Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
 bids us then to taste. But his forbidding
 nmends thee more, while it infers the good
 thee communicated, and our want;
 good unknown sure is not had, or, had
 l yet unknown, is as not had at all.
 plain, then, what forbids he but to know?
 bids us good, forbids us to be wise!
 h prohibitions bind not. But, if Death 760
 d us with after-bands, what profits then

Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is we shall die!
How dies the Serpent? He hath eaten, and lives
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us denied
This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?
For beasts, it seems; yet that one beast which first
Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy
The good befallen him, author unsuspect,
Friendly to Man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I, then? rather, what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of God or Death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise. What hinders, then,
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?"

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth-reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she eat.
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
The guilty Serpent, and well might, for Eve,
Intent now only on her taste, naught else
Regarded; such delight till then, as seemed,
In fruit she never tasted, whether true,
Or fancied so through expectation high
Of knowledge; nor was Godhead from her thought.
Greedily she ingorged without restraint,
And knew not eating death. Sate at length,
And hightened as with wine, jocund and boon,
Thus to herself she pleasingly began:—

"O sovran, virtuous, precious of all trees
In Paradise! of operation blest
To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,

thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
 ted ! but henceforth my early care,
 without song, each morning, and due praise, 800
 I tend thee, and the fertile burden ease
 my full branches, offered free to all ;
 dieted by thee, I grow mature
 knowledge, as the Gods who all things know.
 igh others envy what they cannot give—
 had the gift been theirs, it had not here
 s grown !—Experience, next to thee I owe,
 guide : not following thee, I had remained
 ignorance ; thou open'st Wisdom's way,
 giv'st access, though secret she retire. 810
 I perhaps am secret : Heaven is high—
 , and remote to see from thence distinct
 i thing on Earth ; and other care perhaps
 have diverted from continual watch
 great Forbidder, safe with all his spies
 it him. But to Adam in what sort
 I appear ? Shall I to him make known
 et my change, and give him to partake
 happiness with me, or rather not,
 keep the odds of knowledge in my power 820
 out copartner ? so to add what wants
 male sex, the more to draw his love,
 render me more equal, and perhaps—
 ng not undesirable—sometime
 rior ; for, inferior, who is free ?
 may be well ; but what if God have seen,
 death ensue ? Then I shall be no more ;
 Adam, wedded to another Eve,
 live with her enjoying, I extinct !
 ath to think ! Confirmed, then, I resolve 830
 i shall share with me in bliss or woe.
 ear I love him that with him all deaths
 ld endure, without him live no life."

So saying, from the tree her step she turned,
But first low reverence done, as to the Power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infused
Into the plant sciential sap, derived
From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while,
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flowers a garland, to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harvest-queen.
Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delayed ;
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Misgave him. He the faltering measure felt,
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That morn when first they parted. By the Tree
Of Knowledge he must pass ; there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning ; in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,
New gathered, and ambrosial smell diffused.
To him she hasted ; in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology to prompt,
Which, with bland words at will, she thus addressed :

“ Hast thou not wondered, Adam, at my stay ?
Thee I have missed, and thought it long, deprived
Thy presence—agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice ; for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear.
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Opening the way, but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste ;
And hath been tasted such. The Serpent wise
Or not restrained as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become

dead, as we are threatened, but thenceforth 870
 ued with human voice and human sense,
 oning to admiration, and with me
 uasively hath so prevailed that I
 e also tasted, and have also found
 effects to correspond—opener mine eyes,
 erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
 growing up to Godhead; which for thee
 fly I sought, without thee can despise.
 bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;
 ous, unshared with thee, and odious soon. 880
 , therefore, also taste, that equal lot
 join us, equal joy, as equal love;
 thou not tasting, different degree
 in us, and I then too late renounce
 for thee, when fate will not permit."
 us Eve with countenance blithe her story told;
 n her cheek distemper flushing glowed.
 e other side, Adam, soon as he heard
 fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,
 died stood and blank, while horror chill 890
 through his veins, and all his joints relaxed.
 his slack hand the garland wreathed for Eve
 dropt, and all the faded roses shed.
 hless he stood and pale, till thus at length
 to himself he inward silence broke:—
) fairest of Creation, last and best
 God's works, creature in whom excelled
 ever can to sight or thought be formed,
 divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
 art thou lost! how on a sudden lost, 900
 ed, deflowered, and now to death devote!
 r, how hast thou yielded to transgress
 trict forbiddance, how to violate
 acred fruit forbidden? Some cursed fraud
 any hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,

And me with thee hath ruined ; for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die.
How can I live without thee ? how forgo
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly joined,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn ?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart. No, no ! I feel
The link of nature draw me : flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone, thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."

So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomforted, and, after thoughts disturbed,
Submitting to what seemed remediless,
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turned
" Bold deed thou hast presumed, adventurous
And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared
Had it been only coveting to eye
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence ;
Much more to taste it, under ban to touch.
But past who can recall, or done undo ?
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate ! Yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not die ; perhaps the fact
Is not so heinous now—foretasted fruit,
Profaned first by the Serpent, by him first
Made common and unhallowed ere our taste,
Nor yet on him found deadly. He yet lives—
Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live, as Man
Higher degree of life : inducement strong
To us, as likely, tasting, to attain
Proportional ascent ; which cannot be
But to be Gods, or Angels, demi-gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy
Us, his prime creatures, dignified so high,
Set over all his works ; which, in our fall,

us created, needs with us must fail,
 endent made. So God shall uncreate,
 frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose—
 well conceived of God ; who, though his power
 tion could repeat, yet would be loth
 o abolish, lest the Adversary
 mph and say : ' Fickle their state whom God
 t favours ; who can please him long ? Me first
 ruined, now Mankind ; whom will he next ? '—950
 er of scorn not to be given the Foe.
 ever, I with thee have fixed my lot,
 ain to undergo like doom. If death
 sort with thee, death is to me as life ;
 orcible within my heart I feel
 bond of Nature draw me to my own—
 own in thee ; for what thou art is mine.
 state cannot be severed ; we are one,
 flesh ; to lose thee were to lose myself."

Adam ; and thus Eve to him replied :— 960
 glorious trial of exceeding love,
 rious evidence, example high !
 aging me to emulate ; but, short
 y perfection, how shall I attain,
 n ? from whose dear side I boast me sprung,
 gladly of our union hear thee speak,
 heart, one soul in both ; whereof good proof
 day affords, declaring thee resolved,
 er than death, or aught than death more dread,
 separate us, linked in love so dear, 970
 ndergo with me one guilt, one crime,
 y be, of tasting this fair fruit ;
 se virtue (for of good still good proceeds,
 t, or by occasion) hath presented
 happy trial of thy love, which else
 ninently never had been known.
 it I thought death menaced would ensue

This my attempt, I would sustain alone
The worst, and not persuade thee—rather die
Deserted than oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured
Remarkably so late of thy so true,
So faithful, love unequalled. But I feel
Far otherwise the event—not death, but life
Augmented, opened eyes, new hopes, new joys,
Taste so divine that what of sweet before
Hath touched my sense flat seems to this and ha
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
And fear of death deliver to the winds.”

So saying, she embraced him, and for joy
Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
Had so ennobled as of choice to incur
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
In recompense (for such compliance bad
Such recompense best merits), from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
With liberal hand. He scrupled not to eat,
Against his better knowledge, not deceived,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;
Sky loured, and, muttering thunder, some sad dro
Wept at completing of the mortal Sin
Original; while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate
Her former trespass feared, the more to soothe
Him with her loved society; that now,
As with new wine intoxicated both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings
Wherewith to scorn the Earth. But that false fru
Far other operation first displayed,
Carnal desire inflaming. He on Eve

an to cast lascivious eyes ; she him
 wantonly repaid ; in lust they burn,
 Adam thus gan Eve to dalliance move :—
 Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste
 elegant—of sapience no small part ;
 e to each meaning savour we apply,
 palate call judicious. I the praise 1020
 d thee ; so well this day thou hast purveyed.
 h pleasure we have lost, while we abstained
 n this delightful fruit, nor known till now
 e relish, tasting. If such pleasure be
 hings to us forbidden, it might be wished
 this one tree had been forbidden ten.
 come ; so well refreshed, now let us play,
 neet is, after such delicious fare ;
 never did thy beauty, since the day
 w thee first and wedded thee, adorned 1030
 a all perfections, so inflame my sense
 a ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
 n ever—bounty of this virtuous tree ! ”
 o said he, and forbore not glance or toy
 morous intent, well understood
 ve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
 hand he seized, and to a shady bank,
 k overhead with verdant roof embowered,
 ed her, nothing loth ; flowers were the couch,
 ies, and violets, and asphodel, 1040
 hyacinth—Earth’s freshest, softest lap.
 e they their fill of love and love’s disport
 c largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
 solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
 ressed them, wearied with their amorous play.
 on as the force of that fallacious fruit,
 with exhilarating vapour bland
 it their spirits had played, and inmost powers
 e err, was now exhaled, and grosser sleep,

Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
Encumbered, now had left them, up they rose
As from unrest, and, each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how opened, and their mi
How darkened. Innocence, that as a veil
Had shadowed them from knowing ill, was gone
Just confidence, and native righteousness,
And honour, from about them, naked left
To guilty Shame : he covered, but his robe
Uncovered more. So rose the Danite strong,
Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap
Of Philistean Dalilah, and waked
Shorn of his strength ; they destitute and bare
Of all their virtue. Silent, and in face
Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute ;
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abashed,
At length gave utterance to these words constraine

“ O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit Man's voice—true in our fall,
False in our promised rising ; since our eyes
Opened we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and evil, good lost and evil got :
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments now soiled and stained,
And in our faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence ; whence evil store,
Even shame, the last of evils ; of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld ? Those Heavenly Sh
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
Insufferably bright. Oh, might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade

cured, where highest woods, impenetrable
 star or sunlight, spread their umbrage broad,
 brown as evening ! Cover me, ye pines !
 cedars, with innumerable boughs
 e me, where I may never see them more ! 1090
 let us now, as in bad plight, devise
 ut best may, for the present, serve to hide
 parts of each from other that seem most
 shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen—
 e tree, whose broad smooth leaves, together
 sewed,
 girded on our loins, may cover round
 se middle parts, that this new comer, Shame,
 e sit not, and reproach us as unclean.”
 o counselled he, and both together went
 the thickest wood. There soon they chose 1100
 fig-tree—not that kind for fruit renowned,
 such as, at this day, to Indians known,
 Malabar or Decan spreads her arms
 arching so broad and long that in the ground
 bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
 ut the mother tree, a pillared shade
 n overarched, and echoing walks between :
 re oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
 ters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
 op-holes cut through thickest shade. Those leaves
 y gathered, broad as Amazonian targe, 1110
 with what skill they had together sewed,
 gird their waist—vain covering, if to hide
 ir guilt and dreaded shame ! O how unlike
 hat first naked glory ! Such of late
 mbus found the American, so girt
 h feathered cincture, naked else and wild,
 ong the trees on isles and woody shores.
 s fenced, and, as they thought, their shame in part
 ered, but not at rest or ease of mind, 1120

They sat them down to weep. Nor only tears
 Rained at their eyes, but high winds worse withi
 Began to rise, high passions—anger, hate,
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord—and shook sore
 Their inward state of mind, calm region once
 And full of peace, now tost and turbulent :
 For Understanding ruled not, and the Will
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
 To sensual Appetite, who, from beneath
 Usurping over sovran Reason, claimed
 Superior sway. From thus distempered breast
 Adam, estranged in look and altered style,
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renewed :—

“ Would thou hadst hearkened to my words,
 stayed

With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
 Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,
 I know not whence possessed thee ! We had th
 Remained still happy—not, as now, despoiled
 Of all our good, shamed, naked, miserable !
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to appro
 The faith they owe ; when earnestly they seek
 Such proof, conclude they then begin to fail.”

To whom, soon moved with touch of blame,
 Eve :—

“ What words have passed thy lips, Adam severe
 Imput'st thou that to my default, or will
 Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows
 But might as ill have happened thou being by,
 Or to thyself perhaps ? Hadst thou been there,
 Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have discer
 Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake ;
 No ground of enmity between us known
 Why he should mean me ill or seek to harm.
 Was I to have never parted from thy side ?
 As good have grown there still, a lifeless rib.

as I am, why didst not thou, the head,
 command me absolutely not to go,
 into such danger, as thou saidst?
 facile then, thou didst not much gainsay,
 didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
 Hast thou been firm and fixed in thy dissent, 1160
 when had I transgressed, nor thou with me?"
 To whom, then first incensed, Adam replied:—
 Is this the love, is this the recompense
 due to thee, ingrateful Eve, expressed
 grateful when thou wert lost, not I—
 I might have lived, and joyed immortal bliss,
 willingly chose rather death with thee?
 Am I now upbraided as the cause
 of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
 seems, in thy restraint! What could I more? 1170
 Warned thee, I admonished thee, foretold
 danger, and the lurking enemy
 lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
 force upon free will hath here no place.
 Confidence then bore thee on, secure
 to meet no danger, or to find
 a way of glorious trial; and perhaps
 I erred in overmuch admiring
 that seemed in thee so perfect that I thought
 evil durst attempt thee. But I rue 1180
 the error now, which is become my crime,
 thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall
 who, to worth in women overtrusting,
 her will rule: restraint she will not brook;
 left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
 first his weak indulgence will accuse."
 Thus they in mutual accusation spent
 fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning;
 of their vain contest appeared no end.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known, the guardian Angels forsake Paradise, return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors; who descends, and pronounces sentence accordingly: then, in pity, clothes them both, and reassembles Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new World, and the sin by Man committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow their sire, up to the place of Man: to make the way easier from this World to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over according to the track that Satan first made; then, preparing for they meet him, proud of his success, returning to Hell: their congratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium; in full assembly with boasting, his success against Man; instead of applause is greeted with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed, with him also, suddenly into Serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise, then, deluded with a show of the Forbidden Tree springing up before them, they, greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death: God foretells the victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but, in the present, commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and Elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists, in length appeases him: then, to evade the curse likely to fall on offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways; which he approves not conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made that her seed should be revenged on the Serpent, and exhorts her to him, to seek peace of the offended Deity by repentance and supplication.

MEANWHILE the heinous and despiteful act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
He, in the Serpent, had perverted Eve,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,

known in Heaven ; for what can scape the eye
God all-seeing, or deceive his heart
omniscient ? who, in all things wise and just,
suffered not Satan to attempt the mind
Man, with strength entire and free will armed
complete to have discovered and repulsed 10
whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.
still they knew, and ought to have still remembered,
high injunction not to taste that fruit,
never tempted ; which they not obeying
incurred (what could they less ?) the penalty,
, manifold in sin, deserved to fall.
cast into Heaven from Paradise in haste
Angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
Man ; for of his state by this they knew,
how wondering how the subtle Fiend had stolen 20
advance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news
on Earth arrived at Heaven-gate, displeased
were who heard ; dim sadness did not spare
the time celestial visages, yet, mixed
with pity, violated not their bliss.
at the new-arrived, in multitudes,
Ethereal people ran, to hear and know
what all befell. They towards the throne supreme,
innumerable, made haste, to make appear,
a righteous plea, their utmost vigilance, 30
easily approved ; when the Most High,
heavenly Father, from his secret cloud
descended, in thunder uttered thus his voice :—
Assembled Angels, and ye Powers returned
on unsuccessful charge, be not dismayed
troubled at these tidings from the Earth,
which your sincerest care could not prevent,
I told so lately what would come to pass,
when first this Tempter crossed the gulf from Hell,
and ye then he should prevail, and speed 40

On his bad errand—Man should be seduced,
And flattered out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker ; no decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
His free will, to her own inclining left
In even scale. But fallen he is ; and now
What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
On his transgression, Death denounced that day
Which he presumes already vain and void,
Because not yet inflicted, as he feared,
By some immediate stroke, but soon shall find
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
Justice shall not return, as bounty, scorned.
But whom send I to judge them ? whom but the
Vicegerent Son ? To thee I have transferred
All judgment, whether in Heaven, or Earth, or :
Easy it may be seen that I intend
Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee,
Man's friend, his Mediator, his designed
Both ransom and Redeemer voluntary,
And destined Man himself to judge Man fallen."

So spake the Father ; and, unfolding bright
Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son
Blazed forth unclouded deity. He full
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Expressed, and thus divinely answered mild :—

" Father Eternal, thine is to decree ;
Mine both in Heaven and Earth to do thy will
Supreme, that thou in me, thy Son beloved,
May'st ever rest well pleased. I go to judge
On Earth these thy transgressors ; but thou know
Whoever judged, the worst on me must light,
When time shall be ; for so I undertook
Before thee, and, not repenting, this obtain
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom

ne derived. Yet I shall temper so
 ice with mercy as may illustrate most
 n fully satisfied, and thee appease.
 ndance none shall need, nor train, where none 80
 to behold the judgment but the judged,
 se two ; the third best absent is condemned,
 vinct by flight, and rebel to all law ;
 viction to the Serpent none belongs."
 hus saying, from his radiant seat he rose
 igh collateral glory. Him Thrones and Powers,
 cedoms, and Dominations ministrant,
 mpanied to Heaven-gate, from whence
 1 and all the coast in prospect lay.
 n he descended straight ; the speed of Gods 90
 e counts not, though with swiftest minutes winged.
 ow was the Sun in western cadence low
 a noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
 an the Earth now waked, and usher in
 evening cool, when he, from wrath more cool,
 e, the mild judge and intercessor both,
 entence Man. The voice of God they heard
 walking in the Garden, by soft winds
 ght to their ears, while day declined ; they heard,
 from his presence hid themselves among 100
 thickest trees, both man and wife, till God,
 oaching, thus to Adam called aloud :—
 Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
 oming, seen far off ? I miss thee here,
 pleased, thus entertained with solitude,
 re obvious duty erewhile appeared unsought.
 ome I less conspicuous, or what change
 nts thee, or what chance detains ? Come forth !"
 e came, and with him Eve, more loth, though first
 ffend, discountenanced both, and discomposed.
 was not in their looks, either to God 111
 each other, but apparent guilt,

And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam, faltering long, thus answered bri

“ I heard thee in the Garden, and, of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myself.” To whom
The gracious Judge, without revile, replied :—

“ My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fe
But still rejoiced ; how is it now become
So dreadful to thee ? That thou art naked who
Hath told thee ? Hast thou eaten of the tree
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not e
To whom thus Adam, sore beset, replied :—

“ O Heaven ! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my Judge—either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life,
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame
By my complaint. But strict necessity
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolved ; though, should I hold my peace
thou

Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
This Woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did, whatever in itself,
Her doing seemed to justify the deed—
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.”

To whom the Sovran Presence thus replied :—

“ Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice ? or was she made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her

1 didst resign thy manhood, and the place
 wherein God set thee above her, made of thee
 for thee, whose perfection far excelled 150
 ; in all real dignity? Adorned
 was indeed, and lovely, to attract
 love, not thy subjection; and her gifts
 e such as under government well seemed—
 seemly to bear rule; which was thy part
 person, hadst thou known thyself aright.”
) having said, he thus to Eve in few:—
 y, Woman, what is this which thou hast done?”
) whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelmed,
 essing soon, yet not before her Judge 160
 or loquacious, thus abashed replied:—
 e Serpent me beguiled, and I did eat.”
 hich when the Lord God heard, without delay
 idgment he proceeded on the accused
 ent, though brute, unable to transfer
 guilt on him who made him instrument
 mischief, and polluted from the end
 is creation—justly then accursed,
 itiated in nature. More to know
 erved not Man (since he no further knew), 170
 altered his offence; yet God at last
 atan, first in sin, his doom applied,
 igh in mysterious terms, judged as then best;
 on the Serpent thus his curse let fall:—
 Because thou hast done this, thou art accursed
 re all cattle, each beast of the field;
 n thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,
 dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
 reen thee and the Woman I will put
 ity, and between thine and her seed; 180
 seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.”
) spake this oracle—then verified
 n Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve,

Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heaven,
 Prince of the Air ; then, rising from his grave,
 Spoiled Principalities and Powers, triumphed
 In open show, and, with ascension bright,
 Captivity led captive through the Air,
 The realm itself of Satan, long usurped,
 Whom He shall tread at last under our feet, 19
 Even He who now foretold his fatal bruise,
 And to the Woman thus his sentence turned :—

“Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
 By thy conception ; children thou shalt bring
 In sorrow forth, and to thy husband’s will
 Thine shall submit ; he over thee shall rule.”

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounced :—
 “Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife
 And eaten of the tree concerning which
 I charged thee, saying *Thou shalt not eat thereof*, 200
 Cursed is the ground for thy sake ; thou in sorrow
 Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life ;
 Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
 Unbid ; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field ;
 In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread
 Till thou return unto the ground ; for thou
 Out of the ground wast taken : know thy birth,
 For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.”

So judged he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
 And the instant stroke of death, denounced that day,
 Removed far off ; then, pitying how they stood 211
 Before him naked to the air, that now
 Must suffer change, disdained not to begin
 Thenceforth the form of servant to assume.
 As when he washed his servants’ feet, so now,
 As father of his family, he clad
 Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
 Or, as the snake, with youthful coat repaid ;
 And thought not much to clothe his enemies.

he their outward only with the skins 220
 casts, but inward nakedness, much more
 obvious, with his robe of righteousness
 ring, covered from his Father's sight.
 him with swift ascent he up returned,
 his blissful bosom reassumed
 dry as of old ; to him, appeased,
 hough all-knowing, what had passed with Man
 unted, mixing intercession sweet.
 anwhile, ere thus was sinned and judged on Earth,
 in the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death, 230
 interview within the gates, that now
 open wide, belching outrageous flame
 nto Chaos, since the Fiend passed through,
 pening ; who thus now to Death began :—
) Son, why sit we here, each other viewing
 while Satan, our great author, thrives
 er worlds, and happier seat provides
 s, his offspring dear ? It cannot be
 at success attends him ; if mishap,
 his he had returned, with fury driven 240
 s avengers, since no place like this
 it his punishment, or their revenge.
 nks I feel new strength within me rise,
 s growing, and dominion given me large
 id this Deep—whatever draws me on,
 mpathy, or some connatural force,
 ful at greatest distance to unite
 secret amity things of like kind
 cretest conveyance. Thou, my shade
 arable, must with me along ; 250
 eath from Sin no power can separate.
 est the difficulty of passing back
 his return perhaps over this gulf
 isable, impervious, let us try
 nturous work, yet to thy power and mine

Not unagreeable !) to found a path
Over this main from Hell to that new World
Where Satan now prevails—a monument
Of merit high to all the infernal host,
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new-felt attraction and instinct.”

Whom thus the meagre Shadow answered soon
“Go whither fate and inclination strong
Leads thee ; I shall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading : such a scent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The savour of death from all things there that live
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.”

So saying, with delight he snuffed the smell
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Against the day of battle, to a field
Where armies lie encamped come flying, lured
With scent of living carcasses designed
For death the following day in bloody fight ;
So scented the grim Feature, and upturned
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
Then both, from out Hell-gates, into the waste
Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,
Flew diverse, and, with power (their power was great
Hovering upon the waters, what they met
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
Tossed up and down, together crowded drove,
From each side shoaling, towards the mouth of Hell
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagined way

and Petsora eastward to the rich
 Asian coast. The aggregated soil
 with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
 with a trident smote, and fixed as firm
 as elos, floating once ; the rest his look
 with Gorgonian rigour not to move,
 with asphaltic slime ; broad as the gate,
 to the roots of Hell the gathered beach
 fastened, and the mole immense wrought on 300
 the foaming Deep high-arched, a bridge
 of might prodigious, joining to the wall
 the fable of this now fenceless World,
 from Death—from hence a passage broad,
 easy, inoffensive, down to Hell.
 great things to small may be compared,
 as the liberty of Greece to yoke,
 Susa, his Memnonian palace high,
 to the sea, and, over Hellespont
 going his way, Europe with Asia joined, 310
 scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves.
 had they brought the work by wondrous art
 magical—a ridge of pendent rock
 the vexed Abyss, following the track
 from Tan, to the self-same place where he
 alighted from his wing and landed safe
 out of Chaos—to the outside bare
 of our round World. With pins of adamant
 chains they made all fast, too fast they made
 durable ; and now in little space 320
 confines met of empyrean Heaven
 of this World, and on the left hand Hell
 long reach interposed ; three several ways
 led to each of these three places led.
 Now their way to Earth they had descried,
 Paradise first tending, when, behold
 in likeness of an Angel bright,

Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
 His zenith, while the Sun in Aries rose !
 Disguised he came ; but those his children dear 3
 Their parent soon discerned, though in disguise.
 He, after Eve seduced, unminded slunk
 Into the wood fast by, and, changing shape
 To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
 By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
 Upon her husband—saw their shame that sought
 Vain covertures ; but, when he saw descend
 The Son of God to judge them, terrified
 He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
 The present—fearing, guilty, what his wrath 3
 Might suddenly inflict ; that past, returned
 By night, and, listening where the hapless pair
 Sat in their sad discourse and various plaint,
 Thence gathered his own doom ; which understood
 Not instant, but of future time, with joy
 And tidings fraught, to Hell he now returned,
 And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
 Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd
 Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
 Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight 3
 Of that stupendious bridge his joy increased.
 Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
 Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke :—

“ O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
 Thy trophies ! which thou view'st as not thine own
 Thou art their author and prime architect.
 For I no sooner in my heart divined
 (My heart, which by a secret harmony
 Still moves with thine, joined in connexion sweet)
 That thou on Earth hadst prospered, which thy loo
 Now also evidence, but straight I felt— 3
 Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt—
 That I must after thee with this thy son ;

fatal consequence unites us three.
 could no longer hold us in her bounds,
 this unvoyageable gulf obscure
 in from following thy illustrious track.

hast achieved our liberty, confined
 in Hell-gates till now; thou us empowered
 rtify thus far, and overlay 370

this portentous bridge the dark Abyss.
 e now is all this world; thy virtue hath won
 : thy hands builded not; thy wisdom gained,
 odds, what war hath lost, and fully avenged
 oil in Heaven. Here thou shalt monarch reign,
 e didst not; there let him still victor sway,
 ttle hath adjudged, from this new World
 ing, by his own doom alienated,
 henceforth monarchy with thee divide
 l things, parted by the empyreal bounds, 380
 quadrature, from thy orbicular World,
 y thee now more dangerous to his throne."
 om thus the Prince of Darkness answered
 glad:—

r daughter, and thou, son and grandchild both,
 proof ye now have given to be the race
 atan (for I glory in the name,
 gonist of Heaven's Almighty King),
 y have merited of me, of all
 nferral Empire, that so near Heaven's door
 aphal with triumphal act have met, 390
 with this glorious work, and made one realm
 and this World—one realm, one continent
 sy thoroughfare. Therefore, while I
 end through Darkness, on your road with ease,
 y associate Powers, them to acquaint
 these successes, and with them rejoice,
 wo this way, among these numerous orbs,
 ours, right down to Paradise descend;

There dwell, and reign in bliss ; thence on the
Dominion exercise and in the Air,
Chiefly on Man, sole lord of all declared ;
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill
My substitutes I send ye, and create
Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might
Issuing from me. On your joint vigour now
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit.
If your joint power prevail, the affairs of Hell
No detriment need fear ; go, and be strong."

So saying, he dismissed them ; they with speed
Their course through thickest constellations he
Spreading their bane ; the blasted stars looked
And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse
Then suffered. The other way Satan went down
The causeway to Hell-gate ; on either side
Disparted Chaos overbuilt exclaimed,
And with rebounding surge the bars assailed,
That scorned his indignation. Through the gap
Wide open and unguarded, Satan passed,
And all about found desolate ; for those
Appointed to sit there had left their charge,
Flown to the upper World ; the rest were all
Far to the inland retired, about the walls
Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat
Of Lucifer, so by allusion called
Of that bright star to Satan paragoned.
There kept their watch the legions, while the G
In council sat, solicitous what chance
Might intercept their Emperor sent ; so he
Departing gave command, and they observed.
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,
By Astracan, over the snowy plains,
Retires, or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond

realm of Aladule, in his retreat
 Tauris or Casbeen ; so these, the late
 ven-banished host, left desert utmost Hell
 y a dark league, reduced in careful watch
 and their metropolis, and now expecting
 a hour their great Adventurer from the search 440
 oreign worlds. He through the midst unmarked,
 now plebeian Angel militant
 owest order, passed, and, from the door
 at Plutonian hall, invisible
 ended his high throne, which, under state
 chest texture spread, at the upper end
 placed in regal lustre. Down a while
 at, and round about him saw, unseen.
 ist, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
 shape star-bright appeared, or brighter, clad 450
 what permissive glory since his fall
 left him, or false glitter. All amazed
 at so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
 their aspect, and whom they wished beheld,
 r mighty Chief returned : loud was the acclaim.
 h rushed in haste the great consulting Peers,
 ed from their dark Divan, and with like joy
 gratulant approached him, who with hand
 ce, and with these words attention, won :—
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
 Powers !—

460

in possession such, not only of right,
 I ye, and declare ye now, returned,
 essful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
 mphant out of this infernal pit
 minable, accursed, the house of woe,
 dungeon of our tyrant ! Now possess,
 ords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven
 e inferior, by my adventure hard
 peril great achieved. Long were to tell

What I have done, what suffered, with what pain 470
Voyaged the unreal, vast, unbounded Deep
Of horrible confusion—over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved,
To expedite your glorious march ; but I
Toiled out my uncouth passage, forced to ride
The untractable Abyss, plunged in the womb
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely opposed
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
Protesting Fate supreme ; thence how I found 480
The new-created World, which fame in Heaven
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful,
Of absolute perfection ; therein Man
Placed in a paradise, by our exile
Made happy. Him by fraud I have seduced
From his Creator, and, the more to increase
Your wonder, with an apple ! He, thereat
Offended—worth your laughter !—hath given up
Both his beloved Man and all his World
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us, 490
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
To rule, as over all he should have ruled.
True is, me also he hath judged ; or rather
Me not, but the brute Serpent, in whose shape
Man I deceived. That which to me belongs
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and Mankind : I am to bruise his heel ;
His seed—when is not set—shall bruise my head !
A world who would not purchase with a bruise, 500
Or much more grievous pain ? Ye have the account
Of my performance ; what remains, ye Gods,
But up and enter now into full bliss ?”

So having said, a while he stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause

To fill his ear ; when, contrary, he hears,
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound
 Of public scorn. He wondered, but not long
 Had leisure, wondering at himself now more. 510
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
 His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining
 Each other, till, supplanted, down he fell,
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
 Reluctant, but in vain ; a greater power
 Now ruled him, punished in the shape he sinned,
 According to his doom. He would have spoke,
 But hiss for hiss returned with forked tongue
 To forked tongue ; for now were all transformed
 Alike, to serpents all, as accessories 520
 To his bold riot. Dreadful was the din
 Of hissing through the hall, thick-swarving now
 With complicated monsters, head and tail—
 Scorpion, and Asp, and Amphisbæna dire,
 Cerastes horned, Hydrus, and Ellops drear,
 And Dipsas (not so thick swarmed once the soil
 Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle
 Ophiusa) ; but still greatest he the midst,
 Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the Sun
 Engendered in the Pythian vale on slime, 530
 Huge Python ; and his power no less he seemed
 Above the rest still to retain. They all
 Him followed, issuing forth to the open field,
 Where all yet left of that revolted rout,
 Heaven-fallen, in station stood or just array,
 Sublime with expectation when to see
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious Chief.
 They saw, but other sight instead—a crowd
 Of ugly serpents ! Horror on them fell,
 And horrid sympathy ; for what they saw 540
 They felt themselves now changing. Down their arms,

Down fell both spear and shield ; down they as fast,
And the dire hiss renewed, and the dire form
Caught by contagion, like in punishment
As in their crime. Thus was the applause they meant
Turned to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There
stood

A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that 550
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
Used by the Tempter. On that prospect strange
Their earnest eyes they fixed, imagining
For one forbidden tree a multitude
Now risen, to work them further woe or shame ;
Yet, parched with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,
But on they rolled in heaps, and, up the trees
Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks
That curled Megæra. Greedily they plucked 560
The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed ;
This, more delusive, not the touch, but taste
Deceived ; they, fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
Chewed bitter ashes, which the offended taste
With spattering noise rejected. Oft they assayed,
Hunger and thirst constraining ; drugged as oft,
With hatefulest disrelish writhed their jaws
With soot and cinders filled ; so oft they fell 570
Into the same illusion, not as Man
Whom they triumphed once lapsed. Thus were they
plagued,
And, worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,
Till their lost shape, permitted, they resumed—
Yearly enjoined, some say, to undergo

This annual humbling certain numbered days,
 To dash their pride, and joy for Man seduced.
 However, some tradition they dispersed
 Among the Heathen of their purchase got,
 And fabled how the Serpent, whom they called 580
 Ophion, with Eurynome (the wide-
 Encroaching Eve perhaps), had first the rule
 Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven
 And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

Meanwhile in Paradise the Hellish pair
 Too soon arrived—Sin, there in power before
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
 Habitual habitant ; behind her Death,
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
 On his pale horse ; to whom Sin thus began :— 590

“Second of Satan sprung, all-conquering Death !
 What think'st thou of our empire now ? though earned
 With travail difficult, not better far
 Than still at Hell's dark threshold to have sat watch,
 Unnamed, undreaded, and thyself half-starved ?”

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answered soon :—
 “To me, who with eternal famine pine,
 Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven—
 There best where most with ravin I may meet :
 Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems 600
 To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corpse.”

To whom the incestuous Mother thus replied :—
 Thou, therefore, on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 Feed first ; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl—
 No homely morsels ; and whatever thing
 The scythe of Time mows down devour unspared ;
 Till I, in Man residing through the race,
 His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey.”

This said, they both betook them several ways, 610
 Both to destroy, or unimmortal make

All kinds, and for destruction to mature
 Sooner or later ; which the Almighty seeing,
 From his transcendent seat the Saints among,
 To those bright Orders uttered thus his voice :—

“ See with what heat these dogs of Hell advance
 To waste and havoc yonder World, which I
 So fair and good created, and had still
 Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man
 Let in these wasteful furies, who impute 620
 Folly to me (so doth the Prince of Hell
 And his adherents), that with so much ease
 I suffer them to enter and possess
 A place so heavenly, and, conniving, seem
 To gratify my scornful enemies,
 That laugh, as if, transported with some fit
 Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
 At random yielded up to their misrule ;
 And know not that I called and drew them thither,
 My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth 630
 Which Man’s polluting sin with taint hath shed
 On what was pure ; till, crammed and gorged, nigh
 burst

With sucked and glutted offal, at one sling
 Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
 Both Sin and Death, and yawning Grave, at last
 Through Chaos hurled, obstruct the mouth of Hell
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
 Then Heaven and Earth, renewed, shall be made pure
 To sanctity that shall receive no stain :
 Till then the curse pronounced on both precedes.” 640

He ended, and the Heavenly audience loud
 Sung Halleluiah, as the sound of seas,
 Through multitude that sung :—“ Just are thy ways,
 Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works ;
 Who can extenuate thee ? Next, to the Son,
 Destined restorer of Mankind, by whom

Jew Heaven and Earth shall to the ages rise,
Or down from Heaven descend." Such was their song,
While the Creator, calling forth by name
His mighty Angels, gave them several charge, 650
As sorted best with present things. The Sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
Decrepit winter, from the south to bring
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blank Moon
Her office they prescribed ; to the other five
Their planetary motions and aspects,
In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite,
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join 660
In synod unbenign ; and taught the fixed
Their influence malignant when to shower—
Which of them, rising with the Sun or falling,
Should prove tempestuous. To the winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, air, and shore ; the thunder when to roll
With terror through the dark aerial hall.
Some say he bid his Angels turn askance
The poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
From the Sun's axle ; they with labour pushed 670
Oblique the centric Globe : some say the Sun
Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road
Like distant breadth—to Taurus with the seven
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,
Up to the Tropic Crab ; thence down amain
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn ; to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime. Else had the spring
Perpetual smiled on Earth with vernal flowers,
Equal in days and nights, except to those 680
Beyond the polar circles ; to them day
Had unbenighted shone, while the low Sun,

To recompense his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still the horizon, and not known
Or east or west—which had forbid the snow
From cold Estotiland, and south as far
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit,
The Sun, as from Thyestean banquet, turned
His course intended ; else how had the world
Inhabited, though sinless, more than now 69
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat ?
These changes in the heavens, though slow, produce
Like change on sea and land—sideral blast,
Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,
Corrupt and pestilent. Now from the north
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,
Bursting their brazen dungeon, armed with ice,
And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,
Boreas and Cæcias and Argestes loud
And Thrascias rend the woods, and seas upturn ; 7c
With adverse blast upturns them from the south
Notus and Afer, black with thundrous clouds
From Serrationa ; thwart of these, as fierce
Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,
Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,
Sirocco and Libecchio. Thus began
Outrage from lifeless things ; but Discord first,
Daughter of Sin, among the irrational
Death introduced through fierce antipathy.
Beast now with beast gan war, and fowl with fowl, 71
And fish with fish. To graze the herb all leaving
Devoured each other ; nor stood much in awe
Of Man, but fled him, or with countenance grim
Glared on him passing. These were from without
The growing miseries ; which Adam saw
Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
To sorrow abandoned, but worse felt within,
And, in a troubled sea of passion tost,

us to disburden sought with sad complaint :—

“ O miserable of happy ! Is this the end
 of this new glorious World, and me so late
 the glory of that glory ? who now, become
 accursed of blessed, hide me from the face
 of God, whom to behold was then my highth
 of happiness ! Yet well, if here would end
 the misery ! I deserved it, and would bear
 my own deservings. But this will not serve :
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
 is propagated curse. O voice, once heard
 delightfully, ‘ *Increase and multiply* ’ ;
 now death to hear ! for what can I increase
 or multiply but curses on my head ?
 Who, of all ages to succeed, but, feeling
 the evil on him brought by me, will curse
 my head ? ‘ Ill fare our Ancestor impure !
 for this we may thank Adam ! ’ but his thanks
 shall be the execration. So, besides
 mine own that bide upon me, all from me
 shall with a fierce reflux on me redound—
 on me, as on their natural centre, light ;
 heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
 of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes !
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
 to mould me Man ? Did I solicit thee
 from darkness to promote me, or here place
 in this delicious Garden ? As my will
 concurred not to my being, it were but right
 and equal to reduce me to my dust,
 desirous to resign and render back
 all I received, unable to perform
 thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
 the good I sought not. To the loss of that,
 sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
 the sense of endless woes ? Inexplicable

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Thy justice seems. Yet, to say truth, too late
I thus contest ; then should have been refused
Those terms, whatever, when they were proposed.
Thou didst accept them : wilt thou enjoy the good
Then cavil the conditions ? And, though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son ;
Prove disobedient, and, reprov'd, retort,
' Wherefore didst thou beget me ? I sought it not !
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse ? yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity, begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him ; thy reward was of his grace ;
Thy punishment, then, justly is at his will.
Be it so, for I submit ; his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return. 7
O welcome hour whenever ! Why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fixed on this day ? Why do I overlive ?
Why am I mocked with death, and lengthened out
To deathless pain ? How gladly would I meet
Mortality, my sentence, and be earth
Insensible ! how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap ! There I should rest,
And sleep secure ; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears ; no fear of worse 7
To me and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still—lest all I cannot die ;
Lest that pure breath of life, the Spirit of Man
Which God inspired, cannot together perish
With this corporeal clod. Then, in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death ? O thought
Horrid, if true ! Yet why ? It was but breath
Of life that sinned : what dies but what had life 7

and sin? The body properly hath neither.
 I of me, then, shall die: let this appease
 the doubt, since human reach no further knows.
 Or, though the Lord of all be infinite,
 his wrath also? Be it, Man is not so,
 it mortal doomed. How can he exercise
 wrath without end on Man, whom death must end?
 Can he make deathless death? That were to make
 strange contradiction; which to God himself
 impossible is held, as argument 800
 weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,
 for anger's sake, finite to infinite
 punished Man, to satisfy his rigour
 satisfied never? That were to extend
 his sentence beyond dust and Nature's law;
 which all causes else according still
 the reception of their matter act,
 not to the extent of their own sphere. But say
 that death be not one stroke, as I supposed,
 depriving sense, but endless misery 810
 from this day onward, which I feel begun
 both in me and without me, and so last
 perpetuity——Ay me! that fear
 comes thundering back with dreadful revolution
 on my defenceless head! Both Death and I
 must found eternal and incorporate both:
 or I on my part single; in me all
 sterility stands cursed. Fair patrimony
 that I must leave ye, sons! Oh, were I able
 to waste it all myself, and leave ye none! 820
 disinherited, how would ye bless
 me, now your curse! Ah, why should all Mankind,
 for one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemned?
 All guiltless! But from me what can proceed
 that all corrupt—both mind and will depraved
 that to do only, but to will the same

With me? How can they, then, acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him, after all disputes,
Forced I absolve. All my evasions vain
And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me :
But to my own conviction : first and last
On me, me only, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due.
So might the wrath ! Fond wish ! couldst thou sur-
That burden, heavier than the Earth to bear—
Than all the world much heavier, though divided
With that bad Woman? 'Thus, what thou desir'
And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future—
To Satan only like, both crime and doom.
O Conscience ! into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me ; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged !"

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still night—not now, as ere Man fell
Wholesome and cool and mild, but with black air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom ;
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror. On the ground
Outstretched he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Cursed his creation ; Death as oft accused
Of tardy execution, since denounced
The day of his offence. "Why comes not Death
Said he, "with one thrice-acceptable stroke
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,
Justice divine not hasten to be just?
But Death comes not at call ; Justice divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries,
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers
With other echo late I taught your shades
To answer, and resound far other song."

Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assayed ;
But her, with stern regard, he thus repelled :—

“ Out of my sight, thou serpent ! That name best
Befits thee, with him leagued, thyself as false
And hateful : nothing wants, but that thy shape
Like his, and colour serpentine, may show 870
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth, lest that too heavenly form, pretended
To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee
I had persisted happy, had not thy pride
And wandering vanity, when least was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdained
Not to be trusted—longing to be seen,
Though by the Devil himself ; him overweening
To over-reach ; but, with the Serpent meeting,
Fooled and beguiled ; by him thou, I by thee, 880
To trust thee from my side, imagined wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
And understood not all was but a show,
Rather than solid virtue, all but a rib
Crooked by nature—bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister—from me drawn ;
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
To my just number found ! Oh, why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven
With Spirits masculine, create at last 890
This novelty on Earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
With men as Angels, without feminine ;
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind ? This mischief had not then befallen,
And more that shall befall—innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through female snares,
And strait conjunction with this sex. For either

He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake ;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gainer
By a far worse, or, if she love, withheld
By parents ; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already linked and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame :
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."

He added not, and from her turned ; but Eve,
Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing
And tresses all disordered, at his feet
Fell humble, and, embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint :—

" Forsake me not thus, Adam ! Witness Heav
What love sincere and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceived ! Thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees ; bereave me not
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay. Forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace ; both joining,
As joined in injuries, one enmity
Against a foe by doom express assigned us,
That cruel Serpent. On me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befallen—
On me already lost, me than thyself
More miserable. Both have sinned ; but thou
Against God only ; I against God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
The sentence, from thy head removed, may light

me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
 ; me only, just object of His ire."
 She ended, weeping ; and her lowly plight,
 movable till peace obtained from fault
 knowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought
 mmiseration. Soon his heart relented 940
 wards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
 w at his feet submissive in distress—
 eature so fair his reconcilment seeking,
 s counsel whom she had displeased, his aid.
 one disarmed, his anger all he lost,
 d thus with peaceful words upraised her soon :—
 " Unwary, and too desirous, as before
 now, of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
 e punishment all on thyself ! Alas !
 ar thine own first, ill able to sustain 950
 s full wrath whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
 d my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
 uld alter high decrees, I to that place
 ould speed before thee, and be louder heard,
 at on my head all might be visited,
 y frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
 me committed, and by me exposed.
 t rise ; let us no more contend, nor blame
 ch other, blamed enough elsewhere, but strive
 offices of love how we may lighten 960
 ch other's burden in our share of woe ;
 ice this day's death denounced, if aught I see,
 ll prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil,
 ong day's dying, to augment our pain,
 d to our seed (O hapless seed !) derived."
 To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied :—
 adam, by sad experiment I know
 w little weight my words with thee can find,
 und so erroneous, thence by just event
 und so unfortunate. Nevertheless, 970

Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart,
Living or dying from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,
Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devoured
By Death at last (and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
Into this cursed world a woeful race,
That, after wretched life, must be at last
Food for so foul a monster), in thy power
It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art ; childless remain. So Death
Shall be deceived his glut, and with us two
Be forced to satisfy his ravenous maw.
But, if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope
Before the present object languishing
With like desire—which would be misery
And torment less than none of what we dread—
Then, both our selves and seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short ;
Let us seek Death, or, he not found, supply
With our own hands his office on ourselves.
Why stand we longer shivering under fears
That show no end but death, and have the power,
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,
Destruction with destruction to destroy ?”

he ended here, or vehement despair
 ke off the rest ; so much of death her thoughts
 entertained as dyed her cheeks with pale.

Adam, with such counsel nothing swayed, 1010
 better hopes his more attentive mind
 pouring had raised, and thus to Eve replied :—

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
 argue in thee something more sublime
 excellent than what thy mind contemns :

self-destruction therefore sought refutes
 that excellence thought in thee, and implies
 that thy contempt, but anguish and regret
 of loss of life and pleasure overloved.

if thou covet death, as utmost end 1020
 misery, so thinking to evade

the penalty pronounced, doubt not but God
 hath wiselier armed his vengeful ire than so
 to be forestalled. Much more I fear lest death

snatched will not exempt us from the pain

we are by doom to pay ; rather such acts

contumacy will provoke the Highest

to make death in us live. Then let us seek

some safer resolution—which methinks

have in view, calling to mind with heed 1030

of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise

the Serpent's head. Piteous amends ! unless

we meant whom I conjecture, our grand foe,

Satan, who in the Serpent hath contrived

against us this deceit. To crush his head

could be revenge indeed—which will be lost

by death brought on ourselves, or childless days

resolved, as thou proposest ; so our foe

shall scape his punishment ordained, and we

instead shall double ours upon our heads. 1040

No more be mentioned, then, of violence

against ourselves, and wilful barrenness

That cuts us off from hope, and savours only
Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God and his just yoke
Laid on our necks. Remember with what
And gracious temper he both heard and
Without wrath or reviling. We expect
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day; when thou, O Eve, thee
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold. 10
And bringing forth, soon recompensed with joy,
Fruit of thy womb. On me the curse aslope
Glanced on the ground. With labour I must earn
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse
My labour will sustain me. And, lest cold
Or heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath, unbesought, provided, and his hands
Clothed us unworthy, pitying while he judged.
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear 101
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow!
Which now the sky, with various face, begins
To show us in this mountain, while the winds
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading trees; which bids us seek
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
Our limbs benumbed—ere this diurnal star
Leave cold the night, how we his gathered beams 107
Reflected may with matter sere foment,
Or by collision of two bodies grind
The air attrite to fire; as late the clouds,
Justling, or pushed with winds, rude in their shock,
Tine the slant lightning, whose thwart flame, drive
down,
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
And sends a comfortable heat from far,

which might supply the Sun. Such fire to use,
 what may else be remedy or cure
 which our own misdeeds have wrought, 1080
 instruct us praying, and of grace
 him ; so as we need not fear
 odiously this life, sustained
 ny comforts, till we end
 rest and native home.
 What we do than, to the place
 repairing he judged us, prostrate fall
 before him, and there confess
 humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air 1090
 requesting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 of sorrow unfeigned and humiliation meek ?
 Doubtless he will relent, and turn
 from his displeasure, in whose look serene,
 When angry most he seemed and most severe,
 What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone ?"

So spake our Father penitent ; nor Eve
 felt less remorse. They, forthwith to the place
 repairing where he judged them, prostrate fell
 before him reverent, and both confessed 1100
 humbly their faults, and pardon begged, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
 requesting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 of sorrow unfeigned and humiliation meek.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first pair now repenting, and intercedes for them. God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them, but first to reveal to Adam future things. Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs: discerns Michael's approach; goes out to meet him; the Angel denotes their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits; Angel leads him up to a high hill; sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood.

THUS they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood
Praying; for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient grace descending had removed
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breathed
Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
Inspired, and winged for Heaven with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory. Yet their port
Not of mean suitors; nor important less
Seemed their petition than when the ancient pair
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drowned, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To Heaven their prayer
Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they passed
Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then, clad
With incense, where the golden altar fumed,

their great Intercessor, came in sight
 ore the Father's throne. Them the glad Son 20
 senting thus to intercede began :—

See, Father, what first-fruits on Earth are sprung
 m thy implanted grace in Man—these sighs
 l prayers, which in this golden censer, mixed
 h incense, I, thy priest, before thee bring ;
 its of more pleasing savour, from thy seed
 vn with contrition in his heart, than those
 ich, his own hand manuring, all the trees
 Paradise could have produced, ere fallen
 m innocence. Now, therefore, bend thine ear 30
 supplication ; hear his sighs, though mute ;
 skilful with what words to pray, let me
 erpret for him, me his advocate
 d propitiation ; all his works on me,
 od or not good, ingraft ; my merit those
 all perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
 cept me, and in me from these receive
 e smell of peace toward Mankind ; let him live,
 fore thee reconciled, at least his days
 mbered, though sad, till death, his doom (which I 40
 , mitigate thus plead, not to reverse),
 , better life shall yield him, where with me
 l my redeemed may dwell in joy and bliss,
 ade one with me, as I with thee am one.”

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene :—
 All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
 btain ; all thy request was my decree.
 ut longer in that Paradise to dwell
 he law I gave to Nature him forbids ;
 hose pure immortal elements, that know
 o gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
 ject him, tainted now, and purge him off,
 s a distemper, gross, to air as gross,
 nd mortal food, as may dispose him best

For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
 Distempered all things, and of incorrupt
 Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts
 Created him endowed—with Happiness
 And Immortality ; that fondly lost,
 This other served but to eternize woe, 6
 Till I provided Death : so Death becomes
 His final remedy, and, after life
 Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined
 By faith and faithful works, to second life,
 Waked in the renovation of the just,
 Resigns him up with Heaven and Earth renewed.
 But let us call to synod all the Blest
 Through Heaven's wide bounds ; from them I will no
 hide

My judgments—how with Mankind I proceed,
 As how with peccant Angels late they saw, 70
 And in their state, though firm, stood more confirmed.'

He ended, and the Son gave signal high
 To the bright Minister that watched. He blew
 His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
 When God descended, and perhaps once more
 To sound at general doom. The angelic blast
 Filled all the regions : from their blissful bowers
 Of amarantine shade, fountain or spring,
 By the waters of life, where'er they sat
 In fellowships of joy, the Sons of Light 80
 Hasted, resorting to the summons high,
 And took their seats, till from his throne supreme
 The Almighty thus pronounced his sovran will :—

"O Sons, like ~~one~~ of us Man is become
 To know both good and evil, since his taste
 Of that defended fruit ; but let him boast
 His knowledge of good lost and evil got,
 Happier had it sufficed him to have known
 Good by itself and evil not at all.

e sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite— 90
 y motions in him ; longer than they move,
 is heart I know how variable and vain,
 elf-left. Lest, therefore, his now bolder hand
 each also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
 nd live for ever, dream at least to live
 or ever, to remove him I decree,
 nd send him from the Garden forth, to till
 he ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.
 ichael, this my behest have thou in charge :
 ake to thee from among the Cherubim 100
 hy choice of flaming warriors, lest the Fiend,
 r in behalf of Man, or to invade
 acant possession, some new trouble raise ;
 aste thee, and from the Paradise of God
 Without remorse drive out the sinful pair,
 rom hallowed ground the unholy, and denounce
 o them, and to their progeny, from thence
 erpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint
 t the sad sentence rigorously urged
 For I behold them softened, and with tears 110
 ewailing their excess), all terror hide.
 f patiently thy bidding they obey,
 Dismiss them not disconsolate ; reveal
 o Adam what shall come in future days,
 as I shall thee enlighten ; intermix
 My covenant in the Woman's seed renewed.
 o send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace ;
 and on the east side of the Garden place,
 Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
 Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame 120
 Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life ;
 Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
 To Spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
 With whose stolen fruit Man once more to delude."

He ceased, and the Archangelic Power prep
For swift descent ; with him the cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim. Four faces each
Had, like a double Janus ; all their shape
Spangled with eyes more numerous than those
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,
Charmed with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,
To resalute the World with sacred light,
Leucothea waked, and with fresh dews embalm
The Earth, when Adam and first matron Eve
Had ended now their orisons, and found
Strength added from above, new hope to spring
Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet linked ;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renewed :-

“ Eve, easily may faith admit that all
The good which we enjoy from Heaven descends
But that from us aught should ascend to Heaven
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
Hard to believe may seem. Yet this will praye
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Even to the seat of God. For, since I sought
By prayer the offended Deity to appease,
Kneeled and before him humbled all my heart,
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear ; persuasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour ; peace returned
Home to my breast, and to my memory
His promise that thy seed shall bruise our Foe ;
Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee
Eve rightly called, Mother of all Mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee
Man is to live, and all things live for Man.”

To whom thus Eve, with sad demeanour meek :—
 Ill-worthy I such title should belong
 To me transgressor, who, for thee ordained
 Help, became thy snare ; to me reproach
 Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise.
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
 That I, who first brought death on all, am graced
 The source of life ; next favourable thou,
 Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf'st, 170
 Far other name deserving. But the field
 To labour calls us, now with sweat imposed,
 Though after sleepless night ; for see ! the Morn,
 All unconcerned with our unrest, begins
 Her rosy progress smiling. Let us forth,
 Never from thy side henceforth to stray,
 Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoined
 Laborious, till day droop. While here we dwell,
 What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks ?
 Here let us live, though in fallen state, content." 180

So spake, so wished, much-humbled Eve ; but Fate
 Subscribed not. Nature first gave signs, impressed
 On bird, beast, air—air suddenly eclipsed,
 After short blush of morn. Nigh in her sight
 The bird of Jove, stooped from his aery tour,
 Two birds of gayest plume before him drove ;
 Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
 First hunter then, pursued a gentle brace,
 Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind ;
 Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight. 190
 Adam observed, and, with his eye the chase
 Pursuing, not unmoved to Eve thus spake :—

“ O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
 Which Heaven by these mute signs in Nature shows,
 Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
 Us, haply too secure of our discharge
 From penalty because from death released

Some days : how long, and what till then our lit
Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust
And thither must return, and be no more ?

Why else this double object in our sight,
Of flight pursued in the air and o'er the ground
One way the self-same hour ? Why in the east
Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning-light
More orient in yon western cloud, that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends, with something Heavenly fraught

He erred not ; for, by this, the Heavenly band
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt—
A glorious apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimmed Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
The field pavilioned with his guardians bright ;
Nor that which on the flaming mount appeared
In Dothan, covered with a camp of fire,
Against the Syrian king, who, to surprise
One man, assassin-like, had levied war,
War unproclaimed. The princely Hierarch
In their bright stand there left his Powers to seize
Possession of the Garden ; he alone,
To find where Adam sheltered, took his way,
Not unperceived of Adam ; who to Eve,
While the great visitant approached, thus spake :

“ Eve, now expect great tidings, which, perhaps
Of us will soon determine, or impose
New laws to be observed ; for I descry,
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
One of the Heavenly host, and, by his gait,
None of the meanest—some great Potentate
Or of the Thrones above, such majesty
Invests him coming ; yet not terrible,

t I should fear, nor sociably mild,
 Raphael, that I should much confide,
 solemn and sublime; whom, not to offend,
 a reverence I must meet, and thou retire."
 He ended; and the Archangel soon drew nigh,
 in his shape celestial, but as man
 to meet man. Over his lucid arms

240

military vest of purple flowed,
 shyer than Melibœan, or the grain
 of Barra, worn by kings and heroes old
 of time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof.

His starry helm unbuckled showed him prime
 manhood where youth ended; by his side,
 in a glistering zodiac, hung the sword,
 his dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
 He bowed low; he, kingly, from his state
 declined not, but his coming thus declared:—

250

Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs.
 Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and Death,
 on due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
 delayed of his seizure many days,
 has thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
 for one bad act with many deeds well done
 may'st cover. Well may then thy Lord, appeased,
 deem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;
 no longer in this Paradise to dwell

he permits not. To remove thee I am come,
 and send thee from the Garden forth, to till
 the ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil."

260

He added not; for Adam, at the news
 heart-strook, with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
 at all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen
 he had heard, with audible lament
 discovered soon the place of her retire:—

"O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!
 must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave

Thee, native soil? these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of Gods, where I had hope to spend,
 Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both? O flowers,
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At even, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
 Who now shall rear ye to the Sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
 Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned
 With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world, to this obscure
 And wild? How shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?"

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild:—
 "Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
 What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
 Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine.
 Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
 Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
 Where he abides, think there thy native soil."

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
 Recovering, and his scattered spirits returned,
 To Michael thus his humble words addressed:—

"Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam
 Of them the highest—for such of shape may seem
 Prince above princes—gently hast thou told
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
 And in performing end us. What besides
 Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
 Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring—
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet
 Retreat, and only consolation left
 Familiar to our eyes; all places else

hospitable appear, and desolate,
 knowing us, nor known. And, if by prayer
 assant I could hope to change the will
 him who all things can, I would not cease
 weary him with my assiduous cries ; 310
 prayer against his absolute decree
 more avails than breath against the wind,
 wn stifling back on him that breathes it forth :
 before to his great bidding I submit.
 s most afflicts me—that, departing hence,
 from his face I shall be hid, deprived
 blessed countenance. Here I could frequent,
 h worship, place by place where he voutsafed
 sence Divine, and to my sons relate,
 n this mount He appeared ; under this tree 320
 od visible ; among these pines his voice
 eard ; here with him at this fountain talked.
 many grateful altars I would rear
 grassy turf, and pile up every stone
 lustre from the brook, in memory
 monument to ages, and thereon
 er sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers.
 yonder nether world where shall I seek
 s bright appearances, or footstep trace ?
 r, though I fled him angry, yet, recalled 330
 life prolonged and promised race, I now
 adly behold though but his utmost skirts
 glory, and far off his steps adore.”
 To whom thus Michael, with regard benign :—
 adam, thou know'st Heaven his, and all the
 Earth,
 t this rock only ; his omnipresence fills
 nd, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
 mented by his virtual power and warmed.
 l the Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
 o despicable gift ; surmise not, then, 340

His presence to these narrow bounds confined
Of Paradise or Eden. This had been
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
All generations, and had hither come,
From all the ends of the Earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee their great progenitor.
But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons :
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
God is, as here, and will be found alike 350
Present, and of his presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal love, his face
Express, and of his steps the track divine.
Which that thou may'st believe, and be confirmed
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent
To show thee what shall come in future days
To thee and to thy offspring. Good with bad
Expect to hear, supernal grace contending
With sinfulness of men—thereby to learn 36
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally inured
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse : so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepared endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
This hill ; let Eve (for I have drenched her eyes)
Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,
As once thou slept'st while she to life was formed."

To whom thus Adam gratefully replied :— 37
"Ascend ; I follow thee, safe guide, the path
Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heaven submit
However chastening—to the evil turn
My obvious breast, arming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,
If so I may attain." So both ascend

he visions of God. It was a hill,
 Paradise the highest, from whose top
 hemisphere of Earth in clearest ken
 stretched out to the amplest reach of prospect lay. 380
 higher that hill, nor wider looking round,
 ereon for different cause the Tempter set
 second Adam, in the wilderness,
 show him all Earth's kingdoms and their glory.
 eye might there command wherever stood
 y of old or modern fame, the seat
 mightiest empire, from the destined walls
 Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
 d Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
 Paquin, of Sinæan kings, and thence 390
 Agra and Lahor of Great Mogul,
 own to the golden Chersonese, or where
 e Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
 Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar
 Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance,
 archestan-born ; nor could his eye not ken
 e empire of Negus to his utmost port
 cocco, and the less maritime kings,
 ombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
 nd Sofala (thought Ophir), to the realm 400
 f Congo, and Angola farthest south,
 r thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,
 he kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,
 larocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen ;
 n Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
 he world : in spirit perhaps he also saw
 ich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,
 nd Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
 of Atabalipa, and yet unspoiled
 Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons 410
 call El Dorado. But to nobler sights.
 Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed

Which that false fruit that promised clearer sight
 Had bred ; then purged with euphrasy and rue
 The visual nerve, for he had much to see,
 And from the well of life three drops instilled.
 So deep the power of these ingredients pierced,
 Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,
 That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,
 Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranced. 420
 But him the gentle Angel by the hand
 Soon raised, and his attention thus recalled :—

“Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
 The effects which thy original crime hath wrought
 In some to spring from thee, who never touched
 The excepted tree, nor with the Snake conspired,
 Nor sinned thy sin, yet from that sin derive
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.”

His eyes, he opened, and beheld a field,
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves 430
 New-reaped, the other part sheep-walks and folds ;
 I' the midst an altar as the landmark stood,
 Rustic, of grassy sord. Thither anon
 A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
 First-fruits, the green ear and the yellow sheaf,
 Unculled, as came to hand. A shepherd next,
 More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,
 Choicest and best ; then, sacrificing, laid
 The inwards and their fat, with incense strewed,
 On the cleft wood, and all due rites performed. 440
 His offering soon propitious fire from heaven
 Consumed, with nimble glance and grateful steam ;
 The other's not, for his was not sincere :
 Whereat he only raged, and, as they talked,
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone
 That beat out life ; he fell, and, deadly pale,
 Groaned out his soul, with gushing blood effused.
 Much at that sight was Adam in his heart.

mayed, and thus in haste to the Angel cried :—
 ‘O Teacher, some great mischief hath befallen 450
 that meek man, who well had sacrificed :
 piety thus and pure devotion paid ?”

To whom Michael thus, he also moved, replied :—
 ‘these two are brethren, Adam, and to come
 t of thy loins. The unjust the just hath slain,
 r envy that his brother’s offering found
 om Heaven acceptance ; but the bloody fact
 ll be avenged, and the other’s faith approved
 se no reward, though here thou see him die,
 lling in dust and gore.” To which our Sire :— 460
 “Alas, both for the deed and for the cause !
 t have I now seen Death ? Is this the way
 must return to native dust ? O sight
 ’terror, foul and ugly to behold !
 orrid to think, how horrible to feel !”

To whom thus Michael :—“Death thou hast seen
 his first shape on Man ; but many shapes
 : Death, and many are the ways that lead
 o his grim cave—all dismal, yet to sense
 ore terrible at the entrance than within. 470
 me, as thou saw’st, by violent stroke shall die,
 y fire, flood, famine ; by intemperance more
 meats and drinks, which on the Earth shall bring
 iseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
 efore thee shall appear, that thou may’st know
 hat misery the inabstinence of Eve
 hall bring on men.” Immediately a place
 efore his eyes appeared, sad, noisome, dark ;
 . lazarus-house it seemed, wherein were laid
 umbers of all diseased—all maladies 480
 of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
 of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
 onvulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
 ntestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,

Demoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy,
 And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
 Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans ; Despair
 Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch ; 4
 And over them triumphant Death his dart
 Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked
 With vows, as their chief good and final hope.
 Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
 Dry-eyed behold ? Adam could not, but wept,
 Though not of woman born : compassion quelled
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrained excess,
 And, scarce recovering words, his plaint renewed :-

“ O miserable Mankind, to what fall 5
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserved !
 Better end here unborn. Why is life given
 To be thus wrested from us ? rather why
 Obtruded on us thus ? who, if we knew
 What we receive, would either not accept
 Life offered, or soon beg to lay it down,
 Glad to be so dismissed in peace. Can thus
 The image of God in Man, created once
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
 To such unsightly sufferings be debased 51
 Under inhuman pains ? Why should not Man,
 Retaining still divine similitude
 In part, from such deformities be free,
 And for his Maker's image' sake exempt ?”

“ Their Maker's image,” answered Michael, “ the
 Forsook them, when themselves they vilified
 To serve ungoverned Appetite, and took
 His image whom they served—a brutish vice,
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
 Therefore so abject is their punishment, 52

guring not God's likeness, but their own ;
 f his likeness, by themselves defaced
 le they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules
 oathsome sickness—worthily, since they
 's image did not reverence in themselves.”

I yield it just,” said Adam, “and submit.

is there yet no other way, besides

se painful passages, how we may come

death, and mix with our connatural dust?”

There is,” said Michael, “if thou well observe 530

rule of *Not too much*; by temperance taught

what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence

e nourishment, not gluttonous delight,

many years over thy head return.

may'st thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop

o thy mother's lap, or be with ease

thered, not harshly plucked, for death mature.

is is old age ; but then thou must outlive

y youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change

withered, weak, and grey ; thy senses then, 540

tuse, all taste of pleasure must forgo

what thou hast ; and, for the air of youth,

opeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign a

melancholy damp of cold and dry, “

weigh thy spirits down, and last consume

ie balm of life.” To whom our Ancestor :—

“Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong

fe much—bent rather how I may be quit,

airest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge,

hich I must keep till my appointed day 550

f rendering up, and patiently attend

y dissolution.” Michaël replied :—

“Nor love thy life, nor hate ; but what thou liv'st

ive well ; how long or short permit to Heaven.

nd now prepare thee for another sight.”

He looked, and saw a spacious plain, whereon

Were tents of various hue : by some were herds
Of cattle grazing : others whence the sound
Of instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of harp and organ, and who moved 56
Their stops and chords was seen : his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions low and high
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one who, at the forge
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass
Had melted (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods, on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
To some cave's mouth, or whether washed by stream
From underground); the liquid ore he drained 57
Into fit moulds prepared ; from which he formed
First his own tools, then what might else be wrought
Fusil or graven in metal. After these,
But on the hither side, a different sort
From the high neighbouring hills, which was the
seat,

Down to the plain descended : by their guise
Just men they seemed, and all their study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid ; nor those things last which might preserve
Freedom and peace to men. They on the plain 58
Long had not walked when from the tents behold
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dress ! to the harp they sung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.
The men, though grave, eyed them, and let their eyes
Rove without rein, till, in the amorous net
Fast caught, they liked, and each his liking chose.
And now of love they treat, till the evening-star,
Love's harbinger, appeared ; then, all in heat,
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke 59
Hymen, then first to marriage rites invoked :

a feast and music all the tents resound.
 a happy interview, and fair event
 ove and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,
 charming symphonies, attached the heart
 Adam, soon inclined to admit delight,
 bent of Nature ; which he thus expressed :—
 True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,
 ch better seems this vision, and more hope
 peaceful days portends, than those two past : 600
 ose were of hate and death, or pain much worse ;
 re Nature seems fulfilled in all her ends.”
 To whom thus Michael :—“ Judge not what is best
 pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,
 ated, as thou art, to nobler end,
 ly and pure, conformity divine.
 ose tents thou saw’st so pleasant were the tents
 wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
 o slew his brother : studious they appear
 arts that polish life, inventors rare ; 610
 mindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
 ught them ; but they his gifts acknowledged none.
 t they a beauteous offspring shall beget ;
 r that fair female troop thou saw’st, that seemed
 goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
 t empty of all good wherein consists
 oman’s domestic honour and chief praise ;
 ed only and completed to the taste
 lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
 o dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye ;— 620
 o these that sober race of men, whose lives
 eligious titled them the Sons of God,
 all yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
 nobly, to the trains and to the smiles
 f these fair atheists, and now swim in joy
 Erelong to swim at large) and laugh ; for which
 he world erelong a world of tears must weep.”

To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft :—
“ O pity and shame, that they who to live well
Entered so fair should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the midway faint !
But still I see the tenor of Man’s woe
Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.”

“ From Man’s effeminate slackness it begins,”
Said the Angel, “ who should better hold his place
By wisdom, and superior gifts received.
But now prepare thee for another scene.”

He looked, and saw wide territory spread
Before him—towns, and rural works between,
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,
Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise.
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single or in array of battle ranged
Both horse and foot, nor idly mustering stood.
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow-ground, or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,
Their booty ; scarce with life the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray :
With cruel tournament the squadrons join ;
Where cattle pastured late, now scattered lies
With carcasses and arms the ensanguined field
Deserted. Others to a city strong
Lay siege, encamped, by battery, scale, and mine,
Assaulting ; others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire ;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the sceptred haralds call
To council in the city-gates : anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mixed,
Assemble, and harangues are heard ; but soon

In factious opposition, till at last
 Of middle age one rising, eminent
 In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
 Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,
 And judgment from above : him old and young
 Exploded, and had seized with violent hands,
 Had not a cloud descending snatched him thence, 670
 Unseen amid the throng. So violence
 Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,
 Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
 Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
 Lamenting turned full sad :—" Oh, what are these ?
 Death's ministers, not men ! who thus deal death
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply
 Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
 His brother ; for of whom such massacre
 Make they but of their brethren, men of men ? 680
 But who was that just man, whom had not Heaven
 Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost ?"

To whom thus Michael :—" These are the product
 Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st,
 Where good with bad were matched ; who of them-
 selves

Abhor to join, and, by imprudence mixed,
 Produce prodigious births of body or mind.
 Such were these Giants, men of high renown ;
 For in those days might only shall be admired,
 And valour and heroic virtue called. 690
 To overcome in battle, and subdue
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
 Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
 Of human glory, and, for glory done,
 Of triumph to be styled great conquerors,
 Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods—
 Destroyers rightlier called, and plagues of men.
 Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth,

And what most merits fame in silence hid.
But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheld'st
The only righteous in a world perverse,
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With foes, for daring single to be just,
And utter odious truth, that God would come
To judge them with his Saints—him the Most High
Rapt in a balmy cloud, with winged steeds,
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,
Exempt from death, to show thee what reward
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment ;
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold."

He looked, and saw the face of things quite changed
The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar ;
All now was turned to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance,
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,
Rape or adultery, where passing fair
Allured them ; thence from cups to civil broils.
At length a reverend sire among them came,
And of their doings great dislike declared,
And testified against their ways. He oft
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs or festivals, and to them preached
Conversion and repentance, as to souls
In prison, under judgments imminent ;
But all in vain. Which when he saw, he ceased
Contending, and removed his tents far off ;
Then, from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,
Measured by cubit, length, and breadth, and height
Smeared round with pitch, and in the side a door
Contrived, and of provisions laid in large
For man and beast : when lo ! a wonder strange !
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,

me sevens and pairs, and entered in, as taught
 their order ; last, the sire and his three sons,
 with their four wives ; and God made fast the door.
 Meanwhile the South-wind rose, and, with black wings
 side-hovering, all the clouds together drove
 from under heaven ; the hills to their supply 740
 pour, and exhalation dusk and moist,
 went up amain ; and now the thickened sky
 like a dark ceiling stood : down rushed the rain
 petuous, and continued till the earth
 no more was seen. The floating vessel swum
 aloft, and secure with beaked prow
 made tilting o'er the waves ; all dwellings else
 were overwhelmed, and them with all their pomp
 deep under water rolled ; sea covered sea,
 and without shore : and in their palaces, 750
 where luxury late reigned, sea-monsters whelped
 and stabled : of mankind, so numerous late,
 left in one small bottom swum embarked.
 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
 the end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
 population ! Thee another flood,
 tears and sorrow a flood thee also drowned,
 and sunk thee as thy sons ; till, gently reared
 the Angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,
 enough comfortless, as when a father mourns 760
 his children, all in view destroyed at once,
 and scarce to the Angel utter'dst thus thy plaint :—
 ' O visions ill foreseen ! Better had I
 remained ignorant of future—so had borne
 my part of evil only, each day's lot
 enough to bear. Those now that were dispensed
 the burden of many ages on me light
 were once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
 tortive, to torment me, ere their being,
 which thought that they must be. Let no man seek 770

Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
 Him or his children—evil, he may be sure,
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
 And he the future evil shall no less
 In apprehension than in substance feel
 Grievous to bear. But that care now is past ;
 Man is not whom to warn ; those few escaped
 Famine and anguish will at last consume,
 Wandering that watery desert. I had hope,
 When violence was ceased and war on Earth,
 All would have then gone well, peace would have
 crowned

With length of happy days the race of Man ;
 But I was far deceived, for now I see
 Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.
 How comes it thus ? Unfold, Celestial Guide,
 And whether here the race of Man will end."

To whom thus Michael :—" Those whom last thou
 saw'st

In triumph and luxurious wealth are they
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent
 And great exploits, but of true virtue void ;
 Who, having spilt much blood, and done much war,
 Subduing nations, and achieved thereby
 Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
 Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth
 Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
 The conquered, also, and enslaved by war,
 Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose,
 And fear of God—from whom their piety feigned
 In sharp contest of battle found no aid
 Against invaders ; therefore, cooled in zeal,
 Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,
 Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords
 Shall leave them to enjoy ; for the Earth shall bear

than enough, that temperance may be tried.
 shall turn degenerate, all depraved,
 and temperance, truth and faith, forgot ;
 man except, the only son of light
 ark age, against example good,
 st allurements, custom, and a world 810
 led. Fearless of reproach and scorn,
 silence, he of their wicked ways
 them admonish, and before them set
 paths of righteousness, how much more safe
 full of peace, denouncing wrath to come
 their impenitence, and shall return
 them derided, but of God observed
 one just man alive : by his command
 build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st,
 save himself and household from amidst 820
 world devote to universal wrack.
 sooner he, with them of man and beast
 for life, shall in the ark be lodged
 sheltered round, but all the cataracts
 heaven set open on the Earth shall pour
 day and night ; all fountains of the deep,
 e up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
 and all bounds, till inundation rise
 e the highest hills. Then shall this Mount
 paradise by might of waves be moved 830
 of his place, pushed by the horned flood,
 all his verdure spoiled, and trees adrift,
 n the great river to the opening Gulf,
 there take root, an island salt and bare,
 haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews' clang—
 each thee that God attributes to place
 sanctity, if none be thither brought
 men who there frequent or therein dwell.
 now what further shall ensue behold."
 he looked, and saw the ark hull on the flood, 840

Which now abated ; for the clouds were fled,
Driven by a keen North-wind that, blowing dry,
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decayed ;
And the clear sun on his wide watery glass
Gazed hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,
As after thirst ; which made their flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt
His sluices, as the heaven his windows shut.
The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground, 850
Fast on the top of some high mountain fixed.
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear ;
With clamour thence the rapid currents drive
Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
And, after him, the surer messenger,
A dove, sent forth once and again to spy
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light ;
The second time returning, in his bill
An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign. 860
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient sire descends, with all his train ;
Then, with uplifted hands and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new
Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,
Greatly rejoiced ; and thus his joy broke forth :—
“ O thou, who future things canst represent 870
As present, Heavenly Instructor, I revive
At this last sight, assured that Man shall live,
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
Far less I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked sons destroyed than I rejoice
For one man found so perfect and so just

hat God voutsafes to raise another world
 rom him, and all his anger to forget.
 it say what mean those coloured streaks in Heaven :
 istended as the brow of God appeased ? 880
 r serve they as a flowery verge to bind
 he fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,
 est it again dissolve and shower the Earth ?”

To whom the Archangel :—“Dextrously thou aim'st.
 o willingly doth God remit his ire :
 hough late repenting him of Man depraved,
 rieved at his heart, when, looking down, he saw
 he whole Earth filled with violence, and all flesh
 orrupting each their way ; yet, those removed,
 uch grace shall one just man find in his sight 890
 hat he relents, not to blot out mankind
 nd makes a covenant never to destroy
 he Earth again by flood, nor let the sea
 rpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world
 ith man therein or beast ; but, when he brings
 ver the Earth a cloud, will therein set
 is triple-coloured bow, whereon to look
 nd call to mind his covenant. Day and night,
 eed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,
 hall hold their course, till fire purge all things new, 900
 oth Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.”

THE END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Angel Michael continues, from the Flood, to relate what shall succeed ; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that Seed of the Woman shall be which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall : his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension ; the state of the Church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael ; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

AS one who, in his journey, baits at noon,
Though bent on speed, so here the Archangel
paused

Betwixt the world destroyed and world restored,
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose ;
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes :—

“ Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end,
And Man as from a second stock proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see ; but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail ; objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense. 10
Henceforth what is to come I will relate ;
Thou, therefore, give due audience, and attend.

“ This second source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment past remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
With some regard to what is just and right

Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, and oil ; and, from the herd or flock
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid, 20
With large wine-offerings poured, and sacred feast,
Shall spend their days in joy unblamed, and dwell
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,
Under paternal rule, till one shall rise,
Of proud, ambitious heart, who, not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserved
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of Nature from the Earth—
Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game) 30
With war and hostile snare such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous.
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled
Before the Lord, as in despite of Heaven,
Or from Heaven claiming second sovranity,
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuse.
He, with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find 40
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell.
Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to build
A city and tower, whose top may reach to Heaven,
And get themselves a name, lest, far dispersed
In foreign lands, their memory be lost—
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks,
To mark their doings, them beholding soon, 50
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
Obstruct Heaven-towers, and in derision sets

His benediction so that in his seed
All nations shall be blest. He straight obeys ;
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil,
Ur of Chaldaea, passing now the ford 130
To Haran—after him a cumbrous train
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude—
Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who called him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains ; I see his tents
Pitched about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain
Of Moreh. There, by promise, he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the Desert south
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed),
From Hermon east to the great western sea ; 141
Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold
In prospect, as I point them : on the shore,
Mount Carmel ; here, the double-founted stream,
Jordan, true limit eastward ; but his sons
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder, that all nations of the Earth
Shall in his seed be blessed. By that seed
Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise
The Serpent's head ; whereof to thee anon 150
Plainlier shall be revealed. This patriarch blest,
Whom *faithful Abraham* due time shall call,
A son, and of his son a grandchild, leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown.
The grandchild, with twelve sons increased, departs
From Canaan to a land hereafter called
Egypt, divided by the river Nile ;
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths
Into the sea. To sojourn in that land
He comes, invited by a younger son 160

me of dearth—a son whose worthy deeds
 e him to be the second in that realm
 haraoh. There he dies, and leaves his race
 ving into a nation, and now grown
 ected to a sequent king, who seeks
 top their overgrowth, as inmate guests
 numerous ; whence of guests he makes them
 spitably, and kills their infant males : [slaves
 by two brethren (those two brethren call
 es and Aaron) sent from God to claim 170
 people from enthrálmént, they return,
 a glory and spoil, back to their promised land.
 first the lawless tyrant, who denies
 know their God, or message to regard,
 t be compelled by signs and judgments dire :
 blood unshed the rivers must be turned ;
 gs, lice, and flies must all his palace fill
 h loathed intrusion, and fill all the land ;
 cattle must of rot and murrain die ;
 ches and blains must all his flesh emboss, 180
 l all his people ; thunder mixed with hail,
 l mixed with fire, must rend the Egyptian sky,
 l wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls ;
 at it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
 arksome cloud of locusts swarming down
 st eat, and on the ground leave nothing green ;
 ckness must overshadow all his bounds,
 pable darkness, and blot out three days ;
 t, with one midnight-stroke, all the first-born
 Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds 190
 e river-dragon tamed at length submits
 let his sojourners depart, and oft
 mbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice
 re hardened after thaw ; till, in his rage
 rsuing whom he late dismissed, the sea
 allows him with his host, but them lets pass,

As on dry land, between two crystal walls,
Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided till his rescued gain their shore :
Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend, 200
Though present in his Angel, who shall go
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire—
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire—
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues.
All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning-watch ;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot-wheels : when, by command,
Moses once more his potent rod extends 211
Over the sea ; the sea his rod obeys ;
On their embattled ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war. The race elect
Safe towards Canaan, from the shore, advance
Through the wild Desert—not the readiest way,
Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarmed,
War terrify them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude ; for life 220
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untrained in arms, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain by their delay
In the wide wilderness : there they shall found
Their government, and their great Senate choose
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordained.
God, from the Mount of Sinai, whose grey top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself,
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpet's sound,
Ordain them laws—part, such as appertain 230
To civil justice ; part, religious rites
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types

And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise
 The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve
 Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
 To mortal ear is dreadful : they beseech
 That Moses might report to them his will,
 And terror cease ; he grants what they besought,
 Instructed that to God is no access
 Without Mediator, whose high office now 240
 Moses in figure bears, to introduce
 One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,
 And all the Prophets, in their age, the times
 Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws and rites
 Established, such delight hath God in men
 Obedient to his will that he voutsafes
 Among them to set up his tabernacle—
 The Holy One with mortal men to dwell.
 By his prescript a sanctuary is framed
 Of cedar, overlaid with gold ; therein 250
 An ark, and in the ark his testimony,
 The records of his covenant ; over these
 A mercy-seat of gold, between the wings
 Of two bright Cherubim ; before him burn
 Seven lamps, as in a zodiac representing
 The heavenly fires. Over the tent a cloud
 Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,
 Save when they journey ; and at length they come,
 Conducted by his Angel, to the land
 Promised to Abraham and his seed. The rest 260
 Were long to tell—how many battles fought ;
 How many kings destroyed, and kingdoms won ;
 Or how the sun shall in mid-heaven stand still
 A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
 Man's voice commanding, ' Sun, in Gibeon stand,
 And thou, Moon, in the vale of Aialon,
 Till *Israel* overcome !'—so call the third
 From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him

His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win."

Here Adam interposed :—" O sent from Heaven,
 Enlightener of my darkness, gracious things 271
 Thou hast revealed, those chiefly which concern
 Just Abraham and his seed. Now first I find
 Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eased,
 Erewhile perplexed with thoughts what would become
 Of me and all mankind ; but now I see
 His day, in whom all nations shall be blest—
 Favour unmerited by me, who sought
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
 This yet I apprehend not—why to those 280
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on Earth
 So many and so various laws are given.
 So many laws argue so many sins
 Among them ; how can God with such reside ?"

To whom thus Michael :—" Doubt not but that sin
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot ;
 And therefore was law given them, to evince
 Their natural pravity, by stirring up
 Sin against Law to fight, that, when they see
 Law can discover sin, but not remove, 290
 Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
 The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
 Some blood more precious must be paid for Man,
 Just for unjust, that in such righteousness,
 To them by faith imputed, they may find
 Justification towards God, and peace
 Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies
 Cannot appease, nor man the moral part
 Perform, and not performing cannot live.
 So Law appears imperfect, and but given 300
 With purpose to resign them, in full time,
 Up to a better covenant, disciplined
 From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,
 From imitation of strict laws to free

Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear
To filial, works of law to works of faith.
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
Highly beloved, being but the minister
Of Law, his people into Canaan lead ;
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call, 310
His name and office bearing who shall quell
The adversary Serpent, and bring back
Through the world's wilderness long-wandered Man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan placed,
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies—
From whom as oft he saves them penitent,
By Judges first, then under Kings ; of whom 320
The second, both for piety renowned
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever shall endure. The like shall sing
All Prophecy—that of the royal stock
Of David (so I name this king) shall rise
A son, the Woman's Seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham as in whom shall trust
All nations, and to kings foretold of kings
The last, for of his reign shall be no end. 330
But first a long succession must ensue ;
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wandering, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.
Such follow him as shall be registered
Part good, part bad ; of bad the longer scroll :
Whose foul idolatries and other faults,
Heaped to the popular sum, will so incense
God, as to leave them, and expose their land,
Their city, his temple, and his holy ark, 340

With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
 To that proud city whose high walls thou saw'st
 Left in confusion, Babylon thence called.
 There in captivity he lets them dwell
 The space of seventy years ; then brings them back,
 Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn
 To David, stablished as the days of Heaven.
 Returned from Babylon by leave of kings,
 Their lords, whom God disposed, the house of God
 They first re-edify, and for a while 35
 In mean estate live moderate, till, grown
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow.
 But first among the priests dissension springs—
 Men who attend the altar, and should most
 Endeavour peace : their strife pollution brings
 Upon the temple itself ; at last they seize
 The sceptre, and regard not David's sons ;
 Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
 Anointed King Messiah might be born
 Barred of his right. Yet at his birth a star, 36
 Unseen before in heaven, proclaims him come,
 And guides the eastern sages, who inquire
 His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold :
 His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
 To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night ;
 They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
 Of squadroned Angels hear his carol sung.
 A Virgin is his mother, but his sire
 The Power of the Most High. He shall ascend
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign 3
 With Earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heavens :
 He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy
 Surcharged as had, like grief, been dewed in tears,
 Without the vent of words ; which these he breathed :
 " O prophet of glad tidings, finisher
 Of utmost hope ! now clear I understand

What oft my steadiest thoughts have searched in
vain—

Why our great Expectation should be called
The Seed of Woman. Virgin Mother, hail !
High in the love of Heaven, yet from my loins 380
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of God Most High ; so God with Man unites.
Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal pain. Say where and when
Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victor's heel."

To whom thus Michael :—" Dream not of their
fight

As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel. Not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil
Thy enemy ; nor so is overcome 390
Satan, whose fall from Heaven, a deadlier bruise,
Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound ;
Which he who comes thy Saviour shall recure,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thy seed. Nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the law of God, imposed
On penalty of death, and suffering death,
The penalty to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow : 400
So only can high justice rest appaid.
The Law of God exact he shall fulfil
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the Law ; thy punishment
He shall endure, by coming in the flesh
To a reproachful life and cursed death,
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by faith—his merits
To save them, not their own, though legal, works. 410

For this he shall live hated, be blasphemed,
 Seized on by force, judged, and to death condemn'd
 A shameful and accursed, nailed to the cross
 By his own nation, slain for bringing life ;
 But to the cross he nails thy enemies —
 The Law that is against thee, and the sins
 Of all mankind, with him there crucified,
 Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
 In this his satisfaction. So he dies,
 But soon revives ; Death over him no power
 Shall long usurp. Ere the third dawning light
 Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
 Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
 Thy ransom paid, which Man from Death redeems
 His death for Man, as many as offered life
 Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
 By faith not void of works. This godlike act
 Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have d
 In sin for ever lost from life ; this act
 Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,
 Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms,
 And fix far deeper in his head their stings
 Than temporal death shall bruise the Victor's heel
 Or theirs whom he redeems—a death like sleep,
 A gentle wafting to immortal life.
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay
 Longer on Earth than certain times to appear
 To his disciples—men who in his life
 Still followed him ; to them shall leave in charge
 To teach all nations what of him they learned
 And his salvation, them who shall believe
 Baptizing in the profuent stream—the sign
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
 Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,
 For death like that which the Redeemer died.
 All nations they shall teach : for from that day

Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins
 Salvation shall be preached, but to the sons
 Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world ;
 So in his seed all nations shall be blest. 450
 Then to the Heaven of Heavens he shall ascend—
 With victory, triumphing through the air
 Over his foes and thine ; there shall surprise
 The Serpent, Prince of Air, and drag in chains
 Through all his realm, and there confounded leave ;
 Then enter into glory, and resume
 His seat at God's right hand, exalted high
 Above all names in Heaven ; and thence shall come,
 When this World's dissolution shall be ripe,
 With glory and power, to judge both quick and dead—
 To judge the unfaithful dead, but to reward 461
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
 Whether in Heaven or Earth ; for then the Earth
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
 Than this of Eden, and far happier days."

So spake the Archangel Michaël ; then paused,
 As at the World's great period ; and our Sire,
 Replete with joy and wonder, thus replied :—

" O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense,
 What all this good of evil shall produce, 470
 And evil turn to good—more wonderful
 Than that which by creation first brought forth
 Light out of darkness ! Full of doubt I stand,
 Whether I should repent me now of sin
 By me done and occasioned, or rejoice
 Much more that much more good thereof shall spring—
 O God more glory, more good-will to men
 From God—and over wrath grace shall abound.
 But say, if our Deliverer up to Heaven
 Must reascend, what will betide the few, 480
 Who is faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,
 The enemies of truth. Who then shall guide

His people, who defend? Will they not deal
Worse with his followers than with him they de

“Be sure they will,” said the Angel; “but
Heaven

He to his own a Comforter will send,
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell,
His Spirit, within them, and the law of faith
Working through love upon their hearts shall v
To guide them in all truth, and also arm
With spiritual armour, able to resist
Satan’s assaults, and quench his fiery darts—
What man can do against them not afraid,
Though to the death; against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompensed,
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Their proudest persecutors. For the Spirit,
Poured first on his Apostles, whom he sends
To evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptized, shall them with wondrous gifts endue
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they w
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heaven: at
Their ministry performed, and race well run,
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous w
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven
To their own vile advantages shall turn
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left only in those written records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood.
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of n
Places, and titles, and with these to join
Secular power, though feigning still to act

By spiritual ; to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promised alike and given
To all believers ; and, from that pretence, 520
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force
On every conscience—laws which none shall find
Left them enrolled, or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
But force the Spirit of Grace itself, and bind
His consort, Liberty ? what but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to stand—
Their own faith, not another's ? for, on Earth,
Who against faith and conscience can be heard
Infallible ? Yet many will presume : 530
Whence heavy persecution shall arise
On all who in the worship persevere
Of Spirit and Truth ; the rest, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
Religion satisfied ; Truth shall retire
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of Faith
Rarely be found. So shall the World go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groaning, till the day
Appear of respiration to the just 540
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of Him so lately promised to thy aid,
The Woman's Seed—obscurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord ;
Last in the clouds from Heaven to be revealed
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted World ; then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,
New Heavens, new Earth, Ages of endless date
Founded in righteousness and peace and love, 550
To bring forth fruits, joy, and eternal bliss."

He ended ; and thus Adam last replied :—
"How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,

Measured this transient World, the race of Time,
 Till Time stand fixed ! Beyond is all abyss—
 Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain ;
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire. 5
 Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,
 And love with fear the only God, to walk
 As in his presence, ever to observe
 His providence, and on him sole depend,
 Merciful over all his works, with good
 Still overcoming evil, and by small
 Accomplishing great things—by things deemed we
 Subverting worldly-strong, and worldly-wise
 By simply meek ; that suffering for Truth's sake
 Is fortitude to highest victory, 5
 And to the faithful death the gate of life—
 Taught this by his example whom I now
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest."

To whom thus also the Angel last replied :—
 "This having learned, thou hast attained the sum
 Of Wisdom ; hope no higher, though all the stars
 Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal powers
 All secrets of the Deep, all Nature's works,
 Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,
 And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,
 And all the rule, one empire. Only add
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable ; add faith ;
 Add virtue, patience, temperance ; add love,
 By name to come called Charity, the soul
 Of all the rest : then wilt thou not be loth
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
 A Paradise within thee, happier far.
 Let us descend now, therefore, from this top
 Of speculation ; for the hour precise

Exacts our parting hence ; and, see ! the guards, 590
 By me encamped on yonder hill, expect
 Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round.
 We may no longer stay. Go, waken Eve ;
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calmed,
 Portending good, and all her spirits composed
 To meek submission : thou, at season fit,
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard—
 Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
 The great deliverance by her seed to come 600
 (For by the Woman's Seed) on all mankind—
 That ye may live, which will be many days,
 Both in one faith unanimous ; though sad
 With cause for evils past, yet much more cheered
 With meditation on the happy end."

He ended, and they both descend the hill.
 Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve
 Lay sleeping ran before, but found her waked ;
 And thus with words not sad she him received :—
 " Whence thou return'st and whither went'st I know ;
 For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise, 611
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
 Presaging, since, with sorrow and heart's distress
 Wearied, I fell asleep. . But now lead on ;
 In me is no delay ; with thee to go
 Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay
 Is to go hence unwilling ; thou to me
 Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,
 Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.
 This further consolation yet secure 620
 I carry hence : though all by me is lost,
 Such favour I unworthy am voutsafed,
 By me the Promised Seed shall all restore."

So spake our mother Eve ; and Adam heard
 Well pleased, but answered not ; for now too nigh

The Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fixed station, all in bright array,
The Cherubim descended, on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides, 6
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandished sword of God before them blazed,
Fierce as a comet ; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime ; whereat
In either hand the hastening Angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain---then disappeared. (
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand ; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them so
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow
Through Eden took their solitary way.

END OF VOL. II.